

# November COSMOPOLITAN

15 Cents



VALERIE WEST  
Heroine of "The Common Law"  
Painted for the Cosmopolitan by  
CHARLES DANA GIBSON

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS' GREAT NEW STORY  
"THE COMMON LAW" BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

# PERFECT BATHING

From the days  
of Roman ele-  
gance until now,  
through all the prog-  
ress in the art of be-  
ing clean, there never  
has been such bathing, such luxury of clean-  
liness, such exhilaration in every pore from  
head to foot as follows a bath with

# S HAND SAPOLIO

BEST FOR TOILET    BEST FOR BATH







## Freedom of the Sea

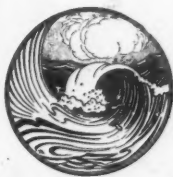
By Charles Buxton Going

HAVE ye the blood of vikings, kept red on the wind-whipped sea?  
Did ye taste the brine with your mother's milk, and leap on your father's knee  
To hear the great gale's song in the sky—or whencefrom and what are ye?

Are ye of the earthling peoples, whose veins run sluggish with earth,  
Cradled to song of the pastures? Did no sea-mark stamp you at birth?  
Are ye bowed to the plow and the sickle, and shrunk from a seaman's girth?

Slipping from harbor to harbor, groping by soundings and lights—  
Will subsidies help you to reef or to ride when the gale comes shrieking o' nights?  
Ye've a "right to the trade"? Then take it! Tell the typhoon of your rights!

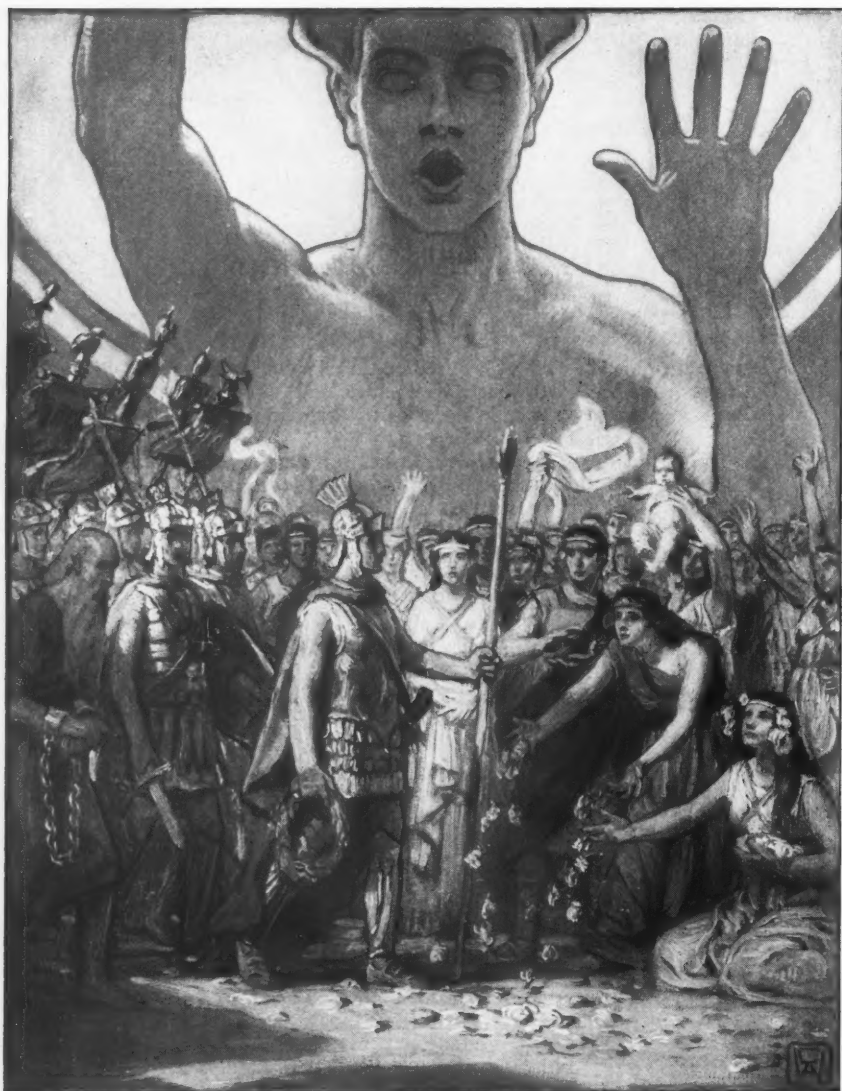
If ye still have men of the viking blood who tasted brine at the breast,  
With fingers hooked to the wheel or the brace, hairy of arm and of chest,  
Free them the seas and give them the deck—let them win the trade like the rest!



# THE GREAT GOD OPINION

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

DRAWING BY CHARLES A. WINTER



From ancient times to modern, public opinion has made a hero of the Caesar  
returning with captive beasts to grace his triumph



WE must get rid of our belief in the infallibility of public opinion. Often right, public opinion, which we Americans worship, is just as often wrong. Generally it is not what the unvoiced majority need, but what the noisy minority want.

THE  
GREAT  
GOD  
OPINION

Public opinion, during the last years of the Roman Empire, killed gladiators in the crowded amphitheater and stoned the Asiatic monk Telemachus, who leaped within the sandy ring to protest against this bloodshed. In one half-century it licensed Englishmen to kidnap into slavery a half-million negroes.

It drove Samuel Johnson to use his pen against the American colonies; it shamed Josiah Quincy because he would not fight a duel.

From ancient times to modern, public opinion has made a hero of the Cæsar returning with captive beasts to grace his triumph. It has been sired by superstition and mothered by ignorance. It has approved wars and persecutions. It has been absurd in hoop-skirts and balloon-sleeves. It has enforced cannibalism, and it does enforce party loyalty.

To-day public opinion enjoins polygamy in Constantinople and divorce in New York. It decreed the hemlock for Socrates, the cross for Christ.

There have been many great men that listened to the voice of public opinion, but there has never been one great good man that considered it, and the only lasting public opinion is that sort which has always had to end by following the lead of the good men

When you have defied popular folly in little things you will be strong enough to defy popular oppression in the things that are wide and deep. When you have set the dictates of your own conscience above the fickle praise of your neighbors you will be able to set the welfare of man above the rewards of men.

And if you are afraid that such a course will cost you your living you may be sure that you are not very well worth keeping alive.



"I know perfectly well that this isn't right," she said, helping him and then herself. "But I am wondering what there is about it that isn't right"

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson

Illustrating "The Common Law"

By Robert W. Chambers

(See Page 675)



# COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

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A detail from "The Burden of Life," a work which created a sensation in the 1910 Salon

## Petrified Emotion

THE WONDER-WORKS OF GEORGE GREY BARNARD, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR WHO HAS CARVED IN ENDURING ROCK THE STRUGGLES OF ALL HUMANITY

By Charles Henry Meltzer

WHO is this George Grey Barnard of whom men are talking in two hemispheres? What is he? "He is a genius," say some. "A sham," say others. "He is the only sculptor worth a thought in the whole Salon," was the opinion expressed by one artist—

a French artist, he was, not an American.

"I am a dreamer," were the words in which the sculptor described himself to me the other day. A dreamer! But a man of brain and will, a man of tremendous force, a man of patience. All the men who have moved the world have dreamed their dreams

"Dreamers whose dreams come true," said one of the world's great bankers, one day, "must have genius."

My acquaintance with the achievements of George Grey Barnard is too recent and too limited for me to feel justified in lifting him to the stars; for, fascinating though those great groups of his in the Grand Palais may be, deeply though they may impress me by their poetic purpose, their synthetic eloquence, their power, they are only part and parcel of a lifelong work, most of it still unknown to me. But this I know: Only a scoundrel or a fool, after studying those two groups in the Grand Palais, could speak lightly or without deference of this Barnard. And, on the whole, I incline to think that he will live to see the fulfillment of his dreams. Those who visit the Pennsylvania Capitol at Harrisburg may marvel at the meanness or the ugliness of some corners in that building, but most, I have no doubt, will look with admiration and respect at Barnard's massive and stupendous marble allegories on its frontal façade.

I sat for several hours recently with the creator of "Work and Brotherhood" and "The Burden of Life," listening to him as he unfolded his own life-story, and watching the quick, shifting dance of the sunbeams on the gray rocks and the green leaves and the rugged tree-trunks in the forest of Fontainebleau. And, as he talked, I made a mental picture of him. A man of middle age and middle height, whose work and dreams have helped him to keep young. He has a round face, tanned and reddened by exposure to the sun and wind; a broad, high forehead, not without lines in it; a crown of tousled hair, brown—almost black—in hue; blue eyes, and above them eyelids with a trick or "tic" of closing frequently. A man who has had no time to acquire the graces or disgraces of "Society"; careless in his dress; rapid in his speech; sometimes rambling in his thought; but always interesting. Such is the man.

He told me of many things which I will not attempt to give you quite in his own words. There were too many of them. He told me how, after living for four years in his birthplace—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania—he went with his father and mother to Chicago, which was for a time his home, and then to Iowa and Michigan. His father, who still lives, was a Presbyterian minister, with the characteristics of his creed. From his

mother, who also lives, he inherited his art. Yet her ancestors were Puritans, passengers on the *Mayflower*. So in Barnard one perceives the two extremes—the faith of religion (which has found expression in art) and the reaction against the formalities of religion.

From his childhood, as he assured me, he has been awed by the Eternal in the world, and by the feeling that a mighty hand of some sort has been over him. Yet, in the usual sense, he is not religious. He has been a Rosicrucian. He is a humanitarian. And he is more than that, for, like St. Francis of Assisi, he loves the beasts and birds, the fishes in the streams, and the insects of the air. All life, I have no doubt, has been observation and aspiration to him.

He hated school, taking small interest in his books, despising his teachers. Small wonder, too. The way in which they taught him would have disgusted any lad of imagination. They forced him to read poetry, not for the beauty in it, but as a pretext for the analyzing of sentences. Somehow or other, however, not even his teachers could make him dislike the Bible, or "Pilgrim's Progress," or the plays of Shakespeare. His greatest teacher, to be sure, was nature. Art, in his boyish days, was hardly a name to him. Not till he came to Europe, a quarter of a century ago, had he even seen real sculpture.

When quite a child he developed a strong interest in natural history. In Chicago he made the acquaintance of an old English sea-captain who had collected marine curiosities, and he taught himself the art of stuffing birds. At six or eight he was so skilful as a taxidermist that for hundreds of miles around people would send specimens for him to mount. His school companions scoffed at him for his odd tastes. He was constantly in hot water. Being a good fighter and remarkably muscular, he usually got the best of it in his fights; but he hated the boys he fought—hated them for their narrowness and their loudness and their cruelty.

Happily, for whole months each year he was able to escape from the crowds of Chicago to the solitudes of the Mississippi. In the neighborhood of a small town once well known to Mark Twain he found the peace and joy, the loneliness and the inspiration he longed for. Day after day and often night after night he would sit by the river, watching the strange life of birds and beavers,



George Grey Barnard finishing "The Hearer," one of his best known works. While emulating the skill of the Greeks, Barnard scorns their ideal, which was to make gods. "The day of the gods is past," says he, and so he models the people

rats and rabbits, studying their habits and familiarizing himself with their anatomies. Though in theory he abhorred cruelty to animals, it was often necessary for him to kill the dumb creatures that he loved. In those days, as you see, he was less interested in beauty than in truth. Now he has come to love both.

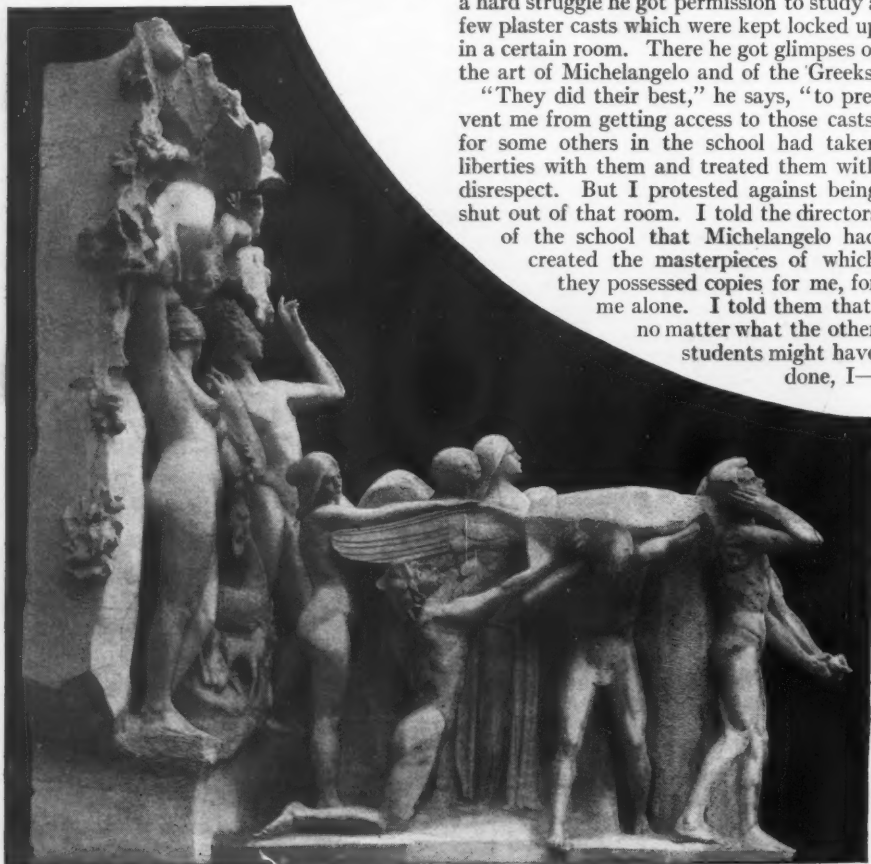
Men he divides into two groups—those who see beauty, say in a deer or bird of paradise, and proceed to kill it; and those who, seeing beauty, reproduce it: the hunters and the artists. Taxidermy was a step in the direction of sculpture, though he did not know it. Painting was another. He had had no lessons in drawing. No one had taught

him to use color. But with a pencil, a brush, and a few tubes of paint he made pictures of his favorite birds and beasts.

Then, thinking more, perhaps, of profit than of art, his father sent him to an engraver, for whom he worked in his own way for full two years, gradually improving his draftsmanship and amazing his employer by the fancy which he put into the most trivial job entrusted to him.

When he had saved eighty-nine dollars he left home and adopted art as a profession. He lived for one whole year on that small sum, going without food for days together and drinking in all the small wisdom he could get at the Chicago Art Institute. After a hard struggle he got permission to study a few plaster casts which were kept locked up in a certain room. There he got glimpses of the art of Michelangelo and of the Greeks.

"They did their best," he says, "to prevent me from getting access to those casts, for some others in the school had taken liberties with them and treated them with disrespect. But I protested against being shut out of that room. I told the directors of the school that Michelangelo had created the masterpieces of which they possessed copies for me, for me alone. I told them that, no matter what the other students might have done, I—



"The Burden of Life"

Groups designed by George Grey Barnard to stand at either end of the frontal façade of the Pennsylvania Capitol. "In 'Work and Brotherhood,'" says the sculptor, "I have shown what comes



only I—was the predestined youth whom those casts were meant to benefit. At last I convinced them. They yielded to my persistency. And how I worked when once I got at those confounded figures! I drew them from the front and from the back. I drew them in profile. I stood them on their heads and drew them again. At last I do believe there was nothing I had not mastered in draftsmanship and in the difficult art of foreshortening."

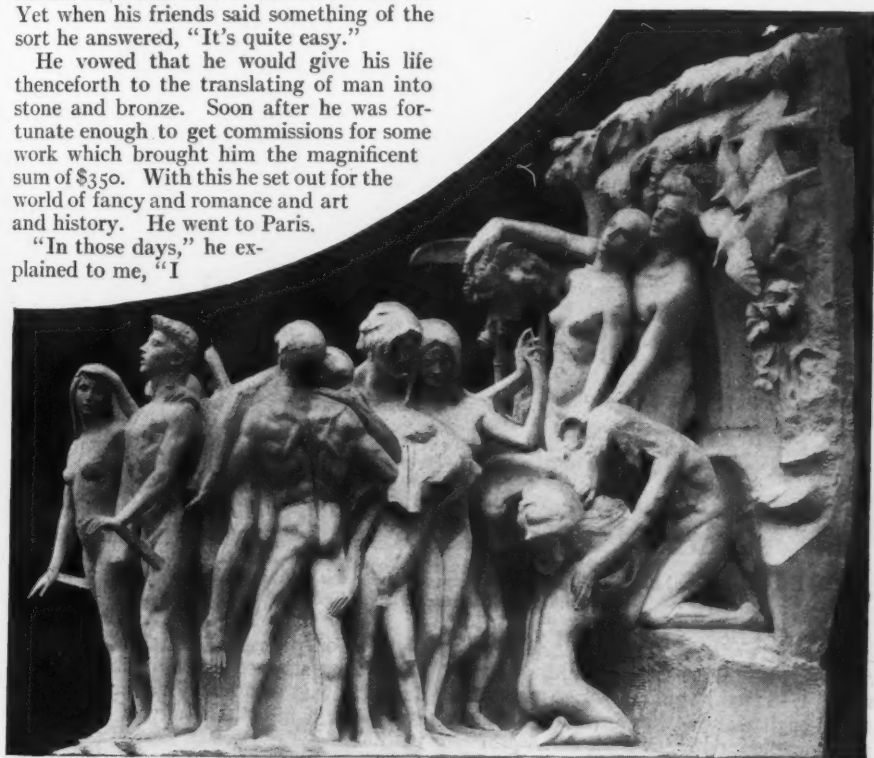
Then, without any lessons, Barnard attempted to create sculpture. With the clay which he had himself dug up on some river bank, he fashioned a small portrait bust of his young sister. He showed me a photograph of this effort. There is expression in the face of the model, but the technique of the future master was, to put it politely, primitive. The marvel was that Barnard should have been able to make a bust at all. Yet when his friends said something of the sort he answered, "It's quite easy."

He vowed that he would give his life thenceforth to the translating of man into stone and bronze. Soon after he was fortunate enough to get commissions for some work which brought him the magnificent sum of \$350. With this he set out for the world of fancy and romance and art and history. He went to Paris.

"In those days," he explained to me, "I

was dreadfully and habitually introspective. The concrete facts of life meant little to me. I was steeped in the contemplation and consideration of abstractions. Men, women, children, architecture, and machinery were merely examples of lines, light, and shadow to me. I was roused from this state by falling in love with the young woman who is now my wife. She took me out of myself, into the real world of life. But for her I might have remained satisfied with watching the things in which I was interested without trying to reproduce them. After meeting her, I ceased forever to indulge my introspective moods."

A hard fight of it, no doubt, he had as he worked in Paris, polishing his technique and reveling in the wonders of the art-galleries. His sense of light and shade, his love of line, his passion for humanity, grew greater daily.



"Work and Brotherhood"

of the unbroken law. In 'The Burden of Life' I have symbolized the outcome of the broken law. These subjects seemed to me peculiarly appropriate to the headquarters of a legislature"



"Baptism of Labor and Love" (unfinished): Philosophy giving the waters of labor to a young woman.  
A type of Barnard's humanism

He saw and understood the beauty of Greek art. But it did not satisfy him, for he was modern—a modern of moderns, to whom the steam-engine and other inventions which gave men their power over the material were as sacred as Zeus.

"I saw," said he, "that the ideal of the Greeks was to make gods. They created beautiful forms, beautiful symbols, which

they set on pedestals. But, in their statuary, they stopped short, deliberately, at anything that was individual or characteristic of humanity. The day of the gods is past. This is the day of the people. It is the people, and the characteristics of the people, that I want to fix in sculpture. They say: What is the use of making statues? Everything has been done. I



The agony of woman, a detail from "The Burden of Life," showing woman's sense of the time-old tragedy of the broken law

answer no. We are only at the beginning of sculpture. All humanity is waiting to be expressed in bronze and stone."

His energy, which has exposed him to the sneers of elegant dilettanti like the person who calls himself the "Sar Peladan," could not confine itself to the nice little schemes and formulas of most artists. So in French reviews the "Sar Peladan" scoffs savagely

at him as "another Roosevelt" or a "Pennsylvanian."

I cannot speak of the works which Barnard exhibited some time ago in Boston. Nor will I weary you with the already oft-told tale of his experiences, his agonies, in connection with the groups which he was commissioned to invent for that scandalous Harrisburg Capitol. In the middle of his

work, when he ran short of funds and was unable to pay the workmen who assisted him in his big Moret studios (there were five or six of them), he set out on a long pilgrimage through France, collecting specimens of rare Gothic art in the small towns and villages through which he passed. These he sold to the French government. The proceeds of this pilgrimage—it extended over two years—enabled him to take up his task again. The artist's grievances at last forced themselves upon the attention of the Pennsylvanian legislators. A committee was formed in America to protect his interests. And soon, it seems, the Senate of his state will vote a sum of \$50,000 to assist him in the completion of his groups.

Which brings me to the point at which I started—to the discussion of Barnard's exhibits in the Salon.

My opinion of them at present matters little. I have not yet studied them with sufficient closeness to have fixed convictions about them. When you first look at them they take your breath away. They seem prodigious. They are marked by power and poetry. Even as a proof of patience, as an evidence of aspiration, they stand out alone. Judged by the canons

of the past, they may be open, here and there, to unfavorable criticism. Judged by modern standards, they are impressive and in their own way beautiful.

What has Barnard endeavored to set forth in his two groups? "In one," he answered, when I put the question to him, "which I call 'Work and Brotherhood,' I have shown what comes of the unbroken law. In the other, named 'The Burden of Life,' I have symbolized the outcome of the broken law. These subjects seemed to me peculiarly appropriate to the headquarters of a legislature."

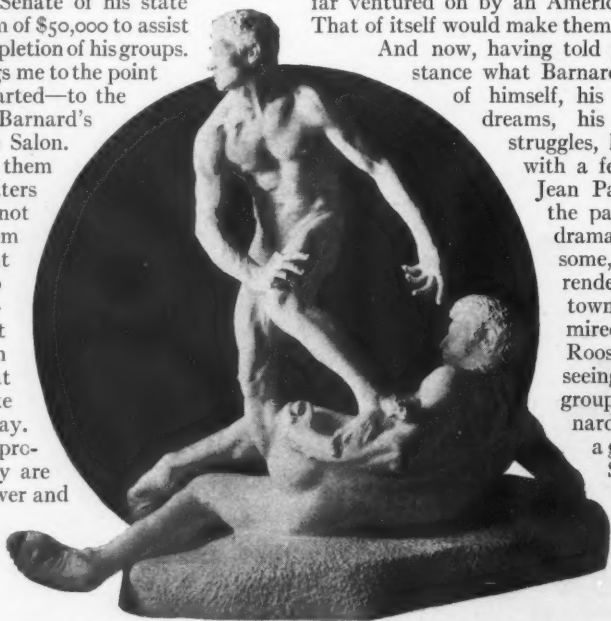
These groups are part and parcel, in his mind, of a grand scheme dealing with all human life. In the positions which they occupy in the Salon they look very different from what they will when in their right places. They are made to be seen in a certain perspective. They will be set on higher bases than they now stand on. Many details of the two compositions, I may add, are not finished. In view of all these facts, critics who consider Barnard's works should be diffident. Whatever may be thought or written of them they are the most lofty, the most mighty and ambitious, efforts thus far ventured on by an American sculptor. That of itself would make them noteworthy.

And now, having told you in substance what Barnard has to say of himself, his hopes, his dreams, his work, his struggles, let me close with a few words of

Jean Paul Laurens, the painter of the dramatically gruesome, whose "Surrender at Yorktown" was admired so much by Roosevelt. After seeing the two groups by Barnard a few weeks ago in the Salon, Jean Paul Laurens introduced himself to the American.

"Your work delights

me," said the painter. "You know your Phidias and your Michelangelo. You have mastered the science of your art. But you have done more. You have stood face to face with nature. We Frenchmen are like colored sweetmeats. We are all packed in the same box, and by our contact with each other we have softened and rubbed off our rough edges. All of us are under the influence of the Salons, the academies, the schools of art. Not one of us would have the hardihood to see things for ourselves, as you have seen them, and to embody what we have seen in our art."



BY PERMISSION OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

"The Two Natures," a symbolism of the silent struggle in every human heart



# The Common Law

By Robert W. Chambers

*Author of "The Fighting Chance," "The Younger Set," "The Danger Mark," etc.*

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

*Including a full-color portrait of Valerie West—the Girl in the Story.—See cover*

I

THERE was a long, brisk, decisive ring at the door. He continued working. After an interval the bell rang again, briefly, as though the light touch on the electric button had lost its assurance.

"Somebody's confidence has departed," he thought to himself, busy with a lead-weighted string and a stick of soft charcoal wrapped in silver foil. For a few moments he continued working, not inclined to trouble himself to answer the bell, but the hesitating timidity of a third appeal amused him, and he walked out into the hallway and opened the door. In the dim light a departing figure turned from the stairway.

"Do you wish a model?" she asked in an unsteady voice.

"No," he said, vexed.

"Then, I beg your pardon for disturbing you."

"Who gave you my name?" he demanded.

"Why, nobody."

"Who sent you to me? Didn't anybody send you?"

"No."

"But how did you get in?"

"I—walked in."

There was a scarcely perceptible pause; then she turned away in the dim light of the corridor.

"You know," he said, "models are not supposed to come here unless sent for. It isn't done in this building." He pointed to a black and white sign on the door which bore the words, "No Admittance."

"I am very sorry, I didn't understand."

"Oh, it's all right; only, I don't see how you got up here at all. Didn't the elevator-boy question you? It's his business."

"I didn't come up in the elevator."

"You didn't walk up?"

"Yes."

"Twelve stories!"

"Both elevators happened to be in service. Besides, I was not quite certain that models were expected to use the elevators."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "you must have wanted an engagement pretty badly."

"Yes, I did."

He stared. "I suppose you do still."

"If you would care to try me."

"I'll take your name and address, anyhow. Twelve flights! For the love of—oh, come in anyway and rest."

It was dusky in the private hallway through which he preceded her, but there was light enough in the great studio. Through the vast sheets of glass fleecy clouds showed blue sky between. The morning was clearing.

He went over to an ornate Louis XV table, picked up a note-book, motioned her to be seated, dropped into a chair himself, and began to sharpen a pencil. As yet he had scarcely glanced at her, and now while he leisurely shaved the cedar and scraped the lead to a point, he absent-mindedly and good-humoredly admonished her:

"You models have your own gild, your club, your regular routine, and it would make it much easier for us if you'd all register and quietly wait until we send for you. You see, we painters know what we want, and we know where to apply for it. But if you all go wandering over studio-buildings in search of engagements, we won't have any leisure to employ you because it will take all our time to answer the bell. And it will end by our not answering it at all. And that's why it is fit and proper for good little models to remain *chez eux*."

He had achieved a point to his pencil.

Now he opened his model-book, looked up at her with his absent smile, and remained looking.

"Aren't you going to remove your veil?"

"Oh—I beg your pardon!" Slender gloved fingers flew up, were nervously busy a moment. She removed her veil and sat as though awaiting his comment. None came.

After a moment's pause she said, "Did you wish my name and address?"

He nodded, still looking intently at her.

"Miss West," she said calmly.

He wrote it down. "Is that all? Just 'Miss West'?"

"Valerie West—if that is custom—necessary."

He wrote "Valerie West"; and, as she gave it to him, he noted her address.

"Head and shoulders?" he asked quietly.

"Yes," very confidently.

"Figure?"

"Yes," less confidently.

"Draped or undraped?"

When he looked up again, for an instant he thought her skin even whiter than it had been; perhaps not, for, except for the vivid lips and a carnation tint in the cheeks, the snowy beauty of her face and neck had already preoccupied him.

"Do you pose undraped?" he repeated, interested.

"I—expect to do—what is—required of—models."

"Sensible," he commented, noting the detail in his book. "Now, Miss West, for whom have you recently posed?"

And, as she made no reply, he looked up amiably, balancing his pencil in his hand and repeating the question.

"Is it necessary to—tell you?"

"Not at all. One usually asks that question, probably because you models are always so everlastingly anxious to tell us, particularly when the men for whom you have posed are more famous than the poor devil who offers you an engagement."

There was something very good-humored in his smile, and she strove to smile, too, but her calmness was now all forced, and her heart was beating very fast, and her black-gloved fingers were closing and doubling till the hands that rested on the arms of the gilded antique chair lay tightly clenched.

He was leisurely writing in his note-book under her name: "Height, medium; eyes, a dark brown; hair, thick, lustrous, and

brown; head, unusually beautiful; throat and neck, perfect."

He stopped writing and lifted his eyes. "How much of your time is taken ahead, I wonder?"

"What?"

"How many engagements have you? Is your time all cut up—as I fancy it is?"

"N-no."

"Could you give me what time I might require?"

"I think so."

"What I mean, Miss West, is this: suppose that your figure is what I have an idea it is, could you give me a lot of time ahead?"

She remained silent so long that he had started to write "probably unreliable" under his notes; but, as his pencil began to move, her lips unclosed with a low, breathless sound that became a ghost of a voice:

"I will do what you require of me. I meant to answer."

"Do you mean that you are in a position to make a time contract with me, provided you prove to be what I need?"

She nodded uncertainly.

"I'm beginning the ceiling, lunettes, and panels for the Byzantine Theater," he added, sternly stroking his short mustache, "and under those circumstances I suppose you know what a contract between us means?"

She nodded again, but in her eyes was bewilderment and in her heart, fear. "Yes," she managed to say, "I think I understand."

"Very well. I merely want to say that a model threw me down hard in the very middle of the Birmingham's ballroom. Max Schindler put on a show, and she put for the spot-light. She'd better stay put," he added grimly: "she'll never have another chance in your gild." Then the frown vanished, and the exceedingly engaging smile glimmered in his eyes. "You wouldn't do such a thing as that to me," he added, "would you, Miss West?"

"Oh, no," she replied, not clearly comprehending the enormity of the Schindler recruit's behavior.

"And you'll stand by me if our engagement goes through?"

"Yes, I—will try to."

"Good business! Now, if you really are what I have an idea you are, I'll know pretty quick whether I can use you for the Byzantine job." He rose, walked over to a pair of closed folding-doors, and opened



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

There was a long, brisk, decisive ring at the door

them. "You can undress in there," he said. "I think you will find everything you need."

For a second she sat rigid, her black-gloved hands doubled, her eyes fastened on him as though fascinated. He had already turned and sauntered over to one of several easels, where he picked up the lump of charcoal in its silver foil.

The color began to come back into her face—swifter, more swiftly: the vast blank window with its amber curtains stared at her; she lifted her tragic gaze and saw the sheet of glass above swimming in crystal light. Through it clouds were dissolving in the bluest of skies; against it a spider-web of pendent cords drooped from the high ceiling; and she saw the looming mystery of huge canvases beside which step-ladders rose surmounted by little crow's-nests where the graceful oval of palettes curved, tinted with scraped brilliancy.

"What a dreamer you are!" he called across the studio to her. "The light is fine, now. Hadn't we better take advantage of it?"

She managed to find her footing; contrived to rise, to move with apparent self-possession toward the folding-doors.

"Better hurry," he said pleasantly. "If you're what I need we might start things now. I am all ready for the sort of figure I suspect you have."

She stepped inside the room and became desperately busy for a moment trying to close the doors; but either her hands had suddenly become powerless or they shook too much; and when he turned, almost impatiently, from his easel to see what all that rattling meant, she shrank hastily aside into the room beyond, keeping out of his view.

The room was charming—not like the studio, but modern and fresh and dainty with chintz and flowered wall-paper and the graceful white furniture of a bedroom. There was a flowered screen there, too. Behind it stood a chair, and onto this she sank, laid her hands for an instant against her burning face, then stooped and, scarcely knowing what she was about, began to untie her patent-leather shoes.

He remained standing at his easel, very busy with his string and lump of charcoal; but after a while it occurred to him that she was taking an annoyingly long time about a simple matter.

"What on earth is the trouble?" he called. "Do you realize you've been in there a quarter of an hour?"

She made no answer. A second later he thought he heard an indistinct sound, and it disquieted him.

"Miss West?"

There was no reply.

Impatient, a little disturbed, he walked across to the folding-doors; and the same low, suppressed sound caught his ear.

"What in the name of—" he began, walking into the room, and halted, amazed.

She sat huddled together behind the screen, partly undressed, her face hidden in her hands; and between the slender fingers tears ran down brightly.

"Are you ill?" he asked anxiously.

After a moment she slowly shook her head.

"Then, what in the name of—"

"P—please forgive me. I—I will be ready in a m—moment—if you wouldn't mind going out—"

"Are you ill? Answer me?"

"N—no."

"Has anything disturbed you so that you don't feel up to posing to-day?"

"No. I—am—almost ready—if you will go out."

He considered her, uneasy and perplexed. Then, "All right," he said briefly. "Take your own time, Miss West."

At his easel, fussing with yardstick and crayon, he began to square off his canvas, muttering to himself: "What the deuce is the matter with that girl? Nice moment to nurse secret sorrows or blighted affections. There's always something wrong with the best lookers. And she is a real beauty or I miss my guess." He went on ruling off, measuring, grumbling, until slowly there came over him the sense of the nearness of another person. He had not heard her enter, but he turned around, knowing she was there.

She stood silent, motionless, as though motion terrified her and inertia were salvation. Her dark hair rippled to her waist; her white arms hung limp, yet the fingers had curled till every delicate nail was pressed deep into the pink palm. She was trying to look at him. Her face was as white as a flower.

"All right," he said under his breath, "you're practically faultless. I suppose you realize it."

A scarcely perceptible shiver passed over her entire body; then, as he stepped back, his keen artist's gaze narrowing, there stole



over her a delicate flush, faintly staining her from brow to ankle, transfiguring the pallor exquisitely, enchantingly. And her small head drooped forward, shadowed by her hair.

"You're what I want," he said. "You're about everything I require in color and form and texture."

She neither spoke nor moved as much as an eyelash.

"Look here, Miss West," he said in a slightly excited voice, "let's go about this thing intelligently." He swung another easel on its rollers, displaying a sketch in soft, brilliant colors—a multitude of figures amid a swirl of sunset-tinted clouds and patches of azure sky. "You're intelligent," he went on with animation. "I saw that, somehow or other, though you haven't said very much."

He laughed, and laid his hand on the painted canvas beside him.

"You're a model, and it's not necessary to inform you that this is only a preliminary sketch. Your experience tells you that. But it is necessary to tell you that it's the final composition. I've decided on this arrangement for the ceiling. You see for yourself that you're perfectly fitted to stand or sit for all these floating, drifting, cloud-cradled goddesses. You're an inspiration in yourself—for the perfections of Olympus," he added, laughing, "and that's no idle compliment. But of course other artists have often told you this before—as though you didn't have eyes of your own! And beautiful ones at that!" He laughed again, turned, and dragged a two-storied model-stand across the floor, tossed up one or two silk cushions, and nodded to her.

"Don't be afraid; it's rickety but safe. It will hold us both. Are you ready?"

As in a dream she set one little bare foot on the steps, mounted, balancing with arms extended and the tips of her fingers resting on his outstretched hand.

Standing on the steps, he arranged the cushions, told her where to be seated, how to recline, placed the wedges and blocks to support her feet, chalked the bases, marked positions with arrows, and wedged and blocked up her elbows. Then he threw over her a soft, white wool robe, swathing her from throat to feet, descended the steps, touched an electric bell, and picking up a huge clean palette began to squeeze out coils of color from a dozen plump tubes.

Presently a short, squarely built man entered. He wore a blue jumper; there were traces of paint on it, on his large square hands, on his square, serious face.

"O'Hara!"

"Sorr?"

"We're going to begin *now*, thank Heaven. So if you'll be kind enough to help move forward the ceiling canvas—"

O'Hara glanced up carelessly at the swathed and motionless figure above, then calmly spat upon his hands and laid hold of one side of the huge canvas indicated. The painter took the other side.

"Now, O'Hara, careful! Back off a little—don't let it sway! There—that's where I want it. Get a ladder and clamp the tops. Pitch it a little forward—more!—stop! Fix those pulley-ropes; I'll make things snug below."

For ten minutes they worked deftly, rapidly, making fast the great blank canvas which had been squared and set with an enormous oval in heavy outline.

From her lofty eyrie she looked down at them as in a dream while they shifted other enormous framed canvases and settled the oval one into place. Everything below seemed to be on rubber wheels or casters—easels, step-ladders, color-cabinets, even the great base where the oval set canvas rested.

She looked up at the blue sky. Sparrows dropped out of the brilliant void into unseen canyons far below, whence came the softened roar of traffic. Northward the city spread away between its rivers, glittering under the early April sun; the park lay like a gray and green map set with the irregular silver of water; beyond, the huge unfinished cathedral loomed dark against the big white hospital of St. Luke; farther still a lilac-tinted haze hung along the edges of the Bronx.

"All right, O'Hara. Much obliged. I won't need you again."

"Very good, sorr."

The short, broad Irishman went out with another incurious glance aloft, and closed the outer door.

High up on her perch she watched the man below. He calmly removed coat and waistcoat, pulled a painter's linen blouse over his curly head, lighted a cigarette, picked up his palette, fastened a tin cup to the edge, filled it from a bottle, took a handful of brushes and a bunch of cheese-cloth, and began to climb up a step-ladder opposite her, lugging his sketch in the other hand.

He fastened the little sketch to an upright and stood on the ladder halfway up, one leg higher than the other.

"Now, Miss West," he said decisively.

At the sound of his voice fear again leaped through her like a flame, burning her face as she let slip the white wool robe.

"All right," he said. "Don't move while I'm drawing unless you have to."

She could see him working. He seemed to be drawing with a brush, rapidly, and with a kind of assurance that appeared almost careless. At first she could make out little of the lines. They were all dark in tint, thin, tinged with plum color. There seemed to be no curves in them, and at first she could not comprehend that he was drawing her figure. But after a little while curves appeared; long delicate outlines began to emerge as rounded surfaces in monochrome, casting definite shadows on other surfaces. She could recognize the shape of a human head; saw it gradually become a colorless drawing; saw shoulders, arms, a body, emerging into shadowy shape; saw the long fine limbs appear, the slender indication of feet. Then flat on the cheek lay a patch of brilliant color, another on the mouth. A great swirl of cloud-forms sprang into view high piled in a corner of the canvas.

And now he seemed to be eternally running up and down his ladder, shifting it here and there across the vast white background of canvas, drawing great meaningless lines in distant expanses of the texture, then, always consulting her with his keen, impersonal gaze, he pushed back his ladder, mounted, wiped the big brushes, selected others smaller and flatter, considering her in penetrating silence between every brush-stroke. She saw a face and hair growing lovely under her eyes, bathed in an iris-tinted light; saw little exquisite flecks of color set here and there on the white expanse; watched all so intently, so wonderingly, that the numbness of her body became a throbbing pain before she was aware that she was enduring torture.

She strove to move, gave a little gasp; and he was down from his ladder and up on hers before her half-paralyzed body had swayed to the edge of danger.

"Why didn't you say so?" he asked sharply. "I can't keep track of time when I'm working!"

With arms and fingers that scarcely obeyed her she contrived to gather the white

wool covering around her shoulders and limbs and lay back.

"You know," he said, "that it's foolish to act this way. I don't want to kill you, Miss West."

She only lowered her head amid its lovely crown of hair.

"You know your own limits," he said resentfully. He looked down at the big clock. "It's a full hour. You had only to speak. Why didn't you?"

"I—I didn't know what to say."

"Didn't know!" He paused, astonished. Then, "Well, you felt yourself getting numb, didn't you?"

"Y-yes. But I thought it was—to be expected." She blushed vividly under his astonished gaze. "I think I had better tell you that—that this is—the first time."

"The first time!"

"Yes. I ought to have told you. I was afraid you might not want me."

"Lord above!" he breathed. "You poor, poor little thing!"

She began to cry silently; he saw the drops fall shining on the white wool robe, and leaned one elbow on the ladder, watching them. After a while they ceased, but she still held her head low, and her face was bent in the warm shadow of her hair.

"How could I understand?" he asked very gently.

"I should have told you. I was afraid."

He said: "I'm terribly sorry. It must have been perfect torture for you to undress and come into the studio. If you'd only given me an idea of how matters stood I could have made it a little easier. I'm afraid I was brusque—taking it for granted that you were a model and knew your business. I'm terribly sorry."

She lifted her head, looked at him, with the tears still clinging to her lashes. "You have been very nice to me. It is all my own fault."

He smiled. "Then it's all right, now that we understand, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You make a stunning model," he said frankly.

"Do I? Then you will let me come again?"

"Let you!" He laughed. "I'll be more likely to beg you."

"Oh, you won't have to," she said; "I'll come as long as you want me."

"That is simply angelic of you. Tell me, do you wish to descend to terra firma?"

She glanced below doubtfully. "N-no,



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Valerie West

thank you. If I could only stretch my—legs—”

“Stretch away,” he said, much amused, “but don’t tumble off and break into pieces. I like you better as you are than as an antique and limbless Venus.”

She cautiously and daintily extended first one leg then the other under the wool robe, then eased the cramped muscles of her back, straightening her body and flexing her arms with a little sigh of relief. As her shy side-long gaze reverted to him she saw to her relief that he was not noticing her. A slight sense of warmth suffused her body, and she stretched herself again, more confidently, and ventured to glance around.

“Speaking of terms,” he said in an absent way, apparently preoccupied with the palette which he was carefully scraping, “do you happen to know what is the usual recompense for a model’s service?”

She said that she had heard, and added with quick diffidence that she could not expect so much, being only a beginner.

He polished the surface of the palette with a handful of cheese-cloth. “Don’t you think you are worth it?”

“How can I be until I know how to pose for you?”

“You will never have to learn how to pose, Miss West.”

“I don’t know exactly what you mean.”

“I mean that some models never learn. Some know how already—you, for example.”

She flushed slightly. “Do you really mean that?”

“Oh, I wouldn’t say so if I didn’t. It’s merely necessary for you to accustom yourself to holding a pose; the rest you already know instinctively.”

“What is the rest?” she ventured to ask. “I don’t quite understand what you see in me.”

“Well,” he said placidly, “you are beautifully made. That is nine-tenths of the matter. Your head is set logically on your neck, and your neck is correctly placed on your spine, and your legs and arms are

properly attached to your torso—your entire body, anatomically speaking, is hinged, hung, supported, developed as the ideal body should be. It's undeformed, unmarred, unspoiled, and that's partly luck, partly inheritance, and mostly decent habits and digestion."

She was listening intently, interested, surprised, her pink lips slightly parted.

"Another point," he continued; "you seem unable to move or rest ungracefully. Few women are so built that an ungraceful motion is impossible for them. You are one of the few. It's all a matter of anatomy."

She remained silent, watching him curiously.

He said: "But the final clincher to your qualifications is that you are intelligent. I have known pretty women," he added with sarcasm, "who were not what learned men would call precisely intelligent. But you are. I showed you my sketch, indicated in a general way what I wanted, and instinctively and intelligently you assumed the proper attitude. I didn't have to take you by the chin and twist your head as though you were a lay figure; I didn't have to pull you about and flex and bend and twist you. You knew that I wanted you to look like some sort of an ethereal immortality, deliciously relaxed, adrift in sunset clouds. And you *were* it—somehow or other."

She looked down thoughtfully, nestling to the chin in the white wool folds. A smile almost imperceptible curved her lips. "You are making it very easy for me," she said.

"You make it easy for yourself."

"I was horribly afraid," she said thoughtfully.

"I have no doubt of it."

"Oh, you don't know—nobody can know—no man can understand the terror of—of the first time."

"It must be a ghastly experience."

"It is! I don't mean that you have not done everything to make it easier, but there, in the little room, my courage left me—I almost died. I'd have run away, only—I was afraid you wouldn't let me."

He began to laugh; she tried to, but the terror of it all was as yet too recent.

"At first," she said, "I was afraid I wouldn't do for a model—not exactly afraid of my—my appearance, but because I was a novice; and I imagined that one had to know exactly how to pose."

"I think," he interrupted smilingly, "that

you might take the pose again if you are rested. Go on talking; I don't mind it."

She sat erect, loosened the white wool robe and dropped it from her with less consciousness and effort than before. Very carefully she set her feet on the blocks, fitting the shapely heels to the chalked outlines; found the mark for her elbow, adjusted her slim, smooth body and looked at him, flushing.

"All right," he said briefly; "go ahead and talk to me."

"Do you wish me to?"

"Yes; I'd rather."

"I don't know exactly what to say."

"Say anything," he returned absently, selecting a flat brush with a very long handle.

She thought a moment, then, lifting her eyes, "I might ask you your name."

"What? Don't you know it? Oh, Lord! Oh, Vanity! I thought you'd heard of me."

She blushed, confused by her ignorance and what she feared was annoyance on his part; then perceived that he was merely amused and her face cleared.

"We folk who create concrete amusement for the public always imagine ourselves much better known to that public than we are, Miss West. It's our little vanity—rather harmless, after all. We're a pretty decent lot, sometimes absurd, especially in our tragic moments; sometimes emotional, usually illogical, often impulsive, frequently tender hearted as well as supersensitive. Now it was a pleasant little vanity for me to take it for granted that somehow you had heard of me and had climbed twelve flights of stairs for the privilege of sitting for me."

He laughed so frankly that the shy, responsive smile made her face enchanting; and he coolly took advantage of it, and, while exciting and stimulating it, affixed it immortally on the exquisite creature he was painting.

"So you didn't climb those twelve flights solely for the privilege of having me paint you?"

"No," she admitted laughingly. "I was merely going to begin at the top and apply for work all the way down until somebody took me—or nobody took me."

"But why begin at the top?"

"It is easier to bear disappointment going down," she said seriously. "If two or three artists had refused me on the first and second floors, my legs would not have carried me up very far."

"Bad logic," he commented. "We mount by experience, using our wrecked hopes as footholds."

"You don't know how much a girl can endure. There comes a time—after years of steady descent—when misfortune and disappointment become endurable, when hope deferred no longer sickens. It is in rising toward better things that disappointments hurt most cruelly."

He turned his head in surprise; then went on painting. "Your philosophy is the philosophy of submission."

"Do you call a struggle of years a submission?"

"But it was giving up, after all—acquiescence, despondency, a *laissez-faire* policy."

"One may tire of fighting."

"One may. Another may not."

"I think you have never had to fight very hard."

He turned his head abruptly; after a moment's silent survey of her, he resumed his painting with a sharp, impersonal glance before every swift and decisive brush-stroke.

"No; I have never had to fight, Miss West. It was keen of you to recognize it. I have never had to fight at all. Things come easily to me—things have a habit of coming my way. I suppose I'm not exactly the man to lecture anybody on the art of fighting fortune. She's always been decent to me. Sometimes I'm afraid—I have an instinct that she's too friendly. And it troubles me. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes."

He looked up at her. "Are you sure?"

"I think so. I have been watching you painting. I never imagined anybody could draw so swiftly, so easily—paint so surely, so accurately; that every brush-stroke could be so—so significant, so decisive. Is it not unusual? And is not that what is called facility?"

"Lord in heaven!" he said. "What kind of a girl am I dealing with?—or what kind of a girl is dealing so unmercifully with me?"

"I—I didn't mean—"

"Yes, you did. Those very lovely and wonderfully shaped eyes of yours are not entirely for ornament. Inside that pretty head there's an apparatus designed for thinking; and it isn't idle."

He laughed gaily, a trifle defiantly.

"You've said it. You've found the fly in the amber. I'm cursed with facility. Worse

still, it gives me keenest pleasure to employ it. It does scare me occasionally—has for years—makes me miserable at intervals—fills me full of all kinds of fears and doubts."

He turned toward her, standing on his ladder, the big palette curving up over his left shoulder, a wet brush extended in his right hand.

"What shall I do?" he exclaimed, so earnestly that she sat up straight, startled, forgetting her pose. "Ought I to stifle the vigor, the energy, the restless desire that drives me to express myself, that will not tolerate the inertia of calculation and ponderous reflection? Ought I to check myself, consider, worry, entangle myself in psychologies, seek for subtleties where none exist, split hairs, relapse into introspective philosophy when my fingers itch for a lump of charcoal and every color on my set palette yells at me to be about my business?"

He passed the flat tip of his wet brush through the mass of rags in his left hand with a graceful motion like one unsheathing a sword.

"I tell you I do the things which I do, as easily, as naturally, as happily as any fool of a dicky-bird does his infernal twittering on an April morning. God knows whether there's anything in my work or in his twitter; but neither he nor I is likely to improve our output by pondering and cogitation. Please resume the pose."

She did so, her dark young eyes on him; and he continued painting and talking in his clear, rapid, decisive manner.

"My name is Louis Neville. They call me Kelly—my friends do," he added, laughing. "Have you ever seen any of my work?"

"Yes."

He laughed again. "That's more soothing. However, I suppose you saw that big canvas of mine for the ceiling of the Metropolitan Museum's new northwest wing. The entire town saw it."

"Yes, I saw it."

"Did you care for it?"

She had cared for it too intensely to give him any adequate answer. Never before had her sense of color and form and beauty been so exquisitely satisfied by the painted magic of any living painter. So this was the man who had enveloped her, swayed her senses, whirled her upward into his ocean of limpid light! This was the man who had done that miracle before which, all day long, crowds of the sober, decent, unimaginative



—the solid essentials of the nation—had lingered fascinated! This was the man—across there on a step-ladder. And he was evidently not yet thirty; and his name was Neville, and his friends called him Kelly.

"Yes," she said diffidently, "I cared for it."

"Really?"

He caught her eye, laughed, and went on with his work.

"The critics were savage," he said. "Lord! It hurt, too. But I've simply got to be busy. What good would it do me to sit down and draw casts with a thin, needle-pointed stick of hard charcoal? Not that they say I can't draw. They admit that I can. They admit that I can paint, too."

He laughed and stretched his arms.

"Draw! A blank canvas sets me mad. When I look at one I feel like covering it with a thousand figures twisted into every intricacy and difficulty of foreshortening! I wish I were like the Hindu god with a dozen arms; and even then I couldn't paint fast enough to satisfy what my eyes and brain have already evoked upon an untouched canvas. It's a sort of intoxication that gets hold of me; I'm perfectly cool, too, which seems a paradox, but isn't. And all the while, inside me, is a constant, hushed kind of laughter, bubbling, which accompanies every brush-stroke with an 'I told you so!'—if you know what I'm trying to say—do you?"

"N-not exactly. But I suppose you mean that you are self-confident."

"Lord! Listen to this girl say in a dozen words what I'm trying to say in a volume so that it won't scare me! Yes! That's it. I am confident. And it's that self-confidence which sometimes scares me half to death."

From his ladder he pointed with his brush to the preliminary sketch that faced her, touching figure after figure. "I'm going to draw them in, now," he said; "first this one. Can you catch the pose? It's going to be hard; I'll block up your heels, later. That's it! Stand up straight, stretch as though the next moment you were going to rise on tiptoe and float upward without an effort."

He was working like lightning in long, beautiful, clean outline strokes, brushed here and there with shadow-shapes and masses. And time flew at first, then went slowly, more slowly, until it dragged at her delicate body and set every nerve aching.

"I—may I rest a moment?"

"Sure thing!" he said cordially, laying aside palette and brushes. "Come on, Miss West, and we'll have luncheon."

She hastily swathed herself in the wool robe. "Do you mean—here?"

"Yes. There's a dumb-waiter. I'll ring for the card."

"I'd like to," she said, "but do you think I had better?"

"Why not?"

"You mean—take lunch with you?"

"Why not?"

"Is it customary?"

"No, it isn't."

"Then I think I will go out to lunch somewhere."

"I'm not going to let you get away," he said, laughing. "You're too good to be real. I'm worried half to death for fear that you'll vanish in a golden cloud, or something equally futile and inconsiderate. No, I want you to stay. You don't mind, do you?"

He was aiding her to descend from her eyrie, her little white hand balanced on his arm. When she set foot on the floor she looked up at him gravely.

"You wouldn't let me do anything that I ought not to, would you, Mr. Kelly—I mean Mr. Neville?" she added in confusion.

"No. Anyway I don't know what you ought or ought not to do. Luncheon is a simple matter of routine. It's sole significance is two empty stomachs. I suppose if you go out you *will* come back, but—I'd rather you'd remain."

"Why?"

"Well," he admitted with a laugh, "it's probably because I like to hear myself talk to you. Besides, I've always the hope that you'll suddenly become conversational, and that's a possibility exciting enough to give anybody an appetite."

"But I *have* conversed with you," she said.

"Only a little. What you said acted like a cocktail to inspire me with a desire for more."

"I am afraid that you were not named Kelly in vain."

"You mean blarney? No, it's merely frankness. Let me get you some bath-slippers."

"Oh—but if I am to lunch here, I can't do it this way!" she exclaimed in flushed consternation.

"Indeed you must learn to do that without embarrassment, Miss West. Tie up



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

This was the man—across there on a step-ladder. And he was evidently not yet thirty; and his name was Neville, and his friends called him Kelly

your robe at the throat, tuck up your sleeves, slip your feet into a nice pair of brand-new bath-slippers, and I'll ring for luncheon."

"I—don't—want to—" she began; but he went away into the hall, rang, and presently she heard the ascending clatter of a dumb-waiter. From it he took the luncheon-card and returned to where she was sitting at his dining-table. She blushed as he laid the card before her, and would have nothing to do with it. The result was that he did the ordering, sent the dumb-waiter down with his scribbled memorandum, and came wandering back with long, cool glances at his canvas and the work he had done on it.

"I mean to make a stunning thing of it," he remarked, eying the huge canvas critically. "All this deviltry—whatever it is inside of me—must come out somehow. And that canvas is the place for it."

He laughed and sat down opposite her.

"Man is born to folly, Miss West—born full of it. I get rid of mine on canvas. It's a safer outlet for original sin than some other ways."

She lay back in her chair, hands extended along the arms, looking at him with a smile that was still shy. "My idea of you—of an artist—was so different," she said.

"There are all kinds, mostly the seriously inspired and humorless variety who make a mystic religion of a very respectable profession. This world is full of pale, enraptured artists; full of muscular, thumb-smearing artists; full of dreamy weavers of visions, usually deficient in spinal process; full of unwashed little inverts to whom the world really resembles a kaleidoscope full of things that wiggle—"

They began to laugh, he with a singular delight in her comprehension of his idle, irresponsible chatter, she from sheer pleasure in listening and looking at this man who was so different from anybody she had ever known and—thank God!—so young. And when the bell rang and the clatter announced the advent of luncheon, she settled in her chair with a little shiver of happiness, blushing at her capacity for it, and at her acquiescence in the strangest conditions in which she had ever found herself in all her life, conditions so bizarre, so grotesque, so impossible that there was no use in trying to consider them—alas! no point in blushing now.

Mechanically she settled her little naked feet deep into the big bath-slippers, tucked

up her white wool sleeves to the dimpled elbow, and surveyed the soup which he had placed before her to serve.

"I know perfectly well that this isn't right," she said, helping him and then herself. "But I am wondering what there is about it that isn't right."

"Isn't it demoralizing!" he said, amused.

"I wonder if it is?"

He laughed. "Such ideas are nonsense, Miss West. Listen to me: you and I—everybody except those with whom something is physically wrong—were born with a full and healthy capacity for demoralization and mischief. Mischief is only one form of energy. If lightning flies about unguided it's likely to do somebody some damage; if it's conducted properly to a safe terminal there's no damage done and probably a little good."

"Your brushes are your lightning-rods?" she suggested, laughing.

"Certainly. I demoralize only canvas. What outlet have you for your perfectly normal deviltry?"

"I haven't any."

"Any deviltry?"

"Any outlet."

"You ought to have."

"Ought I?"

"Certainly. You are as full of restless energy as I am."

"Oh, I don't think I am."

"You are. Look at yourself! I never saw anybody so sound, so superbly healthy, so"—he laughed—"adapted to dynamics. You've got to have an outlet, or there'll be the deuce to pay."

She looked at her fruit salad gravely, tasted it, and glanced up at him. "I have never in all my life had any outlet—never even any outlook, Mr. Neville."

"You should have had both," he grumbled, annoyed at himself for the interest her words had for him; uneasy, now that she had responded, yet curious to learn something about this fair young girl, approximately his intellectual equal, who had come to his door looking for work as a model. He thought to himself that probably it was some distressing tale which he couldn't help, and the recital of which would do neither of them any good. Of stories of models' lives he was tired, satiated. There was no use encouraging her to family revelations; an easy, pleasant footing was far more amusing to maintain. The other hinted of intimacy;

and that he had never tolerated in his employees. Yet, looking now across the table at her, a not unkind curiosity began to prod him. He could easily have left matters where they were, maintained the *status quo* indefinitely, or as long as he needed her services.

"Outlets are necessary," he said cautiously. "Otherwise we go to the bow-wows."

"Or—die."

"What?" sharply.

She looked up without a trace of self-consciousness or the least hint of the dramatic. "I would die unless I had an outlet. This is almost one. At least it gives me something to do with my life."

"Posing?"

"Yes."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Why, I only mean that—the other"—she smiled—"what you call the bow-wows, would not have been an outlet for me. I was a show-girl for two months last winter; I ought to know. And I'd rather have died than—"

"I see," he said; "that outlet was too stupid to attract you."

She nodded. "Besides, I have principles," she said candidly.

"Which effectually blocked that outlet. They sometimes kill, too, as you say. Youth stifled too long means death—the death of youth, at least. Outlets mean life. The idea is to find a safe one."

She flushed in quick, sensitive response. "That is it; that is what I meant. Mr. Neville, I am twenty-one; and, do you know, I never had a childhood. And I am simply wild for it—for the girlhood and the playtime that I never had." She checked herself, looking across at him uncertainly.

"Go on," he nodded.

"That is all."

"No; tell me the rest."

She sat with head bent, slender fingers picking at her napkin; then, without raising her troubled eyes: "Life has been—curious. My mother was bedridden. My childhood and girlhood were passed caring for her. That is all I ever did until—a year ago," she added, her voice falling so low he could scarcely hear her.

"She died then?"

"A year ago last February."

"You went to school. You must have made friends there."

"I went to a public school for a year. After that mother taught me."

"She must have been extremely cultivated."

The girl nodded, looking absently at the cloth. Then, glancing up: "I wonder whether you will understand me when I tell you why I decided to ask employment of artists?"

"I'll try to," he said, smiling.

"It was an intense desire to be among cultivated people, if only for a few hours. Besides, I had read about artists, and their lives seemed so young, so gay, so worth living—please don't think me foolish and immature, Mr. Neville, but I was so stifled, so cut off from such people, so uninspired, so—so starved for a little gaiety—and I needed youthful companionship, surroundings where people of my own age and intelligence sometimes entered—and I have never had it—"

She looked at him with a strained, wistful expression as though begging him to understand her.

"I couldn't remain at the theater," she said. "I had little talent, no chance except chances I would not tolerate; no companionship except what I was unfitted for by education and inclination. The men were impossible. There may have been girls I could have liked, but I did not meet them. So, as I had to do something, and my years of seclusion with mother had unfitted me for any business—for office work or shop work—I thought that artists might care to employ me, might give me, or let me see—be near—something of the gayer, brighter, more pleasant and youthful side of life."

She ceased, bent her head thoughtfully.

"You want friends? Young ones—with intellects? You want to combine these with a chance of making a decent living?"

"Yes." She looked up candidly. "I am simply starved for it. You must believe that when you see what I have submitted to—gone through with in your studio"—she blushed vividly—"in a—a desperate attempt to escape the—the loneliness, the silence, and isolation"—she raised her dark eyes—"the isolation of the poor," she said. "You don't know what that means." After a moment she added, level eyed, "For which there is supposed to be but one outlet—if a girl is attractive."

He rose, walked to and fro for a few moments, then, halting, "All memory of the initial terror and distress and uncertainty aside, have you not enjoyed this morning, Miss West?"

"Yes, I have. I—you have no idea what it has meant to me."

"It has given you an outlook, anyway."

"Yes. Only—I'm terrified at the idea of going through it again—with another man."

He laughed, and she tried to, saying,

"But if all artists are as kind and considerate—"

"Plenty of 'em are more so. There are a few bounders, a moderate number of beasts. You'll find them everywhere in the world, from the purlieus to the pulpit. I'm going to make a contract with you. After that, regretfully, I'll see that you meet the men who will be valuable to you. I wish there was some way I could box you up in a jeweler's case so that nobody else could have you and I could find you when I needed you!"

She laughed shyly, extended her slim white hand for him to support her while she mounted to her eyrie. Then, erect, delicately flushed, she let the robe fall from her and stood looking down at him in silence.

## II

SPRING came unusually early that year. By the first of the month a few willows and thorn-bushes in the park had turned green; then, in a single day, the entire park became lovely with golden bell-flowers, and the first mowing-machine clinked over the greenswards, leaving a fragrance of clipped verdure in its wake.

Under a characteristic blue sky April unfolded its myriad leaves beneath which robins ran over shaven lawns and purple grackle bustled busily about, and the water-fowl quacked and whistled and rushed through the water nipping and chasing one another or, sidling alongside, began that nodding, bowing, bobbling acquaintance preliminary to aquatic courtship. In lofts, offices, and shops youthful faces, whitened by the winter's pallor, appeared at open windows gazing into the blue above, or, with pretty, inscrutable eyes, studied the passing throng till the lifted eyes of youth below completed the occult circuit with a smile.

And the spring sunshine grew hot, and sprinkling-carts appeared, and the metropolis moulted its overcoats, and the derby became a burden, and the annual spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design remained uncrowded.

Neville, lunching at the Syrinx Club, care-

lessly caught the ball of conversation tossed toward him and contributed his final comment: "Burleson—and you, Sam Ogilvy—and you, Annan, all say that the exhibition is rotten. You say so every year; so does the majority of people. And the majority will continue saying the same thing throughout the coming decades as long as there are any exhibitions to damn. It is the same thing in other countries. For a hundred years the majority has pronounced every Salon rotten. And it will so continue.

"But the facts are these: the average does not vary much. A mediocrity, not disagreeable, always rules; supremity has been, is, and always will be the stick in the riddle around which the little whirlpool will always center. This year it happens to be José Querida who stems the sparkling mediocrity and sticks up from the bottom gravel, making a fine little swirl. Next year—or next decade—it may be anybody—you, Annan, or Sam. Perhaps," he added with a slight smile, "it might be I. *Quand même*. The exhibitions are no rotteness than they have ever been; and it's up to us to go about our business. And I'm going. Good-by."

He rose from the table, laid aside the remains of his cigar, nodded good-humoredly to the others, and went out with that quick, graceful, elastic step which was noticed by everybody and envied by many.

"Hell," observed John Burleson, hitching his broad shoulders forward and swallowing a goblet of claret at a single gulp, "it's all right for Kelly Neville to shed sweetness and light over a rotten exhibition where half the people are crowded around his own picture."

"What a success he's having," mused Ogilvy, looking sideways out of the window at a pretty girl across the street.

Annan nodded. "He works hard enough for it."

"He works all the time," grumbled Burleson, "but does he work *hard*?"

"A cat scrambling in a molasses-barrel works hard," observed Ogilvy—"if you see any merit in that, John."

Burleson reared his huge frame, and his symmetrical features became more bovine than ever. "What the devil has a cat in a molasses-barrel to do with the subject?" he demanded.

Annan laughed. "Poor old honest, literal John," he said lazily. "Listen. From my back window in the country, yesterday, I observed one of my hens scratching her ear





DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"What's the matter with Kelly's work, then?" Something in the very simple and honest question of John Burleson arrested the attention of every man who had heard it

with her foot. How would you like to be able to accomplish that, John?"

"I wouldn't like it at all!" roared Burleson in serious disapproval.

"That's because you're a sculptor and a Unitarian," said Annan gravely.

"My God!" shouted Burleson, "what's that got to do with a hen scratching herself!"

Ogilvy was too weak with laughter to continue the favorite pastime of "touching up John"; and Burleson, who, under provocation, never exhibited any emotion except impatient wonder at the foolishness of others, emptied his claret-bottle with unruffled confidence in his own common sense and the futility of his friends.

"Kelly, they say, is making a stunning lot of stuff for that Byzantine Theater," he said in his honest, resonant voice. "I wish to Heaven I could paint like him."

Annan passed his delicate hand over his

pale, handsome face. "Kelly Neville is, without exception, the most gifted man I ever knew."

"No, the most skilful," suggested Ogilvy. "I have known more gifted men who never became skilful."

"What hair is that you're splitting, Sam?" demanded Burleson. "Don't you like Kelly's work?"

"Sure I do."

"What's the matter with it, then?"

There was a silence. One or two men at neighboring tables turned partly around to listen. There seemed to be something in the very simple and honest question of John Burleson that arrested the attention of every man at the Syrnix Club who had heard it. Because, for the first time, the question which every man there had silently, involuntarily, asked himself had been uttered aloud at last by John Burleson—voiced in

utter good faith and with all confidence that the answer could be only that there was nothing whatever the matter with Louis Neville's work. And his answer had been a universal silence.

Clive Gail, lately admitted to the Academy said, "I have never in my life seen or believed possible such facility as is Louis Neville's."

"Sure thing," grunted Burleson.

"His personal manner of doing his work—which the critics and public term 'tek—nee—ee—ek,'" laughed Annan, "is simply gloriously bewildering. There is a sweeping splendor to it—and *what* color!"

There ensued murmured and emphatic approbation; and another silence.

Ogilvy's dark, pleasant face was troubled when he broke the quiet, and everybody turned toward him.

"Then," he said slowly, "what is the matter with Neville?"

Somebody said, "He *does* convince you; it isn't that, is it?"

A voice replied, "Does he convince himself?"

"There is—there always has been something lacking in all that big, glorious, splendid work. It only needs that one thing—whatever it is," said Ogilvy quietly. "Kelly is too sure, too powerfully perfect, too omniscient—"

"And we mortals can't stand that," commented Annan, laughing. "*Raus mit Neville!* He paints joy and sorrow as though he'd never known either—" And his voice checked itself of its own instinct in the startled silence.

"That man Neville has never known the pain of work," said Gail deliberately. "When he has passed through it and it has made his hand less steady, less omnipotent—"

"That's right. We can't love a man who has never endured what we have," said another. "No genius can hide his own immunity. That man paints with an unscarred soul. A little hell for his—and no living painter could stand beside him."

"Piffle," observed John Burleson.

Ogilvy said: "It is true, I think, that out of human suffering a quality is distilled which affects everything one does. Those who have known sorrow can best depict it—not, perhaps, most plausibly, but most convincingly and with fewer accessories, more reticence, and better taste."

"Why do you want to paint tragedies?" demanded Burleson.

"One need not paint them, John, but one needs to understand them to paint anything else—needs to have lived them, perhaps, to become a master of pictured happiness, physical or spiritual."

"That's piffle, too," said Burleson in his rumbling bass, "like that damn hen you lugged in—"

A shout of laughter relieved everybody.

"Do you want a fellow to go and poke his head into trouble and get himself mixed up in a tragedy so that he can paint better?" insisted Burleson scornfully.

"There's usually no necessity to hunt trouble," said Annan.

"But you say that Kelly never had any and that he'd paint better if he had."

"Trouble *might* be the making of Kelly Neville," mused Ogilvy, "and it might not. It depends, John, not on the amount and quality of the hell, but on the man who's frying on the gridiron."

Annan said: "Personally I don't see how Kelly *could* paint happiness or sorrow or wonder or fear into any of his creations any more convincingly than he does. And yet—and yet—sometimes we love men for their shortcomings, for the sincerity of their blunders, for the fallible humanity in them. That, after all, is where love starts. The rest—what Kelly shows us—evokes wonder, delight, awe, enthusiasm. If he could only make us love him—"

"I love him!" said Burleson.

"We all are inclined to—if we could get near enough to him," said Annan with a faint smile.

"Him, or his work?"

"Both, John. There's a vast amount of nonsense talked about the necessity of separation between a man and his work—that the public has no business with the creator, only with his creations. It is partly true. Still, no man ever created anything in which he did not include a sample of himself; if not what he himself is, at least what he would like to be and what he likes and dislikes in others. No creator who shows his work can hope to remain entirely anonymous. And I am not yet certain that the public has no right to make its comments on the man who did the work as well as on the work which it is asked to judge."

"The man is nothing; the work everything," quoted Burleson heavily.

"So I've heard," observed Annan blandly. "It's rather a precious thought, isn't it, John?"

"Do you consider that statement to be pure piffle?"

"Partly, dear friend. But I'm one of those nobodies who cherish a degenerate belief that man comes first, and then his works, and that the main idea is to get through life as happily as possible with the minimum of inconvenience to others. Human happiness is what I venture to consider more important than the gimcracks created by those same humans. Man first, then man's work; that's the order of mundane importance to me. And if you've got to criticize the work, for God's sake do it with your hand on the man's shoulder."

"Our little socialist," said Ogilvy, patting Annan's blond head. "He wants to love everybody and everybody to love him, especially when they're ornamental and feminine. Yes? No?" he asked, fondly coddling Annan, who submitted with a bored air and tried to kick his shins.

Later, standing in a chance group on the sidewalk before scattering to their several occupations, Burleson said: "That's a winner of a model, that Miss West. I used her for the fountain I'm doing for Cardemon's sunken garden. I never saw a model put together as she is. And that's going some."

"She's a dream," said Ogilvy—"un peu sauvage"—no inclination to socialism there, Annan. I know, because I was considering the advisability of bestowing upon her one of those innocent, inadvertent, and fascinatingly chaste salutes—just to break the formality. She wouldn't have it. I'd taken her to the theater, too. Girls are astonishing problems."

"You're a joyous beast, aren't you, Sam?" observed Burleson.

"I may be a trifle joyous. I tried to explain that to her, but she wouldn't listen. Heaven knows my intentions are childlike. I liked her because she's the sort of girl you can take anywhere and not queer yourself if you collide with your fiancée—visiting relative from 'Frisco, you know. She's equipped to impersonate anything from the younger set to the prune-and-pickle class."

"She certainly is a looker," nodded Annan.

"She can deliver the cultivated goods, too, and make a perfectly good play at the

unsophisticated intellectual," said Ogilvy with conviction. "And it's a rare combination to find a dream that looks as real as the opera as it does in a lobster-palace. But she's no socialist, Harry; she'll ride in a taxi with you and sit up half the night with you, but it's nix for getting closer, and the frozen Fownes for the chaste embrace—that's all."

"She's a curious kind of girl," mused Burleson; "seems perfectly willing to go about with you; enjoys it like one of those bread-and-butter objects that the department shops call a 'Miss.'"

Annan said: "The girl is unusual, every way. You don't know where to place her. She's a girl without a caste. I like her. I made some studies from her; Kelly let me."

"Does Kelly own her?" asked Burleson, puffing out his chest.

"He discovered her. He has first call."

Allaire, who had come up, caught the drift of the conversation. "Oh, hell," he said, in his loud, careless voice, "anybody can take Valerie West to supper. The town's full of her kind."

"Have you taken her anywhere?" asked Annan casually.

Allaire flushed up. "I haven't had time." He added something which changed the fixed smile on his symmetrical, highly colored face into an expression not entirely agreeable.

"The girl's all right," said Burleson, reddening. "She's damn decent to everybody. What are you talking about, Allaire? Kelly will put a head on you!"

Allaire, careless and assertive, shrugged away the rebuke with a laugh. "Neville is one of those professional virgins we read about in our neatly manicured fiction. He's what is known as the original mark. Jezebel and Potiphar's wife in combination with Salome and the daughters of Lot couldn't disturb his confidence in them or in himself. And, in my opinion, he paints that way, too." And he went away, laughing and swinging his athletic shoulders and twirling his cane, his hat not mathematically straight on his handsome, curly head.

"There strides a joyous boulder," observed Ogilvy.

"Curious," mused Annan. "His family is the oldest in New York. You see 'em that way, at times."

# The Verdict

HOW THE LAW STOOD ASIDE IN THE CASE OF A CHILD

By Avery Abbott

*Author of "Jim's Woman," "Little Brother," etc.*

Illustrated by Herman Pfeifer

**W**RAPPED in a haze of cigar smoke, firelight, and content, Judge Sunderland leaned back in the yielding depths of his big leather chair and stretched out his slippered feet comfortably to the warmth. The glowing green of the shaded lamp revealed the lines about his mouth, genial lines which now, of a sudden, turned into tired wrinkles as he saw that he was not to be allowed this interval of relaxation. Some visitor had come.

Wearily but promptly the judge got out of his chair, for the knock upon the front door had been unmistakable in character—the fumbling, discouraged rap of trouble. Such people rarely found the bell or else they dreaded to use anything so clamorous and assertive.

With slippers scuffing softly as he went, the judge hastened to answer the summons. He had never had the heart to direct the servant to say "not at home," but this time he was determined to make a bit of door-step counsel suffice. Really it wouldn't do to have these wretched cases following one about all the while. A man must have a little rest. So, with a gravely judicial countenance, his honor opened the door; then, as the light from the hallway fell upon the face of his visitor, he said involuntarily, "Come in," and added with more interest than he had intended to show, "What can I do for you?" Yet the face blocked out like a crayon sketch upon the darkness was in no sense attractive. There was an ugly set to the jaws, they were smirched over with a week's bristle of black beard, and the dark eyes were harshly bright.

"The jedge, are you him?" the visitor asked.

"Yes, yes; come in."

The fellow lumbered awkwardly across the door-sill into the hall. "I've come here—I've come out here—" The heavy face of the man indicated the powerful effort that was going on in him to put into words what he

wanted to say. "Could I have a word with yeh?" he asked, and as he was shown into the study the thick-soled tread of his heavy boots resounded upon the polished floor space between the rug of the hallway and the rug of the other room.

"Take a chair, my friend," said the judge, as he closed the door and stood with elbow resting on the mantelpiece. The visitor obeyed, but did so gingerly, easing himself down on the side of an oaken chair, as though half of the seat were all he had a right to occupy. With a thick-wristed hand, chapped and begrimed, planted solidly on either knee, the man leaned forward, but did not speak. He was staring and staring at the soft-hued patterns of the Oriental rug.

"Well, sir, what is it?" Judge Sunderland inquired, and the visitor looked up as though suddenly recalled to a sense of his environment.

"'Scuse me, Judge, 'scuse me. Guess I was forgettin'. No, I wasn't, neither. Not me! No, sir, I was rememberin'." Those rugged, primitive hands of his folded themselves into fists with such tenseness that the corded veins under the skin stood out like twisted vines.

"The jedge said to him, 'What can I do for you?'"

"That's jest it—*can* yeh do anything for me? You know better about that than I do. You're the jedge."

"But what's the trouble?"

"That's so, I ain't told yeh yet, hev I? Well, I hearn about this yer juv'nile court settin' out to help kids an' look after 'em a little. If you ast me, that's what I hearn about juv'nile court. Well, then, is that so?"

"Yes, that is what we try to do."

"Well, then, if it's to help kids—well, yeh see, Judge, I got a little gal, an' she sure does need helpin'."

"And where is your little girl?"

The visitor jerked his thumb comprehensively in the direction of the lower part of town and gave his information with loud and vulgar directness.

"How old is she?" questioned Judge Sunderland, and keenly scrutinized the harsh-eyed, plain-spoken stranger. The man did not appear to be more than twenty-five.

"Only two year old come the fifteenth of May," was the answer, and the blatant, raucous quality had gone out of the voice. "Yes, sir, jest two year old come May. Only jest old enough to be trottin' around an' sayin' little-baby talk. But cute? Well, you jest ought to see what a cute little rat she is!"

With vigorous emphasis Judge Sunderland asked, "How has this thing happened?"

The man's laconic reply was weighted with comprehensiveness. "My woman," he said.

His honor sat down, resignedly leaned back in his chair again, and prepared to listen to the details of another of those domestic dramas which had so often unfolded their depressing tediousness before him in the juvenile court.

"Go on," he said. "Tell me all about it."

"Well, one day when I come home from work she was gone. Course that didn't matter so much, but then she went an' took the baby with her. A pretty piece of furniture Liz is, but has to have somethin' goin' on all the while. Livin' with me got too slow for her, I guess. Anyhow, she lit out. Well, I got track of her mighty quick, an' when I found her she sure wasn't over an' above glad to see me. Said she'd sent the kid out of town. I knowed better. The baby was there, an' I knowed she was, but Liz wouldn't give her up. I says for her to come back an' brace up an' live decent with me, but she only smiled; she come one of them mean smiles. Said she'd think about comin' back, an' then laughed—yes, she did—laughed in my face, an' she wouldn't even leave me see the kid."

"That's pretty rough," said Judge Sunderland, with sympathy, but also with magisterial reservation, for experience had taught him not to put too much faith in a one-sided story. Then, as he saw how the fellow had turned his face away and was digging his knuckles into his forehead, his honor added with still more gentleness, "This is rough, mighty rough on you."

But the man jerked his hands away from his face and straightened in his chair. "I ain't a-cryin', damned if I am!" he called out.

"Leastways—that is—I mean, I ain't a-sheddin' no leaks about Liz. She can go—" His language was varied and adequate, yet did not seem to be any particular comfort to him. "What I want is jest my kid," he insisted. "I want that little baby of mine, an' I come here, Jedge, to see if you won't git her for me."

With judicial deliberation his honor replied, "If investigation supports your complaint, my friend, there will be no doubt as to your legal right to take the child away from your wife."

The man did not look relieved. He had grown uneasy, and was fumbling his hat between his knees, creasing the crown, pushing the crease out again, and then making the brim go round and round like a wheel. "Tain't jest that way, Jedge," he finally announced. "Yeh see, Liz ain't my wife—not reg'lar. We never had no straight-out marriage. It was jest one of these here tie-ups. We been together a little better 'an three year. I made her a good livin' an' mostly fetched home my wages straight an' reg'lar."

The expression of the judge's face was not stern, neither was it especially sympathetic, and the man grew somewhat abashed. His hands went on fumbling his hat, he breathed fast, moistened his lips, and then faltered, with a note of pleading in his voice:

"I got reg'lar work with the O. K. Dray Company. I do teamin'. Never lost a day for the last year and a half. I can take good care of the baby. Mis. Johnson, where I board at, will do what's right by her."

His honor took pencil and tablet to note both the address of "Mis. Johnson" and the place where the child might be found, and as he asked for this information, the face of the teamster began to glow with satisfaction.

"When can I hev her, Jedge? Can I git her by to-morrow?" he asked, and the relief, the eagerness, the shaking gladness of the fellow touched even Judge Sunderland's sad wisdom.

"Well, Davis, I can't at this time give you any definite answer. There are certain formalities, you understand, to be gone through with. If we get the child she is to be sent first to the Detention Home. Juvenile court is held Saturday, and she will probably be there at that time." The judge studied the face of the drayman, reflected that there was no need of keeping the fellow in suspense, and presently announced, "I think I will give you a private hearing Thursday afternoon, Thursday at two o'clock."



## The Verdict

"Thursday," the man huskily repeated as he got to his feet, "two o'clock, Thursday. Thanks." After the judge had shaken hands with him, the fellow went clumping awkwardly out of the room, and as he went he kept saying, while he bobbed his shaggy head and flapped his hat against his leg, "Thanks, Jedge; thank yeh, sir; much obliged."

His elation might not have been keyed so high, however, if he could have seen the judge's face as his honor closed the front door and went back to his easy chair. His expression boded no good to fathers who get their domestic relations into such uncomfortable tangles.

Something of what had passed he conveyed, the next day, to Mrs. Hiller, head of the Detention Home, when they met for one of their frequent conferences over their various wards.

"I quite agree with you, Judge," she said. "It is too bad, of course, since he is her father and thinks he wants her, but he is evidently not the kind to have charge of a baby girl. Probably what he wants most is to get even with the woman. Anyhow, it wouldn't be two months before he would be tired of the responsibility and the child would be back on our hands again. She is a dear little thing. It won't take long to place her. I know now of a lovely home where I think they'd be only too glad to have her."

"That's good," said the judge. "It's—going to be a bit rough on the father just at first. The fellow doesn't seem a bad sort—not at all a bad sort. But there is no use of his having her; she'd only be one more like her mother. If he understands that the woman can't get the child back again I think he will be satisfied. At any rate, he will have to listen to reason."

The judge felt even more confident of the wisdom of his decision when, on Thursday afternoon, Davis came striding briskly into the court-room. He was certainly an uncouth fellow. The man looked all about the empty room as he approached the table where sat Judge Sunderland with the court docket spread open before him.

"It was mighty good of yeh, Jedge, to send me word they'd got the baby. She ain't here yet anywhere, is she?"

With a friendly smile his honor replied: "No, for you're a bit early. It isn't quite two. Mrs. Hiller will be coming with her in a little while. Sit down, Davis, sit down. You know," the judge appeared to reflect while he turned a few broad, stiff pages of the great

volume of his records, "you know, Davis, it is going to be a difficult matter—now, isn't it?—for you to rear this little girl?"

"Yes, sir, it is," Davis agreed.

"You may not have thought how a girl, especially, needs the care of a mother. It is hardly right—now is it?—to let a girl grow up without such care as that?"

"No, sir, it ain't," said Davis. He spoke with crisp positiveness. "But I don't want another woman. I don't take no stock in stepmothers, and besides—" He stopped short, for the door had opened, and Mrs. Hiller entered, carrying a child.

The baby's coat and hood were of cheap, blue velvet, but the color made the little face bloom like a peach-blossom. The father started to get up, then kept his seat, leaning forward. With the light of the big windows full in her eyes the baby did not see Davis until Mrs. Hiller had taken a chair at the end of the judge's table. Then the little one turned and caught sight of her father. Without a sound she slipped from Mrs. Hiller's lap and trotted around back of the judge's chair, and down the other side to where her father's arms were held low for her. She stumbled into that great clasp with a queer little gurgle, and as he lifted her she hid her face against his shoulder. She was very small, and upon the square breadth of her father's chest, with his heavy arms about her, she looked like a doll.

No one said anything. Mrs. Hiller gazed out the open windows to where the soft irregular hill-line, wavering in blue-gray mists, slipped into the gray-blue of the sky. The judge looked at the closely written pages of his big book. Even the baby was quiet. Only she kept trying to draw herself higher on her father's breast, and with one pink hand clutching into the rough cloth of his coat, strained her little body against him.

Davis slid his blackened fingers under the baby's chin and turned up her pretty face that he might look down at it. Then, almost reverently, he bent his head and kissed her on the cheek, while she kept clinging against him, as if she would, literally, climb into his heart.

Finally the judge spoke. "The child is rather delicate, isn't she, Davis?"

"Well, she ain't never been real robust," the father assented, "but she ain't never been ailin', neither. An' Mis. Johnson, where I board at, she's got little ones of her own, an' knows what to do for 'em. She's poor, but



DRAWN BY HERMAN FESPER

He lifted the child high against his shoulder. "I don't mean no disrespect, Judge, but you can jest put it down that I'm a-goin' to keep my little gal"

OF  
MOM

her children is raised good. She'll do for this yer little gal."

"Yes, yes," said his honor, and, conscious that he was not getting much nearer to what he wanted to say, he took a fresh start. "Of course there are opportunities which you will not be able to give the child, and while I have ascertained that Mrs. Johnson is an excellent woman, she has her own children, who must necessarily come first."

Davis did not appear to be listening. He had untied the baby's hood and was patting her curls, tickling her white neck, and pretending to pinch her tiny ear. She squirmed and laughed delightedly.

The judge went on, his tone gaining authority: "It would be a fine thing for this little girl if she could have a nice home, an excellent thing if she need never know about her mother, or about these experiences which she will soon forget. In the right surroundings she would grow into a lovely woman. You might not be able to give her all that you would like to see her have." Judge Sunderland came to a halt.

The father had ceased playing with the baby. His clasp had loosened about her, and she lay back in his arms securely, with one hand stretched up to pat his bristly cheek. "Do you mean," he asked hoarsely, with a gleam in his eyes, "are you tellin' me I ought to 'dopt her out?"

"I am not saying what you ought to do, but I want you to consider it well. Mrs. Hiller and I are agreed that it is by far the best thing you can do. A child so attractive will easily find a good home."

For an interval Davis sat staring hard at the judge; then, unconsciously, he got to his feet. "You think that, do yeh? You think that?" He repeated the words quietly, almost reflectively. "Well, then I'll tell yeh what I think. I don't want this baby brought up gran', an' I ain't thinkin' jest o' myself when I say that, neither, so help me if I be! I'll do for her every bit I can, an' by an' by maybe she'll do for me. An' that's the best way, 'cause it's nat'ral. I'm goin' to tell her

'bout her mother jest as soon as ever she's old enough.

"Now, maybe you think that's spiteful? Well, I ain't a-goin' to do it spiteful. I ain't a-goin' to tell her that her mother was bad, but that she was pretty, an' wild, an' foolish—awful foolish! That won't be easy for a little gal to hear, but when she grows up, if she's got her mother's ways, it'll maybe be a help to her.

"I'd like to make a lady of her if I can, but I'll do it myself. She an' me'll stick together, I tell yeh, Jedge," he thrust his head forward in his eagerness, and the child laid her face against his neck. "I tell yeh what, blood counts for somethin'. Yes, it does; blood counts! This little gal is mine, and they ain't nobody goin' to take her away from me!"

He stood straight, and lifted the child high against his shoulder.

"I don't mean no disrespect, Jedge, but you can jest put it down that I'm a-goin' to keep my little gal."

Troubled by the stern note in her father's voice, the baby looked up at him, and her smooth brow puckered with the same kind of wrinkles that seamed his forehead. In spite of her delicate prettiness and the man's weatherworn and haggard aspect, the faces were the same, line for line.

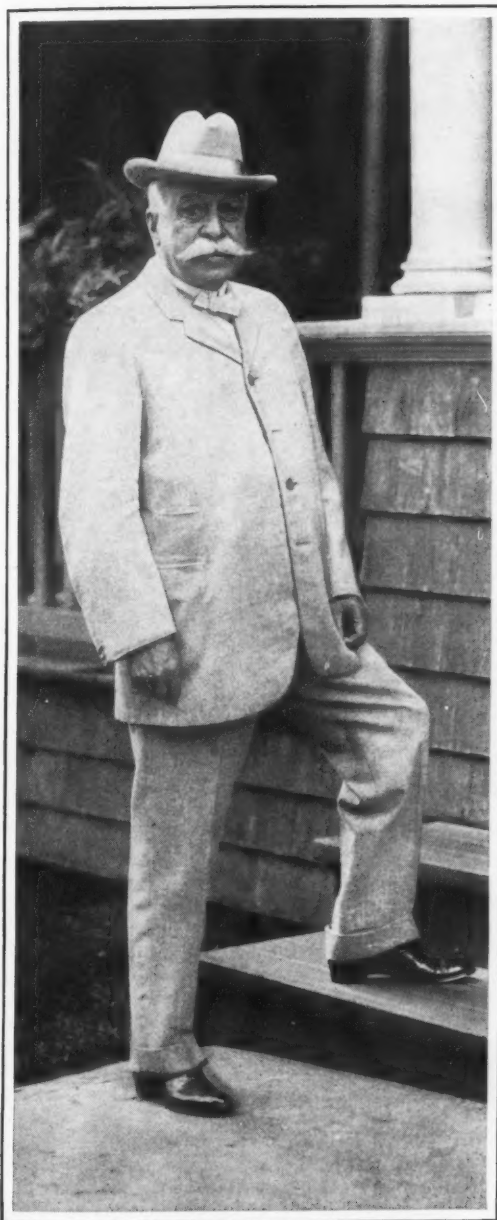
The judge looked at them for a moment, then glanced at Mrs. Hiller. She was busily drawing meaningless marks on a sheet of paper with a pencil that had no point. She did not raise her eyes.

The judge reached for his pen and wrote in the big book, scratch-scratching energetically across the page; then, leaning back in his chair, he spread both hands on the table, and regarded the man before him with a whimsical smile.

"Davis," he said, "it is not customary for the plaintiff to render the decision, but since you have done it so ably I will overlook the informality. If I can ever be of any use to you—just as a friend, you understand—I want you to let me know."

For a real unearthing of wholesale, shameful, almost unbelievable legislative graft and bribery read the December *Cosmopolitan*. The story is from the pen of Charles Edward Russell, who has long been "on the job" of investigating a certain well-known United States senator from out of the West. It is a fact-story of money-madness, arrogance, cunning, and corporation politics, with a central character suave, polished, gimlet-eyed, educated, and powerful.

# WORTH-WHILE · PEOPLE



Admiral of the Navy George Dewey. This is the first photograph of the Admiral taken in ten years, and was specially posed for the *Cosmopolitan*

LEST we forget our national dues, here is the latest portrait of Admiral of the Navy George Dewey, who on May 1, 1898, destroyed the Spanish fleet in the battle of Manila Bay. This photograph was posed for the *COSMOPOLITAN* on August 15, 1910, twelve years after the admiral had received the most remarkable demonstration of national hero-worship ever extended to any man in our time. Most of us remember the fever of pride and universal admiration that overwhelmed the American people when Admiral Dewey returned home from the Philippines. We were impressed then with the nervous energy, the force, the reserve of this man who, in a day, had become the idol of the nation, the most distinguished figure among the many heroes of the Spanish-American War. The glory that was thrust upon him then he recalls to-day merely as an incident in the work that has come into his long life of active service. The personal pride he feels most is in the fact that he commanded a victorious fleet. That the American people went mad over this event he still regards as an expression of their devotion to the spirit of liberty and the flag.

Admiral Dewey is not retired, as many of his forgetful countrymen believe, but is the highest ranking officer in the United States service. Erect, full of nervous energy, interested chiefly in international politics, his native graciousness and geniality abounding, he is to-day just as he was when he landed at the Battery in New York city in full uniform, and drove all day long through the streets crowded with a host of enthusiastic citizens. Though time records his age as seventy-three, he has really never grown older than he was on a May morning on the bridge of the *Olympia*. His career of active service will equal, if not surpass, that of Admiral Farragut, though he dates the historical values of his life from that brave day when he captured Manila and sank the Spanish fleet.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

He has so keen a sense of humor that he has given away six million dollars and then made the recipients work for it

**T**HIS man has succeeded in giving away six million dollars. It has been great fun for him. He has a few more millions to dispose of before he dies. He will have to hurry up, for he is now ninety years old. You may have heard of him—Daniel K. Pearsons, M.D., of Chicago. He doesn't look like a philanthropist; he says he isn't one. This is the way he describes himself; the self-portrait is refreshingly frank: "There isn't a spark of benevolence in me. I'm a hard-hearted, tight-fisted, penny-squeezing old curmudgeon! I haven't a trace of charity or kindness in my make-up. I give my money away because I've got to. I want to be my own executor. I want to

know just where my money goes and what is done with it. I haven't any children. My wife died three years ago. I have taken care of my kinsfolk. I haven't any poor relations. No, sir! When they call me benevolent, they're crazy."

Dr. Pearsons is a tall man and wears shiny, dilapidated clothes. He is one of those fortunate persons that don't have to be well dressed. There is a splendid method in his madness of giving away millions. The money goes to the small, struggling colleges of the West. He is a Yankee born—Bradford, Vermont, 1820. But he made his pile in and near Chicago. He gives only to colleges—forty-two of them up to date.





SPECIALLY POSED FOR THE COSMOPOLITAN

With an ink-pot and some pen-points this man has achieved money and a world-wide recognition as the best of American illustrators

AT forty-three Charles Dana Gibson still enjoys the unprecedented vogue that he established for himself twenty years ago. No pen-and-ink artist in America is so well known, and none has a greater mastery of his materials. His is a whirlwind style pivoting upon a solid basis of good drawing and sound technique. His pictures are so simply done that they look too easy of accomplishment. It is only when the tyro tries to imitate the Gibson style that he discovers the world-old fact that the big things are the simple ones. It has taken Dana Gibson two decades to learn just what to leave out of a picture.

A few years ago Mr. Gibson decided that

he had gone as far in pen-and-ink work as a man could go, and at the zenith of his popularity he bought himself a painter's kit and set sail for Paris. There he determined to become a great portrait-painter. He slogged away at his canvases in deadly earnest, and some of the portraits and "fancy heads" he did were good, very good, but not great; they never for an instant measured up to his own artistic standard. Then, being a big-brained, broad-minded man and artist, he returned to his early love—the delineation of beauty and caricature through the medium of the pen-point. The result—he is to-day again in the forefront of American illustrators.



### A Picture Life of the German War Lord

Everybody is familiar with the present-day appearance of the emperor who recently threw about himself the old, threadbare cloak called the Divine Right of Kings, but few outside the Fatherland have seen the stern Kaiser pictured as a toddling two-year-old, as a boy of six, eight, or ten, or as a callow youth of fifteen, sixteen, or eighteen. These were his ages when the pictures in the upper half were taken. The bottom row shows him when he was twenty-three, at twenty-eight, and at thirty-two. In the last picture at the right he is wearing a uniform of Frederick the Great, while the one in the center shows the energetic ruler who allows few moons to pass without doing something to attract the world's attention and get himself talked about.



### A Group of Workaday Men and Women

Glenn H. Curtiss (top left), chief of the bird-men; J. P. Morgan attempting to frustrate a camera-man; Alfonso XIII enjoying a hearty meal after a day's hunting; Judge Gray, of Delaware, arbitrator at The Hague in the Fisheries dispute with Great Britain; Clara Barton, first president of the American Red Cross, at eighty-nine; Pietro Mascagni, whose opera "Ysobel" will have its premier in America this season; Mary White Slater, writer of short-story masterpieces; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, dean of American men of letters; Charles Edward Russell, Socialist candidate for governor of New York; Booker T. Washington, interested in anything that will better the negro; George Ade, first of the Hoosier fun-makers; Sloane Gordon, writer and investigator



DRAWN BY FRANK H. BOSCH

He roughly jerked her up by the arm, and almost threw her onto a near-by couch.  
"Now that's just about enough of your acting," he said. "I'm going"

( "'Love' ")

# "Love"

PRIMAL INSTINCTS IN A TWENTIETH-CENTURY WOOING

By Mabel Herbert Urner

*Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "A Question of Expense," etc.*

Illustrated by Frank H. Desch

"NOW that is something we will not discuss."

She flushed hotly, and turned through the magazine she had taken from the table; but the leaves betrayed her trembling hands, so she laid it down again. "I know"—with an effort she steadied her voice—"I merely wanted to say—"

"I told you, Margaret, we would *not* discuss that question."

"Very well." She said it quietly, but her hands clenched beneath the folds of her dress.

"From now on we will have no post-mortems. I refuse to dwell on things that are not constructive."

"Constructive?"

"Yes, constructive."

"And you think your attitude toward me now is *constructive*, when you have beaten me down like this—crushed my pride—reduced me to a cringing abjectness where I am afraid to even say what I wish—I, who have always been so fearlessly proud and independent? Do you think it *constructive* so to destroy a woman's pride, her self-respect even? Do you think—"

He rose abruptly, crossed the room, and picked up his hat and cane. His eyes were hard and merciless.

"Oh, no, no—I didn't mean that. Forgive me—I'll take it all back! I shouldn't have said it. Don't leave me like this—don't punish me any more! Oh, I can't bear it—I can't bear it!"

She was clinging to him now, sobbing with her face against his arm. But there was no softening or yielding in his attitude. He stood motionless for a moment, then drew coldly away.

"We have had quite enough heroics in the past few weeks. All that has lost its effect.

If I am to stay there is to be no more melodrama. Do you understand that?"

She nodded.

"Do you?" cruelly forcing her to speak.

"Yes."

He put down his hat and stick.

As she went back to her chair there flashed through her mind the picture of a little fox-terrier she had once seen brutally beaten, how it had cringed and fawned and then slunk back against the wall, its eyes full of appeal and terror. She wondered if in her own there was not some of that same expression.

He had walked over to the window and was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking down at the street below. His very attitude was another lash to her bruised, quivering pride. As he stood there now, she saw in him a certain coarseness that she had never seen before. Were the strength and power and forcibleness that she so loved in him merely brute strength which, now that she was in his power, had become a fierce, savage cruelty? Were the tenderness and gentleness he had given her at first but a pose to win her love—a pose no longer needed?

He turned now and recrossed the room. "I believe I told you I was going to Buffalo to-morrow?"

"No, I didn't know."

"I am going on that Covington deal."

A silence followed.

"You will be gone several days?" She asked it hesitatingly.

"More like a week."

"Oh!"

"Why, what's the matter?" sharply.

"Nothing—only I didn't suppose you would stay so long."

"Why?"

She knew why he was pressing her. She



knew what he was waiting for her to say—and that he was waiting to hurt her for saying it. And yet for some reason she *did* say it, with just the quiver in her voice that always made him the more harsh.

"Why—because—you remember we had an engagement for Sunday?"

"And you expect me to sacrifice my business for that?"

"Oh, no, no, of course not," humbly.

And she felt that he was waiting for her to say something more, to ask him, perhaps, when he would come, when she would see him again, just that he might tell her he didn't know—and humiliate her a little more. And she knew that sooner or later she would ask him, and that she would not let him leave without asking him. She could have shrieked aloud at this hideous power he had over her, and at her utter helplessness to combat it.

"Perhaps we can go the Sunday following?" timidly, and yet she knew he loathed her timidity.

"I can make no engagements that far ahead. You know I'm too busy for that," severely. "You mustn't depend on me for any definite engagements. I've told you that again and again," in a tone of stern disapproval.

"Yes, I know." There were tears in her voice now. "I merely suggested it."

"Well, leave those suggestions to me."

He took out his watch. "I've an appointment at the club at six—it's nearly that now. I'll call you up when I get back from Buffalo," condescendingly. "Take care of yourself, and for God's sake let me find you more cheerful when I get back. There's been nothing but tears and hysteria for the past month."

"Yes, I know. I haven't been well, but I'll be better now. Oh, I'm sure I will!"

"Well, let's hope so." He kissed her hurriedly and was gone.

She leaned back against the wall, her hands clenched, a great wave of sickness sweeping over her.

"And that's the man I love, the man that pretends to love me."

She went over and knelt by the open window. It was dusk, the homeward hour of afternoon pleasure-seekers, and the lights of many cars and carriages swept by in the street below. She thought of all those people going to homes, to dinner, to the security of families and friends, and only she was

alone, alone—always alone! She thought of the long hours she must go through before she would even hear from him again. He would probably not write—he never did. "I'll call you up when I get back." That was all she had to look forward to. She had not dared even to press him as to about what day that would be.

Each time he came now, he was more harsh, more deliberately cruel, and she was more and more abject. She knew her very abjectness only incited him to further cruelty. She knew the contempt he had for her fear of him, for her quivering acceptance of all the slights and neglects and harshness he chose to inflict upon her. She knew all this and more, and yet she was powerless now to change the situation.

In the beginning it had all been so different, and she had been so happy, oh, so wonderfully happy! As long as she held herself aloof, as long as he had not known how much she loved him, how completely she was in his power, he had been kind and gentle and considerate in all ways. But she had grown to love him too much and to show it too freely. And the more she had come to need him, to cling to him, the more he had drawn away. He seemed daily to grow more cold and hard. Then it was that she had grown desperate, become ill and hysterical. And it was then that she lost her self-control, her pride, her reticence. It would have been so easy for him to help her then, to restore her balance, to help her regain her poise. Had he given her only a little kindness, it would have saved the situation.

But he had become unspeakably hard and bitter. He loathed tears and hysteria, and above everything else he had a horror and contempt of anything verging on desperation. So by the most brutal harshness he tried to lash her back to a normal tranquillity—and succeeded only in reducing her to a state of abject terror and desperation, in breaking her down completely. It was like lashing a horse, unused to the whip, into a very frenzy. She broke down physically, and was ill, very ill, for days. And he coldly and deliberately refused even to come to see her until she recovered.

Occasionally he called her up on the telephone. For a while she was too ill to answer for herself, and he made merely the most perfunctory inquiries of the nurse. And then when she could go to the 'phone, if there was the slightest quiver or sign of

tears in her voice, he would say he didn't wish to talk with her until she was quite over her hysteria.

And yet she loved him! All his brutality had not killed her love, and she knew it never would.

The long days and almost sleepless nights dragged by. "I'll call you up when I get back"—that was all she had. She was not sure that he would even come to see her; he might only telephone, say that he had to start off on another trip and would not have time to come. He had done that before. The thought of perhaps another week of this suspense and longing made her sick and faint.

She tried to force herself to go out, to accept the few invitations to luncheon and the theater. But she shrank from meeting people, and above all she shrank from the attentions of other men. She wondered what they found in her to interest them; she had nothing to give, she was silent and abstracted, and her sadness and depression were so painfully evident.

As the end of the week drew near, she would not go out at all. She could only wait with quivering eagerness for the telephone. And the repeated, sickening disappointments—to answer it again and again,

only to find it was some one else! She had rehearsed over and over what she would say—she must say that she was well, and she must say it cheerfully. The least quiver or sign of tears in her voice always

irritated him to harshness. However ill or unhappy she might be, if she said so, he would always ask curtly, impatiently, "Why, what's the matter?" Any sign of her suffering seemed only to incite him to make her suffer more.

The week and two days had passed when he telephoned. It was about eleven in the morning.

"Hello!" She felt that he must hear her heart beat over the wire. "Hello!" He always made her repeat it. It was as though he was trying out her voice, to discover at once any quiver or weakness that he could resent. "Hello!" She said it as firmly, as strongly, as she could.

"And how have you been?" There was still that tentative note—he was keeping his voice carefully non-

committal. If she answered as he wished, he might condescend to kindness, but if she faltered into tears—oh, how quickly he would grow cold and harsh.

"I—I think I am better." Ah, that was a mistake. She knew it as soon as she spoke. To say she thought she was better



With strained eagerness, she watched by the window

implied that she had been ill, and any reference to that always irritated him.

"Better?" curtly. "Why, what's the matter?" The same harsh phrase and tone that she knew so well! It always sent the blood to her face, but she answered meekly,

"Oh, I—I just meant I'm not getting strong very fast."

"Why aren't you? Are you trying to?" sternly.

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Are you eating and sleeping well, and taking plenty of exercise?"

"I'm doing the very best I can." That answer always rather disconcerted him. There was nothing much he could say after that, except to demand a repeated assurance, and he did that now.

"You are sure of that? You are quite certain you are doing the best you can?" He was rather groping for words now; his voice had weakened, but it grew sharp again as a new thought came. "You are sure you are not giving way—indulging in any morbid broodings?"

"Oh, no, no. I am trying so hard to get strong." He was carrying it a little too far, making it a little too hard. In spite of her efforts, there were tears in her voice now.

"Well, get that hysteria out of your voice, if you want me to talk to you."

She did not answer that. She *couldn't*.

Perhaps he felt that was enough, or perhaps it was only because he could think of nothing more in the way of censure, for after a short silence he said reluctantly,

"I'll try to get up to see you about three."

"Oh, I'll be so glad to see you." Before she said it she knew she would loathe herself for saying it, and yet the words came. They always did.

"And I'll be glad to see you, too." But, oh, the way he said it—the half-tolerant, reluctant, condescending way! After all that lashing to throw her that little crumb at the end!

When she hung up the receiver, she threw herself down on the bed, her face burning hot against the pillow. And she knew that the scorching shame and humiliation and bitterness she felt now were having upon her whole nature a debasing effect—it was a sort of mental prostitution. Ah, could he not see that if there was anything bad within her he would bring it out in this way? She had never believed there was any trait of viciousness in her nature, and yet she felt

that if this kept on she would become a vicious woman. She knew there was much of good within her—why did he not want to bring that out?

Again and again over the telephone he had put her through this same lashing process. She remembered once when she was very ill, so ill that the nurse forbade her to answer the telephone—and yet she did—he had talked to her even more harshly than he had talked to her just now. Even though he knew how sick she was—she had told him she was too faint and dizzy to stand at the 'phone—he had taunted her for the weakness of her voice, said he would not talk to her unless she could control it. And she had stood there, clinging to the telephone, until she *did* control it, until she said what he wanted her to say in the way he wanted her to say it! He had conquered completely. He had kept her standing there until he forced her to say in a perfectly calm, quiet voice that she was better and that she expected to be much better to-morrow. And then in a tone of great satisfaction he had said:

"Ah, that's more like it. *That's* what I want to hear. *That's* the way to talk. Now good night, and I'll call you up in the morning."

Yes, he had conquered. But at what cost? After hanging up the receiver, she had fallen to the floor. The nurse had carried her back to bed, and all through that night she had sobbed wildly, hysterically. It was not temper; that was what he would have called it, but it was not that. It was fear, abject terror. Her happiness, her very life, depended on this man's kindness—and this was what he gave her! She was *afraid*, as she had never been afraid before.

Ah, no, no, she must not let herself dwell on this! He was coming at three—she must not become embittered. There was always the hope in her heart that the next time he came he would be as he used to be—full of tenderness and love; that he would take her in his arms and say it had all been a hideous nightmare, that he hadn't been well, that he had been distracted and worried about his work, and that he knew he had been very brutal, but now he would make amends, would make her happy again; that they would forget these cruel months, and he would be kind and gentle as he was in the beginning. Oh, how she prayed for that! Every night she prayed for it, with all the

faith and strength and sincerity of her nature. Surely God would grant that prayer. It was so little to ask—just kindness from the man she loved so much. That was all. She would ask of him nothing more—that alone would make her well and strong and happy again.

He was coming at three! Did that mean he would stay all afternoon and take her to dinner? He had given her but the merest scraps of time lately, but now, if they could have one of their old afternoons and evenings, what possibilities of happiness, of breaking down estrangements, of growing nearer each other again might it not hold?

She would put on her prettiest gown. She had not had the heart to care about her gowns lately; but she would care to-day, she would be attractive and bright and cheerful. And above all she would try to prevent that constrained awkwardness and self-consciousness that always hung over their meetings now. The moment he entered the room was always a critical one. So much depended on that first moment, and she would try to make it easy and natural. Oh, she would do everything she could, and perhaps he would respond to her—perhaps he would help her. To-day might be the day that would bring back her happiness. She was always eager to believe that the coming hour held for her unexpected possibilities of happiness—and she would believe that now.

By half-past two she was dressed and waiting. She walked up and down the room rehearsing little scenes, planning little things she would say and do. Three o'clock came—five, ten, fifteen minutes after. A lump came in her throat, and her heart grew sick. With strained eagerness she watched by the window, but there were two entrances to her apartment hotel, and he usually came in the other way. At half-past three the telephone rang. Had he come or was he telephoning that he could not come?

"Mr. Stanford is calling," announced the telephone girl.

"Will you ask him to come up?"

Oh, if her heart would not beat so fast! It made her faint and sick. The sound of the elevator down the hall. His step, quick and decided. Then a knock at her door.

She had intended to run into his arms, to kiss him. But she didn't. She stood motionless, still holding the door open while

he crossed the room and laid down his hat and stick.

"Well, how are you to-day?" He had turned now and was gazing at her critically.

She closed the door and crossed over to a chair. "I—I feel very well." She was suddenly cold—icy cold all over.

"That's good," brusquely.

"Did—did you have a pleasant—I mean a successful trip?" That was not at all what she had intended to say.

"No, I had a beastly trip. That Covington deal is all off. They're not straight people, and I wouldn't lend my name to it. I'm out my time and a lot of money."

"Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Well, it doesn't help to be sorry," irritably. "Take things as they come—that's part of the game. Learn to accept the inevitable."

"Yes, I know, but it seems hard sometimes."

"You make everything hard. You never can accept a situation; you're always brooding and crying about it."

She controlled her resentment at the injustice of this, of his managing to hurt her merely because she had expressed sympathy for his unsuccess.

He rose suddenly and glanced at his watch. "I'll have to use your 'phone a moment."

She nodded. She was glad of the chance to get a better control of herself and of the situation. She was filled with a sickening sense of failure. She had planned it so differently!

The telephone was on the wall just inside her bedroom. The door was open, and from where she was sitting she could see him standing there; his height made it necessary for him to stoop to the receiver. The line of his head and shoulders—it thrilled her now as it always had.

"Hello! Broad 8236."

That was his office number, a number that to her seemed so vitally different from every other number; it was as though it had absorbed some of his personality. She was always strangely affected by the slightest thing that was in any way connected with him.

"Hello! If Mr. Winthrop comes in, say I will meet him there not later than four-thirty."

Four thirty! Again that sick sinking of her heart, and the icy chill that swept

through her arms and limbs. Four thirty! It was twenty minutes to four now, and she had not seen him for over a week!

"I am sorry to have to rush away," he said as he came back into the room. "But I've got to see Winthrop to-day. There's a directors' meeting in the morning, and I must go over some matters with him first."

She did not speak for several moments; she was pulling at the braid on the arm of her chair, trying to control the tears and the quiver that she was afraid would be in her voice.

"Yes, I'm sorry you have to go so soon. It's been so long since I've seen you—there are so many things I want to talk over."

"All right. Let's have some of them now."

"Oh, no, no, we haven't time."

"We have a full half-hour. I could put through a lot of things, do a lot of business, in that time."

"Oh, how can you be so hard!" It was just a whisper, but he heard it.

"Hard? What's hard about that? You want to talk, and I tell you to go ahead—that is, if you can talk sanely and sensibly without going into hysterics. I have had about all of that I intend to have. *"Now what's the matter?"*

She had hid her face against the arm of the chair, trying to smother her sobs.

"You've been wanting to see me, you say. Well, I'm here now. Is it helping you much?"

She did not answer.

He was walking up and down the room now, his hands in his pockets, his eyes dark with anger. "You've got just ten minutes. Do you want to talk to me or not?"

She could not answer—her sobs were all the more convulsive because of her efforts to stifle them.

"*Do you want to talk to me or not?"*

No answer but a sob.

"Then here's where I talk to you. Now listen. If you keep this thing up, I'm through. Do you understand? I'm through. Right here is where I cancel every promise I ever made you. I'm not going to marry a nervous, hysterical woman—not if she's the last woman on earth. And I want you to know that now. Unless from now on you can prove to me that you're a normal, sane, cheerful, sensible woman I'm going to cut it all out—to *cut it out!* Have I made that clear? No, you're not going to leave this room. You're going to stay right here. We're going to have this thing out *now.*"

"Oh, don't, don't—you're killing me!"

"Something is always killing you," contemptuously. "Come back here! I'm not through yet. Do you hear me? Come back here and sit down!"

With a little cry she swayed and fell forward on the floor.

"Some more of your acting, is it? Well, you'll find that it won't work."

He made no motion to come to her or to help her up. She lay quite still. He kept on walking up and down the room. Several moments passed. Then he came over, roughly jerked her up by the arm, and almost threw her onto a near-by couch.

"Now that's just about enough of that. I'm going! To-morrow I leave for Buffalo for ten days or two weeks. I'll call you up when I get back, but I'm not coming here again until things are mighty different from what they are now. I've had about enough, do you understand? Just about *enough!* Now good-by."

She heard him cross the room; she knew it was for his hat and cane. Then the door closed—hard. She heard his step down the hall, then the sound of the elevator.

For over an hour she lay motionless where he had left her. She was not sobbing; she lay quite still, her eyes closed. Then she rose and went to the telephone.

"Gramercy 1208. Is that The Driscoll? I should like to speak to Mr. Worthington." A short wait. "Well, when he comes in, will you say Miss Mathews would like him to call her up?"

She hung up the receiver, then took it down again.

"Plaza 9034. The Westerners Club? Is Mr. Worthington there? If he comes in this evening, will you ask him to call up Miss Mathews?"

Then she went back to the couch.

Another hour passed and more, and still she lay there with closed eyes. Then the telephone rang.

"Hello! Yes, I wanted to see you. Are you free? Could you come up this evening? No, I'd rather not go out to dinner—not this evening. No, I'm not ill. I didn't know my voice was different. Yes, about eight. Good-by."

Again she went back to the couch. It was half-past six, and, save for the lights from the street, the room was quite dark.

In less than half an hour the telephone rang again.



"Mr. Worthington is calling," the girl announced.

"Will you ask him to come up?"

So he had come at once. He had been too anxious and worried to wait. Ah, that was love! Why should fate so often misplace it?

"In the dark? Why, Margaret, what is it?" He switched on the lights, came over, and took both her hands. "You are so pale, and your hands are like ice. What has happened?"

She tried to smile. "Oh, many things. But you needn't have come without your dinner. I didn't want you to do that."

"Do you think I thought of dinner when I felt you needed me? When I knew by your voice that something was wrong?"

She motioned him to a seat beside her on the couch. "There is something I want to tell you, but I didn't expect you for an hour yet. I hardly know how to say it. Will you wait—give me a few moments' time?"

"Is that necessary, Margaret? Must you carefully formulate anything you want to say to me? However you say it, don't you think I will understand? Haven't I always understood?"

"Yes, I think you have."

"Then what is it, little girl?"

There was only a second's silence. Then she turned and looked straight at him.

"Do you still love me? Do you still want to marry me?"

"I think you know that, Margaret. Do you need to ask?"

"Then, if after I have told you what

I am going to tell you now—if you still want me to come to you—I will."

"Must you tell me anything? Will it not be needless pain to us both? I know you have never loved me, and if you come to me now it is because you are very unhappy—because you want peace and rest. But I love you enough to marry you even on those conditions, believing that in the end I can make you happy. Dear, I know the main facts—need you hurt us both by telling the details?"

"Yes, I must—it is worse than you think. It wouldn't be fair to you unless you knew. No, no, don't protest. I *must* tell you; don't make it harder by combating me. Just listen."

She left his side and went over to a chair a little away from the couch.

"I want to sit over here. It would be easier to tell you if I could be near you, hide my face against your shoulder, but I don't want to make it easier, and I don't want you to be in any way influenced by my nearness. When you go

home to-night, you will think of it without the distracting effect of any personality I may have. That is how I want you to think of it now—ascoldly and impersonally as you can."

"Very well," quietly.

"You know I have cared for some one for a long time. You have never known who it is. Had you asked me I would have told you, but I felt that you did not want to know."

He nodded.

"There has been a tacit engagement be-



An engagement at his office at four thirty! It was nearly four now, and she had not seen him for over a week

tween us, but there were certain family obligations, certain financial conditions, that he must meet before we could marry. At first we were happy, oh, so wonderfully happy, just to be together—to talk and dream of what the future would hold. Oh, he was kind and gentle and considerate of me then! He is the strongest, the most forcible, man I have ever known, and I suppose it was partly his strength, his intense masculinity, that made his love and gentleness seem so wonderful. And, oh I loved him so"—her voice broke—"and I love him still! That was my mistake—I loved him too much and clung to him too desperately. He is the type of man who wants always to pursue—never to feel quite sure of the woman he loves. And as gradually I felt his withdrawal, his growing coldness, I tried more and more desperately to hold him." Her voice broke to a sob. "Oh, I thought I could tell you, but it's too hard—I don't believe I can!"

"Margaret, don't tell me any more." He rose and came toward her. "I can't stand it. Why do you want to torture me?"

She motioned him back. "No, no, I *must* tell you! You must know how I have cringed and fawned before this man's brutality—how he has crushed my pride, beaten me down to an abjectness that you would not dream I was capable of! And to-day he told me he was *through*, that he had had *enough*. Those were his very words!"

"No, no," as he rose, his face livid, his hands clenched. "There is nothing you can do. Any defense of me would only humiliate me more. He has wanted to leave me—for weeks I have held him against his will. And I want to be fair to him. He is not a bad man—he is in reality a very *good* man. I believe his life's record, if it could all be shown, would be very clean. His honesty and business integrity are beyond question. He is absolutely truthful. I do not think he has ever lied to me in any way. And it isn't a case of there being some one else; there never has been anyone else, and I doubt if there ever will be. He has never cared for women—he has never had time for them. He told me that I was the only woman he ever seriously loved, and I believe that. Of course I *want* to believe it, but there have been many things to prove it. He has none of the little courtesies and attentions of a man accustomed to women. He has never sent me a flower or a book—

not even when I was ill. And I have rarely gone out with him that I have not been subjected to some glaring inattention of which he was wholly unconscious. And yet I have rather gloried in this very crudeness—it has made him seem more wholly mine."

"Stop, Margaret! When you ask me to listen to your championship of this man, you ask too much."

"It isn't championship; I only want to be fair."

"Then won't you be fair to me? Won't you promise never in any way to refer to this again? Will you do that much—for me?"

She was in the same chair that she had been in that afternoon, and now she was pulling at the same bit of braid. He waited a moment, but she did not look up or answer him.

"Margaret, will you let me take you away at once—next week, to-morrow, as soon as we can be married? We can go to Cuba—I have some business there. I say that because, under the circumstances, I think you might be more at ease if it was partly a business trip also."

"And after all I have told you, you are still willing to do this?"

"Don't put it that way, Margaret. I have never wanted anything so much."

"Then I will go."

With rare tact and delicacy he made no attempt at any demonstration. He did not even take her hand. He only said quietly, "From to-night, everything that lies in my power to make you forget and to make you happy I will do."

"Ah, I know that. And if I cannot give you love, I can give you what I always have given you—a genuine respect and trust and *liking*."

"That isn't so bad to begin with, is it, dear? It may be a better foundation for happiness than a wild passion which would soon burn itself out."

"Yes, it may be," she murmured.

"And we are going to *believe* that it will be."

He did not stay long after that. He said that she was tired and he wanted her to rest, that he would come to-morrow evening with some definite arrangements. And in the meantime he wanted her not to worry or to try to plan or even to think, but just to rest, to leave everything else to him.

But when he had gone, she did not rest.



His whole attitude was negative and evasive. And he left without giving her one thing to hold to—nothing but that one moment in his arms!

Instead she went over to her desk and wrote. It was only one short note, but she rewrote it many times:

I suppose there is a limit to the cruelty and humiliation to which a man may subject even the most cringing, abject woman. And I reached that limit to-day. I think I can understand now how a woman can kill the man she loves. That sounds like cheap melodrama, doesn't it? But then you have always said I was melodramatic.

You need not telephone when you return from Buffalo. I shall not be here. I, too, say now that I am "through"—that I have had "enough."

She mailed the letter, and then slipped into bed. But it was dawn before she slept.

The telephone was ringing shrilly. She started up and gazed bewildered at the instrument. Her mind was still confused from the deep sleep and the sudden awakening. It was several moments before she could think clearly, then the events of the night before swept back through her mind. Her

glance sought the clock. A quarter after ten! She had slept until then.

The telephone was still ringing. She answered it now.

"Mr. Stanford is calling," the girl announced.

"Who?" she said weakly, although she had heard the name clearly, and it had sent her heart to her throat.

"Mr. Stanford," the girl repeated sharply.

"Will you ask him to come up?" The words came mechanically.

Even after she put up the receiver she still clung to the 'phone for support. She was trembling all over. He was here! What did it mean? And then she realized that she was not dressed. Quickly she ran into the front room, opened the door into the hall, and left it open, then ran back, closing her bedroom door. Often when he called unexpectedly, she would let him come up in this way, and he would wait in the front room while she dressed.

In a moment she heard his step in the hall, then she heard him enter the room and close the door. It took her just ten minutes to bathe and dress, and in those ten minutes her mind held no clear or distinct thought.

He was standing by the window when she entered the room. As she opened the door he turned and came toward her.

"Too early for you?" He said it half-indulgently, half-contemptuously.

"I don't understand." Her voice was low that she might keep it steady.

"Don't understand what?"

"Why you came?"

"Because I wanted to. Occasionally that's my reason."

He drew her down on a couch beside him. "Do you know that you are harder to keep in order than a race-horse?" It had been weeks since he had spoken to her in that half-laughing, half-mocking voice. "You're always flying off on some wild tangent. Now what is it this time?"

"I thought my letter was quite clear."

"It might have been if you had meant it."

"And you think I didn't mean it—you think—"

"Of course you didn't mean it, not fifteen minutes after you wrote it!"

She was struggling to get away from him now. "Oh—I will prove it to you—I will—"

He silenced her by drawing her to him and kissing her, roughly at first, and then more gently. She ceased struggling and lay perfectly still. She was conscious only that she was near him, that the strength of his arms was about her, that once more every quivering nerve thrilled at his touch.

"Well, are we to begin over again?"

She drew back and looked up at him, her eyes full of wonder. "To begin over again?"

"Yes, to begin over again."

"Oh, do you think we *could* do that?"

"Why not?"

"To go back and be happy as we were in the beginning?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, if we only could—if we only could!"

"Why can't we?"

"And you—you will be kind and gentle and considerate as you used to be?"

"Ah, now, don't go so fast. Some of this readjustment must come from *you*, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know. I will do everything—everything I can. But you will help me?"

"Why shouldn't I help you?"

"And you think you can be with me more?"

It is these long absences that make it so hard. They seem to build a wall between us, and make me so constrained and self-conscious when we meet. And the telephone—oh, I have come to dread that! I don't seem able to talk to you any more. I feel almost frightened now when you call me up. Oh, if I could only be sure that I would see you even once a week—that would help me so much, more than anything else!"

"I can't see you when I'm not here."

"Oh, I know that. But when you are—"

"I must look after my work, you know. I can't afford to neglect that."

"Oh, of course—I wouldn't want you to. I only meant if you would come when you *could*—"

"Now suppose you leave that to me. Let me be the judge of when I can come."

His whole attitude was negative and evasive. Even then she saw that. And he left without giving her one thing to hold to—nothing but that moment in his arms!

And yet— An hour later a messenger left her apartment with this letter:

The contempt you will have for me when you read this note cannot exceed the contempt I have for myself as I write it. These are the facts—I will offer you nothing so cheap as excuses or regrets. Last night I wrote him a note saying that I was going away, that I too was "through." This morning at ten he called. He was half mocking, half kind. He said we were to begin all over again. He made me no promises, gave me no assurance that in the future he would be kinder. He simply said, "We will begin again."

Oh, I know—I know all you will think—and it is all true! He came to me only because he thought he was losing me. In a few weeks he may be as brutal as he was before. There is but one chance in a thousand that he will be kind or try to make me happy. And yet—I love him! I love him so much that I am going to take that one chance—and with it your loathing and my own. Good-by.



# To the Victor the Spoils

THE STORY OF A STORY THAT MADE FREE WITH A WOMAN'S LOVE

By Emery Pottle

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

"TO the victors belong the spoils." The phrase occurred to Alice Granger half unconsciously as she sat one morning in early May, taking her *petit déjeuner* before the fire. The phrase on her mental lips savored, it must be said, not at all of brutality. It connoted no boasting. Analyzed to its last fine grains—as she herself would have analyzed it in the brain of another—it would have yielded in her case just what she intended it to yield: a calm, well-poised recognition of success; the right of a success, untarnished, honorable, exclusive, elegant. A *succès d'estime* first of all. What she had won—and it was much—she had won quietly, without clamor, without vulgar striving; her hands had never been soiled by the sweat and dust of men and women jostling her in the market-places. She had kept herself apart in an aristocracy of brain and body, and had watched from an upper window those others down in the streets below, madly crying their wares. And as she watched and marked and tabulated, her lips had slightly curled. She was not of them; daily, in secret, she acknowledged it gratefully—she was not of them. And she had won. The hawkers and vendors in the market-places admitted, each according to his nature, that, in the catch-word of the shops, she had driven as good a bargain with life as the best of them. "To the victor the spoils." She formed the words in thought unemotionally; her blood beat no faster at her heart; her eyes betrayed no more eager light; her hand on her cup was without a tremor.

She opened the window and let in the cool moist air. It brought the scent of the hyacinths and the wholesome odor of green things. She breathed the fragrance contentedly, her thin nervous mouth and her sharp features for the moment softened into less overstrained repose. Seeing her thus,

one could have wished that she had been born with a smiling nature, so kindly was the warmth of this sudden ray. Had she been given to laughter, perhaps she would not have so perceptibly lacked the beauty that all her life she had so vehemently coveted. (There, indeed, *was* an intangible spoil!) Standing in the uncompromising morning light, which her four and forty years could so ill bear, Mrs. Granger, save for her smile and her fine air of distinction, scarcely suggested a figure of Victory.

Then her eyes strayed to the breakfast-table, littered with the morning's post. It had been the reading of this which had sent her thoughts toward victory. There were letters from her publishers in regard to the success of her new novel, letters in regard to the success of less recent ones. Letters from would-be publishers. Letters eagerly demanding more, more, from a dozen different sources. Clippings from reviews—always favorable, for her secretary had been instructed to weed out the unfavorable criticisms which amazed and disheartened her by their foolish misunderstanding of her purposes. Letters from admirers. Invitations. Letters from friends. A delightful note from Nora Herrick. An American magazine which contained a new short story of hers. In all it was a pleasant post.

Mrs. Granger sat down again by the fire and opened the magazine to her story. She glanced at it thoughtfully. Presently she frowned; the illustrations were too distressing. Wasn't it possible for an intelligent artist to read English? Surely it had been evident enough what sort of woman she was describing. And could anything more ridiculous be conceived than this notion of an Italian villa on Como? She threw the magazine aside with a laugh, reminding herself to show it to Dean and Satterlee at luncheon. It would amuse them, and they



would grow witty over the shortcomings of American illustrators. She heard in anticipation the *mots* of her two old friends. She wondered if they had read the story. She considered it one of her best. It represented the very flower of her technique and insight and wisdom. Above all, she hoped Dean would find it right. Dean was the only one in the world she really trembled before. *Il était maître*. They two, Dean and dear old flattering Satterlee with his sharp, amusing tongue, were so good to her. They would be enchanted to hear that her work was to be translated into French. She had invited them to luncheon that day to tell them of this new triumph. Afterward she planned to take them to an exhibition of famous pastels of the eighteenth century, and later they would go to tea with Madame Grèville.

Madame Grèville—there was another spoil. This year for the first time Madame Grèville had opened her difficult doors to her. Beyond those plain, solid barriers there was the chosen group of literary Paris; and now she was counted one of that group. They had accepted her, acknowledged her right.

Idly she put out her thin veined hand to Nora Herrick's letter and reread it. It was an affectionate letter, warm hearted, frank, sweet, telling of her near arrival from Rome. Of all the women she knew Nora was the only one who loved her. They had been friends since their school days in America; they had gone together to a convent in Paris; they had "come out" together in New York. They had married in the same season. Through all the bygone years of brief meetings and long separations Nora had kept the friendly flame burning clear.

Poor Nora! Life had gone unfortunately enough with her: her money had been dissipated, her children had died, her beauty had faded. Now she was left clinging desperately to the one thing dearest to her on earth, her husband. Mrs. Granger wondered vaguely just how much Nora's husband was intrinsically worth—as a husband.

Her mind drifted off to her girlhood, the girlhood which had been such a torture to her. *La jeunesse!*—she made a wry face at it. What had it ever brought to her but bitterness and envy? She remembered the night of her first ball when with her mother she had sat raging inside of her for her lack of partners. Men were shy of her because she was said to be clever; they were afraid of

her sharp tongue. They preferred Nora—lovely, fresh, light-hearted Nora, with pink cheeks and smiling eyes, who cared not a *sou* for the problems of men and women, and who was willing to dance her head off if she got the chance. So she had danced; and Alice had sat with her mother and coveted that beauty and health of body which had been denied her. She was only a lean, plain, clever, sickly girl in a corner. She had never forgiven the world for that night, as in her heart she had never forgiven her Creator for depriving her of beauty. Even to-day, in the face of the Great Compensation, at an age when beauty ceases to count, she was aware of her resentment. She was an alien. Try as she might there was one room of life she could never enter, the room of love where love was young and beautiful. Though she had avoided that room, had laughed at it, jested with stinging words, refused to admit it, she had not deceived herself. Nora, with her pretty face, her string of admirers, her handsome husband, her two delightful babies, had won what she had not. Why, after all, had Nora clung to her? She had received little in return for her devotion, Mrs. Granger reflected sadly. She had got nothing worth loving for. All the  *finesse* of her—Alice's—brains was lost on the simple creature. Yet as the affectionate note crackled in her hands, Mrs. Granger realized that to lose Nora would be to break the dearest tie which bound her to—well, her own sex. She resolved anew to cherish Nora, to make her share as largely as possible in her own victory when she came to Paris. Dear Nora—she was not jealous of her now. And yet—and yet—

## II

THE express from Rome to Paris was within half an hour of its ultimate destination, so the guards assured the weary travelers. It was already three hours late, and the announcement came too tardily to rouse much interest in their stiff, aching bodies. Nora Herrick mechanically arranged her luggage for departure from the train. Now, when Paris was almost in sight, she shrank miserably from the ordeal of arrival. All night long she had lain sleepless in her compartment, staring out the window, as they jolted through one land of shadows into another. In those hours she had been consumed with a fury of desire to reach Paris.

She listened for the name of each new station with frantic eagerness, thankful when Italy was passed, when Switzerland was entered, when, after an age of torment, the French frontier was finally crossed. But here at the end of the journey the reaction came. Rather than face what she must presently face she would have ridden on and on and on, so she thought, to the end of the earth.

What a ghastly journey it had been! She had begun it hopefully, assuredly, more hopefully, more assuredly indeed than for a long time she had undertaken any similar journey. Her friends had put her into her carriage in Rome with a delightful show of affection and regret; had filled the compartment with flowers and books and a dozen pleasant comforts to beguile a tedious journey. Some one at the last moment had thrust *The Era* into her hand with: "I thought you might want to look it over. There's a story in it, I see, by your friend, Mrs. Granger."

She had been so keen on this coming month in Paris—Paris in the spring. In the past three years for various dreary reasons she had not been able to go. This year dividends had been a little kinder to her, so she had resolved to indulge Ainslee and herself a bit before settling down for the summer in their villa on Lake Como. The vision of Paris had shimmered idly before her eyes in the first moments of departure from Rome, after she had established herself in her corner. She foresaw the new plays at the Français, the Odeon, and at the

numberless little Paris theaters. She must get Ainslee to take her to the Grand Guignol—for the fun of it. There were the shops—she drifted off into the intricacies of a fresh wardrobe: the clothes she could afford and must buy, and the clothes she could not afford and must buy. It was really time she had some decent gowns. She owed it to Ainslee.

But since the death of her two children, following hard on the loss of so much of her money, she had ceased to care what she wore, or indeed what she did, and whether her beauty had wasted or not. Black years those; she shivered at the thought of them. Yes, decidedly, she owed it to Ainslee to make herself more attractive.

To Ainslee! Resting with closed eyes in the railway carriage, she realized anew and sharply that every strand of her life was bound to his; that he represented to her—and doubly now—whatever claim she had to happiness. He was the beginning and the



Her mind drifted off to her girlhood, the girlhood which had been such a torture to her

end of all. As a girl, as his sweetheart, she had loved him blindly, desperately; as a woman, as his wife, she had continued to love him like that. She knew in her secret heart that the death of her two little boys was not so terrible to her as the death of her husband would have been. In the shipwreck of their hopes she had clung wildly to him, unmindful that it was he who had wrought the larger part of their misfortune. And he had not failed her; outwardly, at least, he had not failed her. This past year, when she had begun to emerge from the stinging brine of their troubled sea, in her

weakness and nervous depressions she had tortured herself with the idea that Ainslee was tired of her, that he would solace himself comfortably with some other woman. Women loved Ainslee. He was the sort of man women always liked. And he, for his part, adored them. Nora had had too much experience with the world to resent this. On the contrary, when she had learned to understand, it gave her a sense of piquant distinction to be—among them all—the one most adored. Yet his sweet-tempered, half lover-like devotion to her had not varied, she eagerly assured herself, an atom in the past fifteen years. During the slow return to health and mental poise, which Rome had so aided, her fears almost ceased to oppress her. She smiled tenderly at the thought that Ainslee, who had gone on first to the villa on the lake and thence to Paris, would be eagerly waiting for her at the journey's end.

Later, Mrs. Herrick, opening the magazine which lay beside her, found Alice's story. Her eyes rested affectionately on the familiar name; before she began to read she let herself wander down this fresh avenue of retrospection. How famous Alice had become! It was a frank, unmarred satisfaction to her, Alice's triumph. Poor, dear Alice, who had missed so much, who had battled with ill health and racked nerves all her life. No wonder she seemed bitter and caustic to those who did not know her. But within there was such a heart of gold. She wondered vaguely why Alice had kept up the old friendship with her when her world must be so full of really clever, delightful people. Everyone talked of Alice, everyone read her books. One man recently had said she was the only worth-while woman-writer in America. It was tremendously flattering to feel that she was her friend. Their lives were so absurdly different. They had talked it over together this last summer when Alice had been at Como to visit her, and had teased her about her adoration of Ainslee. If it fell to her to live Alice's life, would she be any more content? No, she would not give up her years with Ainslee, not if they encircled her brow with a laurel wreath and told her she was as great as George Eliot. It would really be too nice to see Alice again. She hoped the set at her house wouldn't be too literary and complex in their emotions. She felt as if she'd like a little foolish fun, not edged conversation which, however clever it was, left her on the outside rather bewildered.

Then she had set herself to read the story. There was in its beginning a charming description of a villa on one of the Italian lakes. Nora smiled as she took it in with grateful appreciation. It was unmistakably *her* villa. Alice had said of it, of the lake, all the things she herself had mutely felt, and had said them so wonderfully. For a moment her eyes lost the printed words and gazed in fancy on the conjured beauty of her most cherished belonging; but as she went on the gentle light in her eyes died, and in its place quivered a growing horror. She read feverishly. Her face flushed. Her teeth set themselves into her lower lip bruisingly, but she was not conscious of the hurt. The magazine no longer seemed a magazine, the story no longer a story. It all took on a horrible reality. As the pages turned beneath her fingers she felt she was turning the pages of the secret book of her heart, pages grief stained, dreadful, written in tears; pages even she had not dared heretofore to read. Emotions she had but vaguely sensed came flowing out here like hot, searing metal from the crucible to fix itself in cold, rigid iron forms before her eyes. She heard herself speak to Ainslee words she would not have uttered for the price of her soul. Every delicate veil of sweet deception in which she had shrouded her relation to life was torn ruthlessly from her. She was naked and ashamed, old and faded. She was a simple fool with a husband who had grown tired of her and had given his love to another woman. There it was, the story of herself, her failure. And he who would might read.

In the first bitterness of the truth she thought only of herself. Her own agony beat on her tempestuously. The fright of it dried her eyes from tears till they seemed crackling in her head. She sat motionless, stricken, robbed of the motive power of her life, Ainslee's love. So it was true? She was nothing but a sentimental relic in his life? A yellowed, time-worn, faded, broken keepsake, treated gently out of regard for bygone associations? Old, old, old, forty-three years old. Her beauty gone. And she had hoped to hold her husband to this wan shadow? Ainslee was young. Everyone said he looked no more than three and thirty, though his hair was touched with gray. He was in the flush of life. He was loved and loving of the world. So this was the end of her marriage, was it? To have given her body and soul to him, to have

given him her money, to have borne him his children—and now to be put amiably aside as a *sentimental relic*—Alice's words!

The situation became more concrete. If it was true, who was the woman? She ran desperately over the women for whom Ainslee had shown the greatest preference. It might be anyone of three or four, she thought, yet there was no way of assuring herself. The woman in the story was like—and unlike—all of them she had in mind. How could she know? And, after all, did she want to know? The fact of his alienation was the horror. Whom he had chosen was the lesser misery.

She began to sob wretchedly, huddled in her corner, her veil over her face. Presently she exhausted this outlet. It occurred to her that perhaps the story was not true. Perhaps Alice had imagined it all, had seized upon the bare bones of material and in her artistic exultation had decked them out with flesh and blood. Writers were always hunting for copy, she told herself. Oh, if this devil of a crawling train would ever get to Paris! If she could see Ainslee, question him! The notion of this literary lie deflected her thoughts to Alice. A thick, seething resentment began to boil inside her. True or not true, what right had this friend of hers to flay her in the sight of an eager public? Friend? Was this friendship to hold her up a bleeding sacrifice to the worshipers? To dance like Salome with *her* head on the platter? An anger the like of

which she had not felt in years consumed Mrs. Herrick.

And so the hours had passed. Now she was in sight of Paris. In a few minutes more she would see her husband. If only the train might go on to the end of the earth, taking her with it!

Nora Herrick left the carriage in a pitiful state of nervous self-consciousness. She saw herself as she had appeared in Alice's story—old and thin and wasted. Her mirror had told her what the ravages of the journey had accomplished. Herrick, perfectly dressed, his skin fresh and pink, his brown eyes alert and smiling, a gardenia in his buttonhole, came placidly toward her. There was not a hint of change in his calm, chivalrous solicitude. Just so he had been wont to meet and kiss her for fifteen years.

"You are tired to death," he smiled. "Your train is so late. I suffered for you, poor little Nora, all alone."

"I'm sorry you had to wait," she murmured mechanically.

"I didn't really mind. I went out and walked the boulevards. By Jove, Nora, it is too nice—Paris. It is just blossoming. Lots of people we know, too, are here. I got in yesterday morning. Had tea with the Ransoms at the Ritz. Dined with Harry Sears and did a *revue* afterward. I feel like a boy again. Good old place, Paris. You'll be enchanted, too. It is all gay and green and jolly and full of lovers! We've lived so much out of it all lately we'll have to have a regular blow-out, Nora."



Resting with closed eyes in the railway carriage, she realized anew that every strand of her life was bound to Ainslee's

Every word cut like a knife in Nora's sore heart. She could not answer. Her tongue was nothing but a dry lump in her mouth. She followed him while he attended to the luggage and then let him put her into a *fiacre*.

"You are tired, aren't you, Nora? You can't speak, poor child. Never mind, you can rest all day. We'll drive late in the afternoon and have tea at Armenonville. There are a lot of letters for you at the hotel. I recognized Alice's handwriting among them. You'll be keen on seeing her, eh? Look there, isn't it Paris for you! Smell it! I've got nice rooms for us at the hotel, inside on the court and no noise. We'll have a jolly month and go back to Italy feeling like prize-fighters. By the way, the villa is looking awfully well. I started them at work on the new terrace. I'll tell you all about it later. Doesn't it seem good to be here again, Nora? We are not so *passés* yet, you know. Your old flame, De Lancey, I saw in the Bois yesterday. Mrs. Mack is here—awfully good sort, Mrs. Mack. If it weren't for you I believe I'd have fallen before her peerless charm. Now look! Isn't it *young, alive?*" So Herrick talked on good-humoredly, blithely unconscious of the bitterness of his words to the tired, hopeless woman beside him.

When they were finally in their rooms at the hotel Mrs. Herrick, without waiting to remove her hat and veil, opened her traveling-bag. "Ainslee?"

Herrick broke off the French love-song he was humming in the next room. "What is it, dear?" he said appearing in the door.

"Come here." She held out a magazine. "There's a story of Alice's in this." Her voice was dry and flat. "Have you read it?"

"No. Good?"

"Please take it and read it."

"All right; to-night when I go to bed."

"No, now, please."

"Now? What for?"

"I wish it."

"Oh, *bon!* Give it here. I'll read while you settle yourself."

### III

WHAT she did in the half-hour Herrick took to read the story Nora never knew. She had no sense of her movements at the time and no recollection of them afterward. The windows were open to the fresh morning; through them came the high-pitched

sounds of Paris. Yet all she heard was the monotonous rustle of turning pages in the next room and the occasional shifting of her husband's body to a new position. At every fresh stir she thought he had at last finished, and her heart pounded at her breast. Her hands were ice, her cheeks flames. She could not think logically. Out of the dancing chaos of her brain only one idea took shape and narrowed itself into tangibility: what was *he* thinking? She knew he never read rapidly, but it seemed to her that if he did not end the thing soon she would lose her reason and go shrieking to the windows.

After a century of waiting Nora heard his feet scrape on the floor, heard the sound of his body lifting itself from the chair, heard his steps, felt his presence in her room. She mustered all her forces to look at him, as a frightened dog essays a difficult trick which his master compels. Her husband stood in the center of the room, calm, handsome, his serene good-humor unperturbed, the magazine in his hand.

"Pretty good story, eh?" he remarked amiably. "About as good as anything she has done, I should think, in that line. I can't say I ever cared much for Alice's writings—too complicated, too psychological and morbid for me, as I've always said. If I'm going to read give me Thackeray or Dumas or something like that. I see she's rung our villa in. Nice description of it, and the lake. I suppose that was why you wanted me to read it at once, wasn't it?"

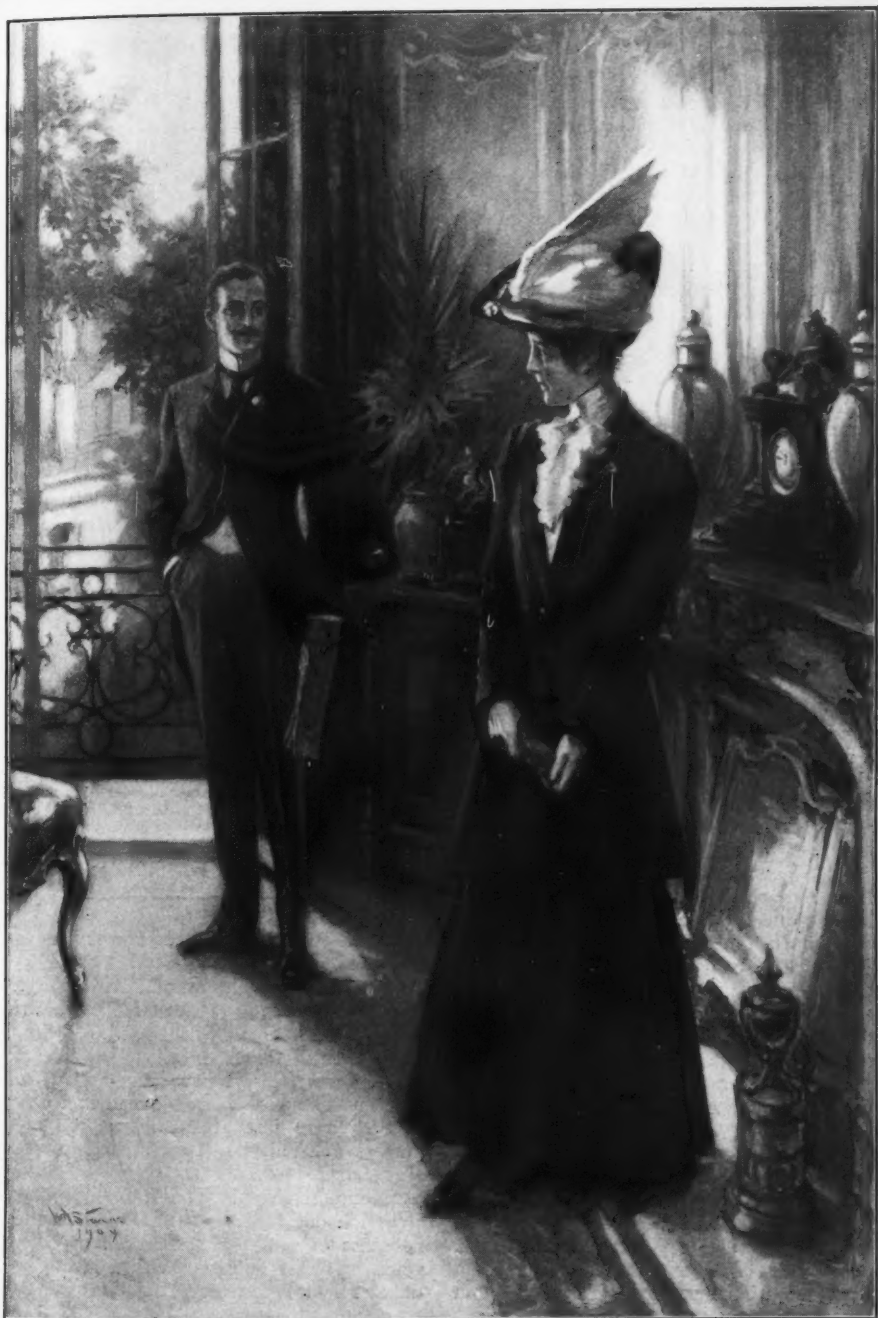
Nora stared at him in agonized bewilderment. Was it possible he had not understood? Could he have placidly read that story to the end and not known? Or was he deceiving her? Her brain spun like a top. She had nerved herself for the most tragic scene of her life—and apparently her husband was no more emotionally impressed than if she had asked him to look at a new hat fresh from the milliner's. She felt as she had felt when a child, brought into the drawing-room to say a bit of poetry to her mother and suddenly forgetful of the lines. She had no words with which to begin. Never had she seemed such a fool to herself.

"Ainslee?"

He was gazing contentedly out the window to the flower-decked court below. "Eh?"

"Ainslee! Either your mind is failing you, or—or—you are playing a part to deceive me."





DRAWN BY W. D. FAYEN

Herrick turned to look at her curiously. "What leads you to think my poor old intellect is tottering, my dear?" he asked

## To the Victor the Spoils

Herrick turned to look at her curiously. She had braced herself against the mantel. Her hat was still on. In her hands was an ivory hair-brush which she twisted desperately through her fingers. It was the hair-brush which robbed her attitude of tragedy.

"Why, Nora, what is the matter? Your voice sounds like the theater. What is it? What leads you to think my poor old intellect is tottering, my dear?"

She pointed to the magazine which Herrick still idly held. "Do you mean to tell me you have read that story and have not understood?"

"I thought I had grasped it, as far as a mere, peaceable, unanalytic gentleman can grasp any of Alice's stories. Evidently I've missed the cue. What is the point?"

With a tremendous effort Nora subdued her voice to its normal intonation. "Then you did not see that it is *our* story? The story of *you* and *me*? You did not see that? Ainslee, don't try to smooth things over with me. Be frank."

"Our story? No? Nora, you're crazy. What are you thinking of? Do you mean to tell me that— My dear, you are joking. You can't be serious. Certainly our villa is there to the life, but what of it? Alice had a right to use it—it's pretty enough to write about. But the *people*! Do you mean to tell me that that chap is I and the woman you?"

Nora nodded mutely.

He laughed. "Why, in the first place he doesn't look like me. He doesn't think like me. And then he has an affair with another woman—is in love with her. Well, that isn't me. I'm a poor excuse for a husband, I admit, but, honey, I am perfectly satisfied with my job. Don't worry about that. And that other woman in distress—why, you are no more like her than—than the villa is like this hotel."

His words eased her anguish, but she was conscious that she wished he had not laughed them.

"Do you mean to say, seriously," he continued, "that you consider that thing *our* story?"

Nora hesitated in confusion. Here in the light of morning, confronted by her sane, buoyant husband, the specters of the night seemed ridiculous scarecrows. "I—I didn't know," she stammered. "I—" She suddenly burst into tears, sobbing breathlessly.

Herrick took her in his arms, removed the hat from her head and the brush from her

fingers, and carried her to a *chaise longue*. He sat down beside her, drew her head against his breast, and held her close. He did not speak. His hands smoothed her disordered hair affectionately. Slowly the tumult of her sobs diminished. Presently he took his handkerchief and wiped her eyes. As she lifted her tear-stained face he kissed her on the mouth.

"Poor old girl, poor old girl," he murmured. "You're all tired and upset. Don't you mind. Cry it all out, and then we'll talk it over."

"Ainslee—don't leave me—ever," she gasped.

"No."

After a few moments Nora raised herself in his arms. "Ainslee, am I old and faded and out-loved? Am I a sentimental relic?"

"No, dear, not at all. You're lovely as the roses to me," he smiled.

Abruptly she freed herself and went to the mirror above the fireplace. She stared long and scrutinizingly at her reflection. "It is true," she said quietly. "I am no longer what I was. It is all true what she said about me in the story. You know it, and I know it. Isn't it true?"

"My dear girl," he answered a little impatiently, "what is the use of all this? Neither of us is frank and twenty any longer. We can't stop the years."

"But you—you are still young—as young as ever—and as good looking."

"Oh, rot, Nora! Don't talk like that."

"We might as well tell each other the truth if—"

"But haven't we told the truth?" he interrupted.

Nora looked at him searchingly, trying to read beyond the gentle affection which played in his eyes. She sighed, "I don't know, Ainslee." And after an instant: "Listen, my dear, I have had a very bad time in these past hours. I read that story in the train, just after starting. And—I may as well tell you—I've suffered tortures ever since. I—"

"Nonsense, Nora. You—"

"What one feels, one feels, whether it is nonsense or not," she proceeded in a low voice. "When I say suffered, I mean just that. I had every sort of emotion of every horrid kind."

"But do you believe it's *true*, that stuff of hers?"

"I can believe"—she hesitated for the

words—"that it might be true, is on the edge of being true, is true—or all a written lie. That is why I wanted you to read it and tell me. I—I don't know, Ainslee, whether you have ever been face to face with losing the thing you loved most on earth"—her voice choked—"but if you have you will realize what I have gone through. Have you ever thought just what a foolish, insane, wonderful, blind, bruising thing a woman's love is to her?—to women, I mean, who love as I love you? How we give everything, every last tiny scrap of what we once thought was our very own—give and give and give, and then cry because there isn't more to give? Thankful, prayerful even, for what we get in return, which, never, never, never, is all we demand. It is like that with me. When the—the boys died—it was terrible, terrible—they were a part of me, but they were more a part of you. I loved them for themselves, but I loved them besides because they were that part of *you*. But, Ainslee, I—I would rather have seen them in their poor little graves than to have seen you in their place."

"Don't, Nora," Herrick muttered.

"It is true. So you see when I read that story—saw myself just the shadow of a wife, a thing used up and gently cherished—so you see—it—it *killed* me."

He bowed his head in pity and shame. "Poor child, poor child."

"I want to ask you if it is true, Ainslee," she went on. "I don't care much who the other woman is—if there is another. I want to know whether that story is a picture of the relations between us. Is there another woman who—who really matters to you?"

"And if there were," Herrick put to her abruptly, "what would you do, Nora?"

She sat silent for a long time, her eyes wide and startled. Then she said, almost inaudibly, "Nothing."

The tears sprang to his eyes—he was a man easily touched by the emotions of others. Going to her, he knelt at her feet and rested his head on her knees. "I swear to God, Nora, there isn't any other woman who matters."

"Ainslee, I—I hate to say it, but you are not deceiving me to—to spare me, are you? I'd rather hear it all than know afterward, that—that—you know! I couldn't bear that, I think. I am not a young fool. I have lived in the world—especially this foreign world—long enough to know that men, willingly or not willingly, cease to care

for their wives and love other women. And the women other men. But somehow, I don't know why, it never occurred to me as a reality that it would be like that with you. You have never seemed to change toward me; when I was ill, and broken down, and in sorrow, you never changed. And so I thought—that—you—still—cared."

Her husband buried his face in the folds of her gown. "You are right," he murmured. "I still care—more, Nora, than I knew—more than I knew."

They kept silence thus—Herrick at his wife's feet, her fingers caressing his crisp, dark, gray-sprinkled hair.

"You believe?" he whispered.

"Yes, I believe."

#### IV

THE afternoon was so enchantingly warm and sunny that Mrs. Granger had asked that the tea-table be put in the garden.

"Madame Herrick wishes to know if you are at home, madame?" inquired a servant toward the end of the afternoon.

"Yes, of course, bring her out here."

In one of those unaccountable moments of prevision, Mrs. Granger suddenly became conscious of something unpleasant about to happen. She rose from her chair as Nora appeared in a long window of the salon opening directly on the garden. For the briefest instant she hesitated, her eyes on her friend. Then, as she came forward: "My dear, what a pleasure! I've been looking for you every moment for the last two days."

Nora Herrick watched the advancing figure, noted in this shortest interval the familiar, fatigued, nervous face smiling in the shadow of the huge black hat, the thin, distinguished body in the heavily embroidered, trailing white gown; noted all this, and at the same time, in a whirling mental process, rehearsed the years of their friendships, their girlhood intimacy, their maturer relations—all of it, which she was ruthlessly about to end. She put out her trembling hands to push Alice away.

"No, please don't kiss me," she said breathlessly. "I don't want you to. I—I have come to say something that—that I have to say."

Mrs. Granger drew back in quick affront, sharply taking in her friend. A moment more and she had her composure. "Come and sit down here, Nora. Let me give you

some tea. It is not too bad. I'll send for hot water. The cakes are nearly gone, but—"

"Thanks, I have had my tea, Alice. I—I have come to tell you that I can't be a friend to you any longer."

As Nora spoke, the words seemed very raw and girlish to her. She had a humiliating consciousness of dreadful *gaucherie*.

Mrs. Granger made no reply; her gaze was quizzical.

"I—I have read your story in *The Era*. It—I can't tell you how it hurt me. I never thought, Alice, that you would take *me* for the sacrifice to make a Roman holiday. After all our years of friendship! After all our love for each other—*my* love for you, at least! Oh, it was cruel! You have made me a joke—and worse—to the world. You've even described my house, word for word, to make the point more unmistakable. I—at first I was so angry with you I wanted to hurt you, as you have hurt me; then I grew calmer and lost that. When I had got my balance I realized that all the old love and affection had gone. And—so I have come to tell you so."

"You leave nothing to be desired on the score of frankness, Nora."

"Yes, it is better to be frank."

"So you believed the story to be the story of yourself?" Mrs. Granger continued slowly.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Nora flushed. "Need I say why?"

"Then it was *true*, Nora—what I wrote?" She could not resist the question.

Mrs. Herrick lost her control. "How can you sit there calmly, insolently, Alice, and question me as if I were being tried in court and you were a lawyer? Have you no feeling? Have you no regret, no compunction? Does it seem a worthy thing to you to flay me alive? You sit and look at me as—as tourists look at that horrible statue of San Somebody with his skin in his hands. Only it is worse, for you have done the cruelty yourself. You have made my poor life a thousand times more miserable than it was. You, who are satisfied and successful and admired—you could stoop to such a meanness with your best friend! You have not many friends among women, Alice. You could do this to make good reading for your public. Weren't there others you could have chosen? Alice, Alice, why, *why* did you do it?" Nora shut her teeth into her lip to stop its weak quivering.

Aware as she was of just what she was losing, Alice Granger felt herself invaded, at the same time, by the perversesest spirit. She was almost contemptuously conscious of Nora's tottering defenses, of the breaches in the barricade. For the moment her greatest interest was in the analysis of the situation—an analysis she was impelled to make shred by shred. In it all she manifested no anger, no chagrin. Nor was she then regretful of the havoc she had wrought. The words she felt in her inner heart that she ought to utter—beseechings for pardon, protestations of love, of sorrow—refused utterly to form themselves. She continued to put forth her dry questions as a cat puts forth its paw to tease its captured mouse.

"You would always prefer to lie to yourself, if you had to?"

"One is not lying if one doesn't know the thing is a lie, Alice! But if loving is a lie, then I prefer never to be undeceived."

Mrs. Granger smiled pityingly. "My dear Nora, you have read in a story the truth of certain phases of life to which you have chosen to blind yourself. The coat was not cut for you, but you have tragically put it on. And now you come to blame me for having given you the chance to wear it. I had no desire to display your private life, your relations with your husband. I don't know what they are. I wrote of it as I saw it, a situation as common as taking one's tea. That is the right of the one who sees and marks and repeats for others, by pen or by mouth."

"Not *your* right. It was *I* you wrote of," insisted Nora doggedly. "You never could have done the thing without the picture of Ainslee and me in your mind. But it is not true, it is not! He loves me, he loves me. He has always loved me. Even if everyone we know reads your story and believes, we know—Ainslee and I—that it is a lie."

"Then, Nora, why do you come to me and berate me for telling a little story which is, after all, only fiction?"

"Because, Alice— Oh, I can't argue it—I get so confused. I know I seem a fool and silly and childish. But I can't be friends with some one to whom I—I am not *sacred*. I mean my life, my feelings, my— Oh, you must understand."

"But, I tell you I had no idea of writing *you*, Nora."

"Who of the people who know Ainslee and me in reading that story would believe



Mrs. Herrick lost her control. "How can you sit there calmly, insolently, Alice, and question me as if I were being tried in court and you were a lawyer?" she burst out

that it was anything but *our* story? Answer me that!"

Mrs. Granger made no response.

"Look at me, Alice. I am faded and no longer young. You did not spare me one atom. And Ainslee— Oh, I can't talk of it."

"But you insist it is true that Ainslee loves you?"

"Yes."

"How do you know, Nora?"

"Because he said so."

Alice laughed. "It is a way men have. And you believe him?"

"Yes, I believe him."

"Why?"

Nora stared piteously at Mrs. Granger. It was some time before she replied. "I do not know why," she answered at last, in a low voice. "I do not know. I have only the word of the man whom I have loved for all these years, the man who is the father of my children, who promised to love me. Only that. There is nothing else to depend on. If he is lying to me, then that is for him to account for, not me. Do you see now what you have done to me, Alice? Do you see how you have spoiled things for me? Don't you understand that I can't forgive



## The Fugitive Moment

you for giving sight to a blind—fool, if you like? I have no more to say. I—I am going. Good-by."

She walked quickly out of the garden. Mrs. Granger sat motionless and watched her go, dimly realizing that with her went one of the dearest of her possessions. For a long time she remained thus, played upon by a dozen different emotions. Finally she rose and went wearily up to her room. The sight of it recalled the recent morning when she had contemplated her spoils. She wondered, with a dreary consciousness of the absurdities of life, who was really the victor, and what were the spoils. Presently she sat

down to her desk, pulled a sheet of paper toward her, and wrote rapidly a few words to Ainslee Herrick:

"Nora has been here, and has gone, I think, forever. If she forgives me some time in the future, it will be because of you. In fact *you* are the one on whom everything depends now. I really know nothing, I give you my word, of your private life. Nor does it concern me. It is *you* who are aware of that life. I write this only to remind you that you hold the solution to the problem we are all facing: whether I have told the truth or not in the story I wrote. For Nora's sake be wise.

"A. G."



## The Fugitive Moment

By Florence Wilkinson

THE SPINDLING lamps of autumn lit the wood;  
All tranced it stood,  
Ripples of green in spring-like under-places,  
Hill-blue for wonder-spaces.

Thin curly leaves, they floated on the stream  
In a soft dream,  
Dreaming themselves a golden argosy,  
Or pirate-ships that flee.

Semblance of footsteps stirred the quietness,  
Vaguer and less  
Than twilight birds asleep. Whispered and spoke  
Small ghosts of tiny folk.

The large magnificent sun poured like a spate;  
Played intricate  
Staves of rich sunset color, nobly blent,  
Then, of a sudden, went.

How gray and grave and empty grew our wood!  
Cathedral-like it stood,  
Radiance of music, windows, people, gone,  
An old stooped verger gathering books, alone!



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"His head is shapely, his nose ill drawn, his mouth liberal, his jaw loose, his ear large and ready to hear aught to a Hughes advantage. Of hair and beard he has enough to make nests for twenty orioles"

## Will Hughes "Make Good"?

CAN A CORPORATION LAWYER AND PARTISAN POLITICIAN MEASURE UP TO THE SUPREME COURT STANDARD?

By Alfred Henry Lewis

**G**OVERNOR HUGHES—Charles Evans Hughes—is about to become a member of the Supreme Court of the United States. President Taft appointed him, and the Senate, with an alacrity which has ever marked its motions when engaged upon an enterprise sure to lure a smile from money, almost leaped out of its eager toga to confirm the appointment. Certainly I know no reason, at least no constitutional reason, which stood in the Senate way. Not that the Senate would have minded much if one had. The Senate is used to going at an obstructing Constitution like a bull at a gate, the Constitution—so much like the Sibylline books—being greatly venerated and never read. Have we not seen the Senate take an entire side out of that respectable document, and all with a no greater public purpose than to permit Mr. Knox to pass in peace to his portfolio of state?

When Mr. Hughes climbs to his place in that nine-angled inner-keep of government to which fate and politics have called him, he will be among the youngest though—shade of Marshall!—not among the strongest who have held the position. And since there must be in this single fact of youth that which should either encourage or discourage an age, it is worth the common while to have a look at Mr. Hughes.

Before, however, we begin back-tracking the personal-professional-political trail of Mr. Hughes, let me thrust in a word edgewise concerning the Supreme Court itself. My inclination to do so has been sharpened, if not induced, by my having been taken to recent task for criticisms—most mild and gentlemanly—which I leveled at that forum. Those who rebuked me did not pretend to reply to my strictures; they wasted no space in the Supreme Court's defense. They did not con-

sider it necessary, having no doubt of the propriety of their assumption that, whether good or ill, black or white, no criticism of any court could ever be held allowable. As an institution of government the courts were sacred, and all were bound, whatever the occasion, to stand mute and bowed before them.

For myself I do not subscribe to these knee-bending doctrines. I cannot think one's Americanism better for having its forehead in the dust. Our civic scheme is triangular. The executive, the legislative, the judicial, make up the trio of corners. Also, I say without scruple—and the story of the bench will bear me out—that the judicial has been shown to be the loose screw in the plan.

Money has ever sought the slavery of mankind. Its black purpose is as strong in America to-day as it ever was in any region since Noah's dove went seeking accommodations in what watery hours preceded Ararat. And in this dark crusade against humanity, a crusade which, like eternity, will never find an end, money has received in America that encouragement from the bench which both White House and Congress refused. That should not surprise one. Search through the pages of history: you will everywhere learn that when despots went about the overthrow of liberty, and whether as a lever they employed sword-law or book-law, they failed not to find a willing, ready fulcrum in the bench.

The evil latent in the national bench lurks in the manner of its production. Were judges elected, not appointed, we should get better results. By the present scheme, the White House names the judges, while the Senate confirms. But who names the White House? I speak of the rule. From whom or what do we derive our Senate? Directly or indirectly, in one remove or two, they all come from parties ruled by bosses ruled by money—that slave-seeking money which would cast its nets about mankind. And because of bosses and money, parties and partisanship, judges commonly are selected, not for what they know of law but politics, not for their love of liberty but their subservient fear of what scoundrel money is attacking it.

With judges the hand-picked product of boss-guided, money-ruled, partisan politics, the courts fall far short of commanding popular confidence. Created to discover and declare the law, they have not failed in disputes of politics to break on party lines. Was not that the tale when the forces of Hayes met the forces of Tilden? Where only money was at

bay, the world has been treated by the bench to most peculiar announcements. How was it when a member of the Supreme Court decided against an income tax within a handful of weeks following his decision in its favor? And yet a public is to stand dumb in the face of such spectacles! It is not to utter criticism nor arch protesting brow!

What I have said will be deeply frowned upon by folk whose great objection to democracy is that it produces now and then a democrat. Such natural-born Tories should quit a republic where their purple sensibilities are so sure to be disturbed. They should go where thrones abound, and where royalty blossoms in the midst of an aristocracy in bloom. To such as these the people find collection under the vulgar head of "mob." Be it so. A republic, born to buckler mob interests against nob encroachments, is bound to be in the essentials a government of the mob. In such a commonwealth even a judge—by methods of rebuke which pivot on impeachment—may be taught to repent and say, "The mob giveth; the mob taketh away; blessed be the name of the mob!"

In the economy of a republic there can be no room for gods. Nor does a democracy contemplate such castes as master and servant. I have no more patience with demagogues who prate of "public servants" than with what king-worshiping snobs would have us bend before high office. A President, a judge, a representative, a senator, is neither master nor servant. With reference to public levels he is neither above nor below. He is simply a citizen named to do some public work. His importance, his power, his duty, and his dignity are drawn from the people, and surely I have not here to tell you that a stream can rise no higher than its source?

As Mr. Hughes goes climbing to the Supreme Bench, issues of grave importance are pending before it. It is there that the arch-rogue, Standard Oil, is fighting for its life. Nor do I think that when Mr. Taft pitched upon Mr. Hughes the Rockefeller hopes went into mourning or the heart of Standard Oil was in the least cast down.

The leopard cannot change its spots nor the Ethiopian his skin. Likewise the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib. Remembering that the Supreme Court is ever the last great battle-field of money in its unending war with men, bearing in especial mind that litigation against Standard Oil upon which in its decision so much of



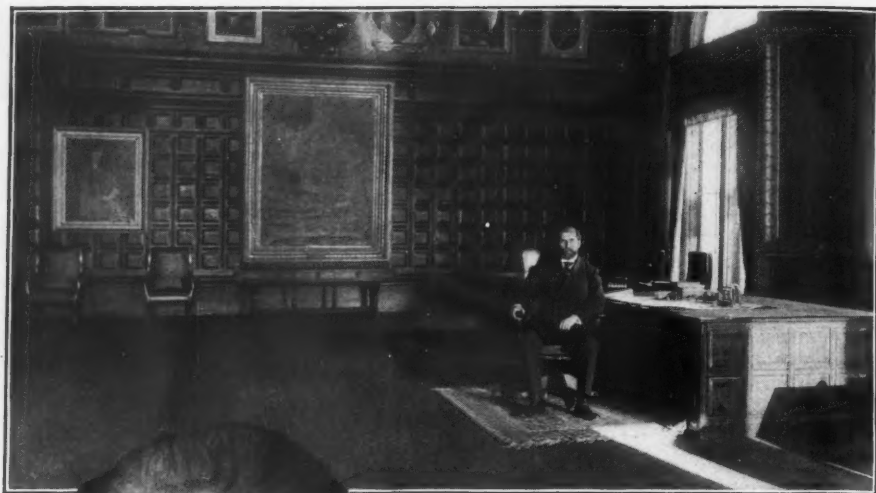
"Hughes and a Supreme Judgeship! Mr. Taft ought never to have named him. The Senate ought never to have confirmed him. He was no more meant for the position than was Boss Murphy for the rectorship of Trinity Church"

popular good must swing, let us, beginning with his cradle days, count up the career of Mr. Hughes. The exercise should not fail to be of value. It should assist in fixing his honest breadth and depth. It should indicate what hopes exist that he'll prove of a soul-bigness sufficient to lift him above those money prejudices wherewith his labors as a lawyer must needs have invested him.

But as I begin let me light a lamp of warning. Whether personally or politically I do not like Mr. Hughes. And when I don't like a man, it is only after deepest research that I discover any good in him, and then never very much. I'm too much nose-led by

prejudice; I make my saints too white, my devils too black, and pile on the paint to thicknesses which go beyond reason. Wherefore, just as folk digging holes in the pavement, calculated to give the wayfarer a jolt, mark them "danger" by daylight and hang out red lights at night, so do I caution the reader when about to write of one whom I dislike.

What should so move me in the Hughes disfavor? Possibly it's because I—who have read a deal anent whited sepulchers—distrust what vociferous moralities embellish the gentleman. It may be no more than the workings and writhings within me of Original



A little man in a big office—"As governor Mr. Hughes has most carefully done nothing"



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"He is not a big man, not a great man, and no stress of circumstance will ever make him so"

Sin, but I confess to an on-end suspicion of ones too obviously good. I never yet bought a gold brick that didn't come wrapped in a tract.

There is—to me—an alarming inconsistency in the goodness of Mr. Hughes. He is strong to abolish racing, but he becomes weak when facing a stock-exchange—that Wall Street Monte Carlo!—the over-all measure of whose gambling amounts to thirty billions a year. He is rampant in defense of the

"poor man's pennies" as against the wrong of "policy," but he tamely vetoes five-cent fares to Coney Island. Before a street railway corporation that Hughes morality, so militant in matters of "policy," falls back. Criminal traction is welcome to the "poor man's pennies"—those "pennies" so bravely buckled against the mean javelins of "policy."

The same craven spirit was shown when the Legislature cut railway passenger-rates from three cents a mile to two. Those Hughes moralities were lacking in what stark courage was required to sign such a measure. Great railway companies stood frowning; his heart turned to water under his moral ribs, and he vetoed it. The Hughes moralities should have found more even distribution. His integrities, in their manifestations, ought not so much to occur in spots.

Going beyond his public record, it may be the unfortunate company Mr. Hughes has kept that so much inclines me against him. I've too often heard of him in intimate and—so far as he and his preferences were involved—agreeable conjunction with the Rockefellers, the Cravaths, the Ryans, and others of the public enemies. In the busy character of the life I lead I am in some degree compelled to form my estimates of people by the friends who surround them. Just as a great epigrammatist loved a great candidate "for the enemies he'd made," so I am driven to suspect Mr. Hughes for those whom he calls his friends.

Permit me, as I see him, to draw a char-



coal sketch of Mr. Hughes. In figure he is slight, slim, spare. He has nothing about him suggesting the athletic. His eye is as hollow as his record, his cheek as hollow as his heart. His head is shapely, his nose ill drawn, his mouth liberal, his jaw loose, his ear large and ready to hear aught to a Hughes advantage. Of hair and beard he has enough to make nests for twenty orioles.

Mentally, Mr. Hughes is in no degree profound. Rather he is constructed intellectually on the plan of a canal. Narrow, currentless, safe between respectable banks, he is never so foolishly lucid as to show you how shallow he is. Gaze into his not-too-clear waters, and he seems as deep as the heavens above. And all the time a six-foot question will find you the bottom of him. He isn't even a good lawyer, and a court of last resort has declared unconstitutional sundry statutes that he drew. As to peoples and publics, Mr. Hughes knows nothing at all.

Mr. Hughes is patriotic and disinterested, but never to excess. As a mere man he is of a most tasteless variety. Neither bitter nor sweet, neither false nor fair, neither disloyal nor loyal, he is no Damocles to betray, no Damon to be true. He has no revenges, since vengeance invites peril to him who would wreak it. He has no gratitude, since as a purist in politics he holds gratitude to be the sign of the demagogue.

Most men are born radical, and grow conservative as they grow old. Mr. Hughes was born conservative, being old as he lay in his cradle. He isn't a reasoner; he's a feeler. For example, he believes in

despotism, the despotism of money, and yet in all simplicity would have that despotism white. Which is as sapiently sound as though he insisted upon white pitch or demanded limes that were not sour.

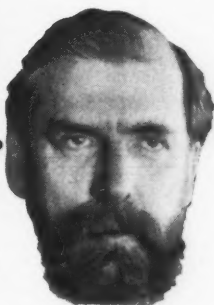
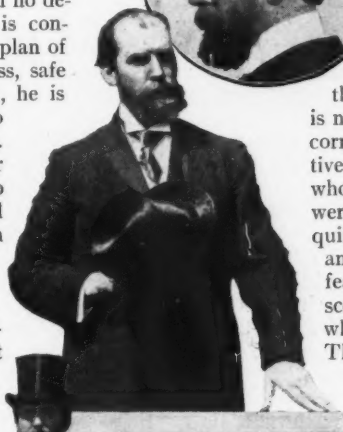
Mr. Hughes falls into the common error of assuming that folk different from himself are worse than himself. He feels that nothing is perfect which is not his own picture. He is corrective in intention, punitive in bent. There be folk whose ancestors, I take it, were lay brothers of the Inquisition, and twisted the rack and heated the irons for that fearful tribunal. Their descendants delight in any duty which gives pain to other men. They will pile the fagots to your chin, and then weeping assure you, as they apply the torch, that nothing save a sense of

duty could have induced them to burn you. To this duty-ridden, pain-bestowing brotherhood belongs Mr. Hughes.

Often have I printed that it is better to do good than do right. Mr. Hughes reverses this: he does right but never good. To do good calls for strength, activity; good is never passive. As a soul-plant it demands soil of reasonable depth and richness. As against this, one may do right and still do nothing—do right and never move. The soil of the Hughes nature is shallow, sour, cold. Good starves where right thrives.

There isn't enough of the Hughes soil to nourish aught luxuriantly good, while mere right does very well upon it. Also, the Hughes left hand could tell you all his right hand ever did.

The Hughes atmosphere is arctic. There are no fire-swept sympathies. He is not a big man, not a great man, and no stress of circum-



"He thinks nothing that hasn't been thought, does nothing that hasn't been done. . . . says nothing that hasn't been said"

## Will Hughes "Make Good"?

stance will ever make him so. He cannot rise to a situation; he must be lifted up. Publicly, if he be honest, his honesty is of that helpless, handless sort that exhausts itself when it carries you to the rim of some robbery and lets you look in. It is the honesty that discovers but does not abate. It will never collar a thief, never throw a thief behind the bars. It won't even stop his stealing.

As to humanity in the herd, Mr. Hughes is blandly ignorant. Concerning what should help his hour, he is utterly adroit at remaining in the dark. Milton's Satan went round the earth, but—being both fleet and averse to sunshine—he kept abreast of midnight and ever dodged the day. In what should tell against money and for the good of mankind, one may find points of resemblance between Mr. Hughes and Milton's fallen one. Money induces moral blood-poisoning, gold rots the soul. None the less, it's for money—gold—that Mr. Hughes reserves his faith. Nor can one say that his faith in that behalf has been misplaced; for all he has ever had he owes to money. As to what he will have—that Supreme Courtship, for example—like Patrick Henry, I must guide by the lamp of experience.

Mr. Hughes, in moments unbuckled, is an indomitable conversationist. He revels in talks where he does all the talking. He is not interesting, being hopelessly commonplace. As vain as a peacock, he would strut if he knew how. In a sketch of which he approved it was particularly set forth—as evincing what native dignities invest him like an atmosphere—that "no one ever had the courage to slap him on the back." Why "courage"? There be men who would braid the tail of a tornado, slap a mountain on the back. Yet these same lion-hearts wouldn't fondle a bull-snake nor slap a horned toad on the back.

Mr. Hughes helps you to nought new, whether of idea or argument. He thinks nothing that hasn't been thought, does nothing that hasn't been done, sees nothing that hasn't been seen, says nothing that hasn't been said. Moreover, he is exceedingly careful to do so. Betimes he attempts the humorous, and succeeds only in being flippantly dull. His merriment is as the merriment of a hilarious cow.

Collected in all his parts, Mr. Hughes bears the same relation to the ordinary flesh-and-blood man that canned peaches bear to peaches on the tree. And this, I opine, is the work of the corporations. These latter, with

a thoughtful look ahead, seize upon folk who seem suited to their purposes. They peel them, quarter them, stew them down in money-sweetness. After which they can them—heedfully sealing each against every breath of the popular. These canned ones they place in safety upon some high corporation shelf. They take them down as needed, blow the dust from the label to make sure of the kind, and then hand them to convention or President to be made governors or judges.

Having had a glance at Mr. Hughes in the tree, let's take a look at him in the sapling. Camped still on the sunrise side of fifty, Mr. Hughes was born in Glens Falls in the state of New York. Hughes *père* was a Welshman and, per incident, a Baptist preacher. Hughes *mère* in her strain presented an even blend of English, Irish, Scotch, and Dutch. Following a decorous interval, the parents took baby Hughes to church, where he was baptized "Charles Evans" for—so far as I learn—reasons wholly of euphony.

Baby Hughes could not be reckoned robust. Big head, little body, he was what river folk describe as "over-engined for his beam." Hughes *père*, by word of a world which counts its gold in millions, could not have been rated rich. And yet, so far as shoes and stockings, a coat to his back, a bed at night, and three full meals a day should count, the Hughes childhood went unvexed of either burden or cross. None the less his upbringing—babyhood, childhood, boyhood—was what Mr. Roosevelt would have regarded as the nurture of a mollycoddle. He stayed in the house, wore shoes in the summer, didn't go swimming against orders, pillaged no birds' nests, fell out of no illicit cherry-trees, played with no bad boys. He grew up fragile, anemic, hothoused and handled, perhaps overhandled, by his careful parents, who kept his nose buried between the covers of an algebra or a geometry or the like, while protecting his young and straying tastes from Robinson Crusoe and similar decadent literature. And so, slim, tall, not strong, silent, secret rather than self-reliant, our hero went from babyhood to boyhood, from boyhood to youth, as innocent of evil as any morning-glory or any hill of beans. No, the boyhood of Mr. Hughes was not gladdened by violences. He fought no neighboring lads, receiving and conferring black eyes, and if he visited a sinful circus no record of that orgy has been kept. To be frank, I cannot think the Hughes childhood boisterously gay. He

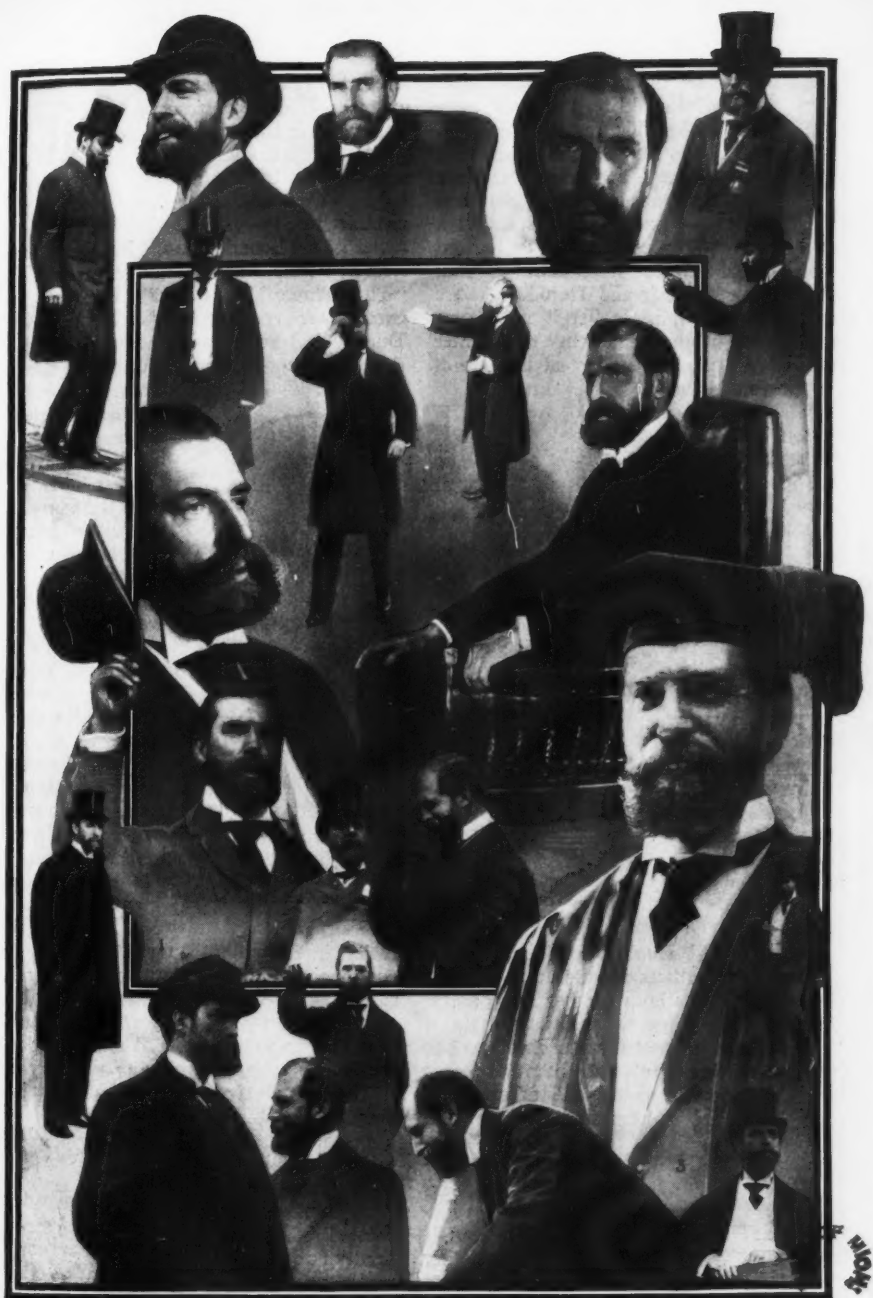


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"Collected in all his parts, Mr. Hughes bears the same relation to the ordinary flesh-and-blood man that canned peaches bear to peaches on the tree"

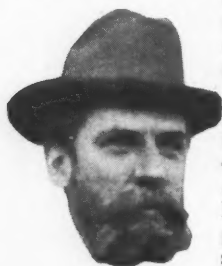
## Will Hughes "Make Good"?



was one of those monsters, an infant phenomenon. He could read at three; and, when his responsible years had tasseled into five, he—in ripe and solemn manner and of his own grave motion—"put before his father a plan of study"—I quote from an authorized sketch—"he'd laid out for himself." Also, in this "plan" Homer and Herodotus were given a first place, while Vergil and Cæsar found careless muster among the lighter authors. A "plan of study" at the age of five! It would have more encouraged my soul had child Hughes perfected a plan for ripping a picket off some neighbor's orchard fence. Having arranged his plan of study, child Hughes must have gone at the books like a barrel down-hill; for at seven he had trampled vulgar fractions beneath his yearless feet, leaving behind such clod-heads as Newton and Herschel as though tied to a post. After that you will be prepared to hear that child Hughes continued sickly.

Speaking of authors and literature, Hughes père was of tastes both somber and dreary. He must have taken life seriously, since in an early hour he exacted a promise from our hero not to read novels until he was twenty-one. Now novels are to man's nature what

dews and showers are to countrysides. Without them the minds of men turn arid, dry, and desolate. They vegetate with ideas, but it is a desert vegetation of cactus and soapweed and Spanish-bayonet kind—thorny, not graceful, and, humanly speaking, unprofitable.



It may be that those paternal fetters are blamable for the twisted, ungrown condition of the Hughes literary tastes. In these adult days he reads novels, to be sure, but, by his own confession—or rather boast—his book-appetites are bounded on the east, south, and west by "Monte Cristo" and on the north by "The Three Musketeers." For the past twenty-four years Mr. Hughes has cultivated Dumas, and knows more about Athos, Porthos, D'Artagnan, and Aramis than did the



mothers who bore them. Indeed—by his own story—he has been wont to repose himself from the worry of a recalcitrant Legislature by reading and rereading the fell doings of these worthies.

For one, I am relieved to hear and know these things. There is something inhuman, fearsome, terrible, about a man who doesn't read novels, and reserves Euclid for his relaxed moments. Still, the book-preferences

recited indicate that the tastes of Mr. Hughes continue measurably pointblank. Surely they cannot be called elevated. Many a great book has been written since Chaucer visited Petrarch that Paduan afternoon, and most of us pass the Dumas stage before we pass twenty-five.

There's another way of accounting, however, for the stunted literary tastes of Mr. Hughes. Go to a baseball game, and the wildest and most vociferous "fan" is often some hollow-chested individual who can hardly hobble to a street-car when the game is through. Go to a horse-race. You will find men who never owned a horse, never drove a horse. They couldn't saddle and



"The Hughes left hand could tell you all his right hand ever did"



ride one though you made them a gift of it. Yet there they are in a perfect tingle of red-faced enthusiasm over the horses. These folk, bloodless and brawnless, play baseball and race horses vicariously. It is the same when you come to murder and sudden death. I have known musty, smoke-dried, professional old gentlemen, blood cold and thin, muscles flaccid, as unlikely for physical battle as so many corn-stalks. For all that there was in their hearts that left-over drop, descended from some fierce Norse ancestor, some ax-wielding forebear, which cried for carnage. Wherefore they would seize upon—we will say—Dumas, and shed blood, take lives, sack cities, and save fair maids by the shadowy fictional hands of book-heroes and printed knights. It relieved and rested the starved natures of our prosaic, smoke-dried ones; their slumbers were the sounder for it.

Boy Hughes, having—we'll assume—exhausted that "plan of study" invented at the age of five, entered Madison University, and later, pressing on through that seminary, achieved the classical course at Brown University, and was graduated with flowing honors but ebbing health. Once out of college, Mr. Hughes settled upon the law, and the world began to hear of him at the Columbia Law School. Also, having accomplished his vow anent novels, he took that plunge into Dumas already chronicled, which sign of hope was not altogether clouded by the smoke of certain cigarettes he about this time learned to smoke.

Emerging from Columbia, sheepskin in clutch, Mr. Hughes did not instantly threaten the race as a practising lawyer. Not from motives of mercy; but Mr. Hughes was dollarless. Your lawyer, new fledged, doesn't pick up a fee at every street-corner, and Mr. Hughes was no tree-toad to live on air and scenery. Therefore was it that Mr. Hughes—who would be

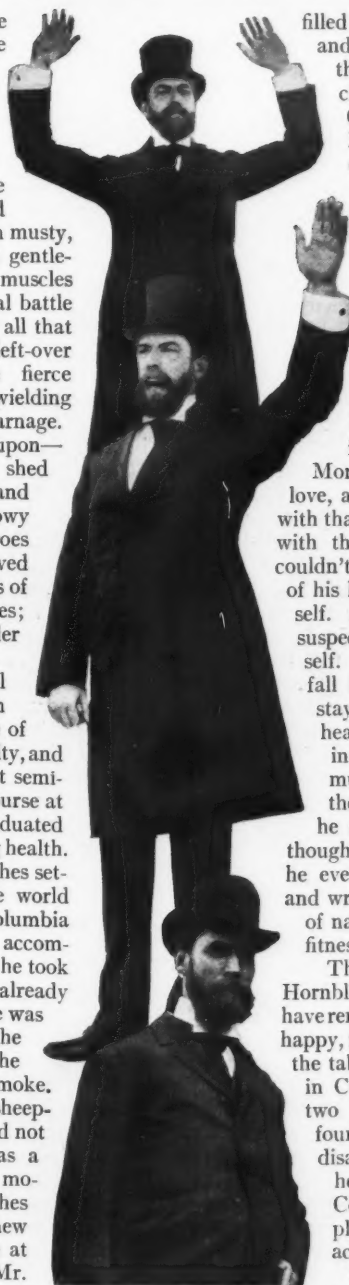
filled and not starved, clothed and not go naked—preferred the safety of a salary as clerk for Chamberlain, Carter & Hornblower. Law-clerk by day, the industrious Mr. Hughes when night came acted as law-tutor to callow student folk.

Much as I love money and believe in getting it, I cannot indorse this awful industry of Mr. Hughes. Without it he might have been less of a lawyer, but he would have been infinitely more of a man.

Moreover, he had fallen in love, and so full were his days with that clerkship and his nights with those lessons of law, he couldn't find time to court the lady of his heart. This he tells himself. Also, while he may not suspect it, it tells against himself. A man's first duty is to fall in love, his second is to stay there. And should his head-on destinies get so much in their own way that he must make choice between the lady and the education, he should cling to the lady though as the darkened upcome he even fails to learn to read and write. For this is by a law of nature, and has place in the fitness of things.

That Chamberlain-Carter-Hornblower clerkship couldn't have rendered Mr. Hughes wholly happy, for in 1891 he tossed it on the table and began to lecture in Cornell. He lectured for two years. Again his soul found itself on the shoals of disappointment; whereupon he turned his back upon Cornell and sought deeper, pleasanter waters in the actual practice of the law.

Setting up shop for himself, Mr. Hughes cast about him to seize what advantage lay within his reach. He



"Comparing word with deed,  
... he begins to break upon  
you as one who talks in primer,  
acts in nonpareil"



## Will Hughes "Make Good"?

was religious, like his father before him. Also, he saw no reason why law and religion shouldn't be to one another like right hand and left hand. Mr. Rockefeller was a Baptist; Mr. Hughes was a Baptist. Mr. Hughes located the sanctuary wherein Mr. Rockefeller hebdomadally poured out his heart before his Maker, and made all religious haste to follow so holy an example. Joining the Rockefeller church, Mr. Hughes proved himself no idler in the vineyard. To lie in some religious fence-corner was not the profitable way to attract Standard Oil attention. Facing grandly, then, the heat and burden of the religious day, Mr. Hughes called about him a most impressive Bible class. So soundly did he lay its bed-plates, so wisely did he rear its superstructure, that within six months it became the chief joy of the church. At this happy juncture, Mr. Hughes surrendered the headship of that celebrated class to Rockefeller, Jr., but whether his eyes were fixed upon a Hughes or a heavenly advantage deponent is unable to say.

Churchwise and otherwise, Mr. Hughes worked himself into a law practice. Almost it might be said that he wedded a practice, for he married a daughter of that Gladstone of the bar, the late Judge Carter, and gained for himself thereby two partners at once. From the beginning, Mr. Hughes stood forth as the trusted agent of the corporations. No one more than he enjoys their confidence to-day.

Before Mr. Hughes on the crest of accident was swept into a governorship, he had burst but twice upon the startled eyes of men. He conducted an investigation against the gas-thieves—which did no harm to the thieves—and was to the fore in an insurance investigation still warm in men's memories.

The insurance investigation? Mr. Alexander, at the head of the Equitable, was about to be supplanted by young Mr. Hyde. Young Mr. Hyde, half French, half American, was half froth and half body, like a glass of poor beer. Mr. Alexander and Mr. Hyde fought, and as the finish of that fighting kicked each other out of bed. Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan got the bed. Mr. Ryan, now in the Equitable, was a client of Mr. Hughes. Mr. Ryan, owning the Equitable, thought it wisdom to demonstrate it to be no worse than its neighbors. Through Legislator Armstrong—Boss Aldridge's man Friday—Mr. Ryan at Albany "moved" an insurance investigation. For Mr. Ryan and Boss Aldridge were as thick as two thieves.

The investigation arranged for, Mr. Hughes was asked to conduct it. He conducted it so impartially as to leave the New York Life and the Mutual as muddy as the Equitable. Mr. Ryan was happy, Mr. Armstrong was happy, Mr. Aldridge was happy, Mr. Hughes was happy, the public—as fatuously hysterical as any woman—was happy; and in celebration of that general happiness Mr. Hughes was made governor. He was chosen at the heel of a campaign wherein he in no wise distinguished himself, and in which he said nothing possessing weight, moment, or pith.

As governor Mr. Hughes has most carefully done nothing. He suggested a law limiting expenditures in politics, a law to reform the ballot, a law to select candidates by direct votes of the people—all excellent things in their way. But behold! The people do not select the candidates by direct vote, the ballot has not been reformed, and folk are spending more money in politics than ever before. Mr. Hughes suggested a permanent state commission to dig into the sinful inner consciousness of gas companies, traction companies, and other corporate buzzards. The commission was created and has been in being ever since. It has cost the public millions. But no one has heard of its doing any good. The corporate Satan is still going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it. Mr. Hughes, as governor, has vetoed that measure cutting railway fares from three to two cents a mile. And he has—street-car-wise—made it cost ten cents instead of five when you go to Coney Island. Altogether, as you run up and down the record of Mr. Hughes, comparing word with deed, utterance with achievement, he begins to break upon you as one who talks in primer, acts in nonpareil.

Mr. Hughes and a Supreme Judgeship! Mr. Taft ought never to have named him. The Senate ought never to have confirmed him. He was no more meant for the position than was Boss Murphy for the rectorship of Trinity Church. Oil, sugar, beef, tobacco, steel—every outlaw trust is overjoyed. The popular interest has donned mourning or is making ready to do so. The whole is enough to jaundice the cheek of one's Americanism. Not that one blames Mr. Hughes. When the wagon breaks down one blames only the wheelwright. The entire business, however, helps one to understand what Walpole meant when he said, "I could love my country were it not for my countrymen."

# *The Newest Plays*



Kitty Mason, who is appearing in  
"Gibbs," and Muriel Starr (standing),

"Our Miss  
who is in "The Storm"

Two artistic photo-studies by the Campbell Studios, Waldorf-Astoria, New York



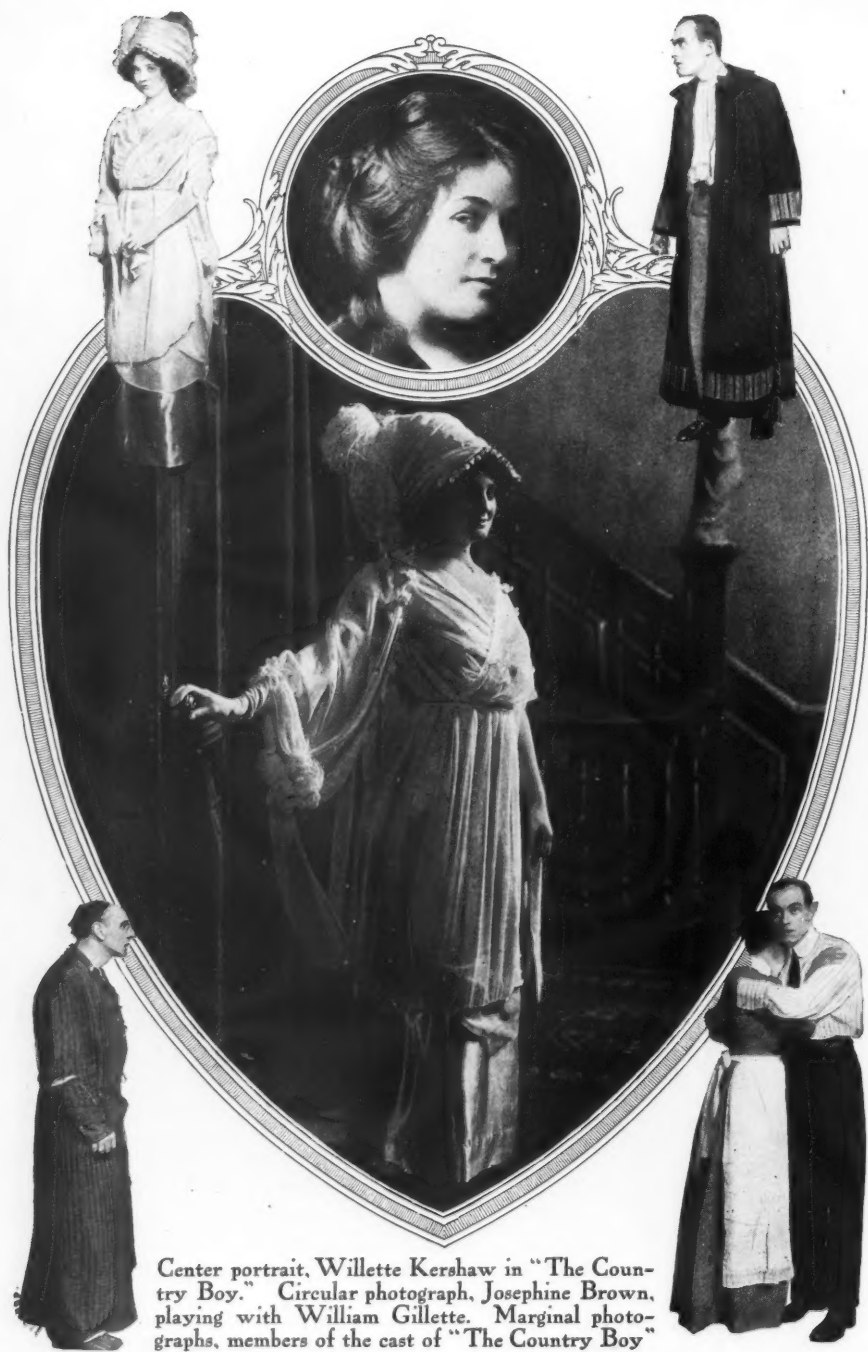
LEFT PORTRAIT OF BESSIE MCCOY COPYRIGHT BY THE MOFFETT STUDIO

Large portrait, Bessie McCoy, star of "The Echo." Scene from the same play. Side photographs, Bessie McCoy in other scenes in "The Echo"



"BRASS BOTTLE" PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES FROMMAN

Large portrait, Julia James, of the "Our Miss Gibbs" cast. Scene from "The Brass Bottle." Side photographs, Richard Bennett in the same play



Center portrait, Willette Kershaw in "The Country Boy." Circular photograph, Josephine Brown, playing with William Gillette. Marginal photographs, members of the cast of "The Country Boy"





Center portrait, May De Sousa in "The Commuters." Circular photograph, Jessie Howe in "Follies of 1910." Marginal photographs are of leading members of "The Commuters" company

OF  
HOW



John Webster and Ruth Rose in "Bobby Burnit." Ida Conquest in "The Blue Bird." Side photographs, Wallace Edinger (Bobby Burnit) and Julia Hay



Dorothy Tennant and Gertrude Quinlan  
in "Miss Patsy." Florence Nash in  
"Miss Patsy." Side photographs, Mabel  
Hite, the star in "A Certain Party"



DRAWN BY C. E. CHAMBERS

The young man at the blackboard turned in time to see Wallingford slide down in his chair, his arms limp and his head hanging sideways

(*"The New Adventures of Wallingford"*)

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

# Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE FINANCIAL BIGWIGS

By George Randolph Chester

*Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.*

Illustrations by C. E. Chambers

WALLINGFORD moved one foot and groaned. He moved the other foot and cursed. Then, still fingering the card which a soft-stepping servant had brought him, he grunted,

"Show him in!"

The man turned to go.

"And, Williams!"

Williams turned like a smooth-running automaton.

"Any time this gentleman calls, whether there are any of us at home or not, take the best of care of him. Give him the Louis XIV suite, and take orders from him exactly as you would from me."

"Yes, sir," said Williams, his long face, with its peculiar down-slanting lines, betraying no more gleam of interest than if he had been a wooden figure.

"And, Williams."

"Yes, sir."

"You're the cheapest and clumsiest thief on the Avenue."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Williams, covering confusion with dignity; "but nothing in my service, sir, calls for me to accept such epithets. I must preserve my self-respect, sir, even at the loss of a good position, and I—"

"You're a damned cheap thief, I say!" flared Wallingford, his big round face, grown pouchy in the last few years, turning violently red. "If you don't stop mixing the '03 port with the '98 to cover up your snabbing out my good wine, I'll look up your record and put you through. Don't you ever try to fool me, you piker. Your work's too raw. I invented and have forgotten more tricks than you ever heard of."

"But, Mr. Wallingford," began Williams quite humbly.

"Oh, shut up!" said Wallingford, adjusting his eyeglasses and looking up with a relaxing of his frown. "I'm a little cross from the rheumatism this morning, that's all. You've been a cheap crook some place, and I know it, but don't let that worry you. I'd rather have a handy crook around me than an honest blockhead. Now shoo in Mr. Daw and behave yourself."

"Thank you, sir," said Williams and withdrew.

"Hello, Jimmy!" said the breezy voice of Mr. Daw a second later, then he stopped short and looked Wallingford over. "Holy Mackinack, how you've changed!" he said. "What have you been doing to yourself, Jimmy? You always was a big man, but your chest used to be your biggest measurement, and now you spread out in all directions. Why, you're fat, and your hair is turning gray! You have puffs under your eyes, and you're wearing glasses and a smoking-jacket and slippers! Never mind, old sport, I am still your friend. You can lean your head on my chest and tell me your troubles any old time."

Wallingford shook hands with him, and beamed upon him out of his reddened eyelids with genuine affection. "Rheumatism," he explained. "The dampness of the ground that grew a hundred tons of grapes has at last got into my bones. But you're no squab yourself, Blackie. You weigh twenty or thirty pounds more, and there are some streaks of gray in your hair and mustache. How's Violet Bonnie?"

"Fat too, Jim. She weighs a hundred and sixty, and frets on another pound or so every few months; but she's still the same good sport. How's Fannie?"

Wallingford's face lightened and softened. "She is fine," he said simply. "She's out



driving with the youngster, just now, but she'll be in presently and will be glad to see you. What will you have to drink?"

"Water," said Blackie solemnly. "I've been on the wagon a year now. I had to take the ride or lose Violet Bonnie, but now I've tried it I'm strong for it. Look at my complexion," and with the vanity of a girl he turned to gaze at himself in a glass, and twirled his natty mustache. He gave a slight touch to his rich cravat, and smoothed down, over a now comfortable chest, the lapels of his Prince Albert.

"The same old Blackie," Wallingford laughed; "but I'm sorry you're on the wagon. You might break over on this visit, for old sake's sake. I have some of the finest way-back-there Sauterne in the cellar that ever slid into a Venetian glass."

"Sauterne, eh?" said Blackie. "You're not fussing with the bubbles any more?"

Wallingford shook his head sadly. "Hissing wines are off the list," he declared in sorrow, "and now the doctor threatens that all the others will have to go—even my port. I'd just as lief be dead and be done with it."

Blackie looked about him at the magnificent library, with its beamed ceiling and its high wainscoting and its dark Flemish furniture, its good pictures and its rare fittings, and shook his head. "No, you wouldn't, Jim," he declared. "It's peaches and cream to you, putting on all this dog. You've got one of the finest houses on the Avenue, I suppose, carriages, horses, three or four autos, a dozen servants, a fat bank-roll, and just enough investments to watch. You don't want to die."

"No," confessed Wallingford with a smile of pride. "I think I'll agree to live a while longer."

"But how did you get it?" demanded Blackie. "Three years in Europe has put me out of the running. Wise me up."

"Banking," stated Wallingford with much complacency.

"Banking?" repeated Blackie. "You don't mean that you cleaned up so strong from that bank we stole in Jinkinsville, just before I joined Violet Bonnie in Europe?"

Wallingford shook his head with a frown. "'Stole' is a bad word, Jim," said he. "We don't use it on the Avenue. I merely acquired that bank in Jinkinsville; but it was the start of my present success." Present success! That was a new way of talking for

J. Rufus, Blackie reflected. "If you'll remember, I had a plan then of organizing and consolidating the country banks of the Middle West. Well, I did it, and you see the result. Of course I'm out of banking now, but the papers all over the country commended it as a bit of extremely clever financing. I'll show you a clipping-book, by and by, that will interest you, I'm sure."

Blackie waited for the old-time chuckle, but there was not even a smile. Wallingford was taking himself quite seriously. Blackie shook his head sadly.

"Tis a sad home-coming, friend of my youth," he commented. "They've changed all the electric signs on Broadway. You can't get a drink with your lobster after one o'clock. Churchill's has moved from Forty-sixth to Forty-ninth. You have turned respectable! Why, you never have a chance to be broke nor escape arrest by the skin of one tooth. I suppose you wouldn't let a boob come up your driveway to hand you money. You belong to half a dozen commercial clubs, I guess, and have money invested in bonds, and probably clip coupons. By gravy! Even that's the truth!" he exclaimed as he noted Wallingford's smug self-satisfaction. "I'm going back to Paris just as soon as I can drag Violet Bonnie away. I know a couple of apaches back there and a crook that's been in jail three times."

"It's good to see you," said Wallingford. "Maybe I am becoming too much settled down, Blackie. To tell the truth, I do miss the excitement, but this infernal rheumatism—"

"It isn't the rheumatism," declared Blackie. "You've simply become respectable, and that's worse."

The soft-footed Williams interrupted at that moment with a deferential apology and a card. Wallingford glanced at the pasteboard and recovered his dignity with a jerk.

"Show him in, Williams," he directed. "Edward H. Falls," he explained to Blackie, reading from the card after Williams had retired. "Falls, the railroad wizard. He lives just above me on the Avenue, here," and there was so much pride, and even awe, in his tone that Blackie once more gazed at him in astonishment.

"Right up among them, ain't you?" he commented, watching Wallingford curiously, remembering the days when he would have treated as a good joke the meeting with such a man.

Wallingford smoothed down his waistcoat. "I'm just playing a bigger game, that's all," he declared, and, though it hurt him physically to do so, arose without a wince to greet the wizard.

Mr. Edward H. Falls was a leather-faced, wiry little man with a beard which could never be shaved closely enough not to be black. His shoulders were slightly stooped, and he seemed shrunken in his clothes, as if they belonged to a larger man. He did not move nor speak as if he had much energy, but his intensely black eyes glowed and burned with a carefully controlled fire. Wallingford fairly purred as he greeted the man and introduced Blackie, and then he excused himself and Mr. Falls from the society of Mr. Daw, and the two eminent financiers went into the adjoining den.

## II

MR. FALLS looked at his watch. "I can spare you only fifteen minutes," said he, "and could not have done that had I not been compelled to motor out in this direction; so let us discuss at once the important bit of information you have about the Lake Michigan and Pacific Railroad."

"It is rather more than information, Mr. Falls," said Wallingford with some impressiveness, and he unfolded a heavy, canvas-backed map. "I surmise that your Chicago and Manhattan Railroad wants an independent outlet to the Pacific coast. The Lake Michigan

and Pacific was recently acquired by the interests you represent." Wallingford glanced across at himself in the glass with esteem and self-approval. He liked his own language. "There exists but one feasible plan for joining these two main trunk lines that you have secured, except at a tremendous waste of time and money. At one place on the map"—he placed his finger upon it—"these two roads approach each other, by a deep inward curve, to not over a hundred and twenty-five miles apart, then they rapidly diverge again."

Falls nodded his head. "I know," he said. "It is right through the virgin timberland owned by Hiram Snead. Snead won't sell. He wanted to leave that timberland to his estate, he said."

Wallingford smiled a supreme smile, a close duplication of his old-time cheerfulness under pleasing circumstances. "Snead changed his mind a few days ago," he said, and Falls immediately awoke. "He quarreled with the last remaining heir with whom he was still upon good terms, and, feeling himself near death and wishing to go to heaven well recommended, he sold and donated the entire cash proceeds to a dinky little Northwestern college which is hereafter to be called Snead University."

"Who owns the land?" Falls asked curtly, anxious to come to the point.

Wallingford smiled and passed a box of cigars. "I do," he stated with quiet enjoyment. "I suppose the Chicago and Manhattan wants it,



Mr. Daw looked Wallingford over. "Holy Mackinack, how you've changed!" he said

but if it don't the land is a good investment at the price I paid for it."

"Let's come right down to brass tacks," said Falls. "How much do you want for a right of way through that timber tract?"

"I don't want to sell you a right of way," said Wallingford with the aggravating quietness of one who holds the whip-hand; "but I'll name you a price for the entire tract. I'll take a quarter of a million dollars, and I'll take my pay in stock of the Chicago and Manhattan and Lake Michigan and Pacific railroads."

Falls studied him with narrowing eyes for some moments before he made any reply, while Wallingford sat back and beamed.

"If we were to pay you any such sum in stock it would cramp our control," Falls objected.

"You'll have to let me into your pool," Wallingford stated with calm decision. "I hold the key to the situation, and I must be paid for it. When you announce the projection of your through trunk line this stock will more than double in value."

Again Mr. Falls studied Wallingford through his beads of eyes, with a curious motion of his flaccid lips. "I'll confer with my associates," he said abruptly, "and I'll let you know what we can do, within, say, one week," and, rising, he looked at his watch, not briskly, but as one who has calculated well and merely wishes to make sure.

"Well, Blackie, what do you think of him?" inquired Wallingford when the great man had gone.

"Outside of what I think of him I guess he's all right," commented Blackie. "Of course somebody has to have him, but I'm glad that it ain't me. He's probably kind to his family, though."

"What's the matter with him?" inquired Wallingford with a frown. "He's one of the greatest railroad financiers in this country."

"Sure," agreed Blackie. "A great railroad financier is a man who don't give a hang who owns the railroad, just so he gets it. Personally, I like your man Falls—when he's pointed at somebody else. You see this red spot just between the eyebrows, where it's beginning to blister? That's where he looked at me when he first came in. I'd just as lief have him around as to carry an open razor in my pocket."

Wallingford laughed. "I guess he is a pretty keen proposition," he admitted; "but he's not the first keen one I've met, and in

the present instance I have the edge on him. I'm going to sell him a piece of property for a quarter of a million that cost me only a little over half of that. He has to have it, and can't get it through any other source than myself."

"Fine business!" declared Blackie. "But be sure you get your pay before you let go of the property, and don't let him know where you hide the money."

"I'm going to do better than that, Blackie. There's a big railroad scheme afoot, where the price of certain stocks now standing at about sixty-eight will double in value, and I'm demanding my pay in stock. I'll make half a million in a few weeks. Blackie, there's a chance for you to get in on this deal. I'll tip you the word when, and you put a few thousand down on it."

"Hush!" said Blackie. "Violet Bonnie is now in the city buying the advanced New York styles to take back with her to Paris, but wherever she is I'm afraid she'll hear you when you mention my handling money. If you have a good tip hand it to her, but don't bother me with it. I'm allowed to buy peanuts and champagne and theater-tickets, but further than that Violet Bonnie and myself have agreed that I'm a damned fool. Less than a thousand I can play with; but anything over that belongs to the head of the house."

### III

OFFICE-BOYS and secretaries glanced in curious speculation at the new type of man who gained unquestioned access into the inner sanctum of Edward H. Falls, for men of Wallingford's stamp did not very frequently appear there. The mere fact that he wore a silk hat and a black frock coat and carried a gold-headed cane was not so unique, though a little uncommon, as to attract more than passing notice, but there was something in the very expression of the broad, round face, with its small, puffed eyes and its close-cropped mustache and its smug pomposity, which made them look twice and smile. Into a public dining-room of the very best class Wallingford could walk, and command instant respect and extraordinary service without an effort upon his own part, but here—well, the quiet, serious, unassuming men who controlled the financial destinies of the United States were not like him. That was all.

Mr. Falls, having made up his mind to

receive Wallingford, greeted him with sufficient, though brief, cordiality, and conducted him immediately into a larger rear room, where already sat, about a mahogany table, four men to whom the newcomer was introduced in brief turn. At no moment in his life had Wallingford felt any triumph such as this moment gave him. It was the apex, the just reward of his financial genius, and there was no expressing the debonair ease with which he walked into that room, in spite of the rheumatism which made him lean rather heavily upon his stout cane.

The men had apparently been deeply engrossed for about an hour, for the table was a litter of papers upon which much figuring had been done. Wallingford, after his introduction, sat in the chair to which Falls motioned him, and beamed about him at his fellow financiers. If any one of them received the beam he gave no sign.

"Then we'll put it for the fourteenth," said Mr. Mountain, he of the bald head and round whiskers, as he arose and took up his hat and cane.

"The fourteenth it is," assented Falls. "I say, Vanderholl, you'll join me on the *Penzance* to-night, won't you?"

"I don't mind," said Vanderholl, rising and yawning. "I didn't know the *Penzance* was in. I'll probably slip up there in the launch right after dinner," and he too took his hat.

Mr. Pillager and Mr. Gilder were deep in discussion, and, as they both arose, Wallingford caught some fragments of the end of their conversation.

"I think so," said Pillager. "My collies look wiser than any of the other dogs, but I don't really believe they're any more intelligent."

"I like my Irish setters best," said Gilder. "Pleased to have met you, Mr. Wallingford," and shaking hands hastily with that gentleman, though scarcely sparing him a glance, he departed with Pillager, though Mountain forgot even that ceremony when he left, Vanderholl making up for it by an over-effusiveness which meant but little more.

Wallingford felt that most uncomfortable sensation of having the smile of assuredness, which he had worn upon entering the room, gradually desert his countenance in spite of all his stiff-lipped efforts to keep it in place. Why, this was no sort of a meeting at all! He had expected some one to make a speech. Meetings, so far as he had con-

ducted them, had always been embellished with speeches. He had even expected to make one himself. He had, in fact, phrased parts of it, and had seen himself, in imagination, standing impressively before them, smoothly and easily explaining his connection with the proposed ocean-to-ocean consolidation, and his plans for its organization and future. He had seen these gentlemen listening in respect, even in admiration; but now he somehow or other felt decreased in size.

Falls made a few figures on a pad of paper and rang for his secretary. "You'd better close out this line of stock," said he to that brisk and capable-looking man. "I don't think the market will be any better. Mr. Wallingford, we have decided to accept your offer, although in a modified form. My secretary will deliver to you stock in the amount of one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and cash in a like amount, in exchange for a clear deed to your timber tract. It will help us all, yourself included, to have you buy the balance of your stock in the open market."

"Very well," said Wallingford, groping for other and more intimately familiar words, but finding none. He waited for Falls to say more, but Falls immediately turned to his figures again.

Wallingford cleared his throat. "When does the pool begin operations? On the fourteenth?"

"The fourteenth? Oh!" Falls smiled. "That date only relates to a Labrador trip. You may go into the market any time now. But I wouldn't call this a pool, Mr. Wallingford. We don't mention those things, you know. Each of us will handle his own stock independently. No announcement of the consolidation will be made for a few days, so that you will have time to purchase."

The secretary, by this time, had left the room, and had closed the door after him. Falls suddenly turned to Wallingford most confidentially, and placed his hand upon that person's knee with a little clutch of his thumb and fingers. Wallingford instantly changed his dour look for a smile and expanded his lungs.

"The stock of these two roads," Falls said, "will probably near two hundred within sixty days. We are all of us pledged to sell no stock below eighty-five. In order to make it reach there and hold firm at that price, we must buy all the way up. I

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

didn't care to mention this before my secretary, or even in full meeting, as it is better to be rather quiet about it." Wallingford visibly puffed out his chest. "It may be necessary, in order to influence the market later on, to carry quite a bit of stock on margin, but under the present circumstances that will be a very profitable thing to do. Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Wallingford, upon being on the inside of one of the best deals of the past ten years."

The change in Wallingford was remarkable. From feeling shrunken and old, he suddenly knew again the full force and strength of maturity; his chest once more swelled out within his waistcoat, and the ineffable smile which for years had won him confidence among his mental inferiors and lesser brothers in guile, once more spread itself expansively upon his big round face.

"I see," he said with a chuckle. "I am simply to go into the market and buy my hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stock at whatever price I can get it."

"You'd better buy twenty-five thousand each day for five days. It may take some manipulation to put these securities where we want them."

"I see; and when we get it to the point we want it we'll let the dear public hold the bag," and Wallingford chuckled his old-time chuckle, closing his eyes and shaking his shoulders and heaving his breast.

Falls glanced at the purpling face of his new associate with sudden distaste, arose, and looked at his watch. "Nobody 'holds the bag,' as you put it, upon the increase in value made by a legitimate improvement," he stated dryly.

"I understand," said Wallingford unabashed, rising and donning his silk hat and shaking hands most cordially with the great railroad wizard. "You'll find me on the spot, Mr. Falls; right on the spot!"

He walked out through the offices even more pompously than he had come in, casting about him glances of proprietorship. It was a beautiful day of sunshine and all the world was happy as he emerged from the big skyscraper and stepped into his French car.

"Telephone the folks and ask them if they don't want to take a run down to Manhattan Beach," he directed.

While Henri telephoned, Wallingford lit one of the big black cigars of which he had been so sparing since the rheumatism had

come upon him, and sat back as happy as a boy while he smoked, looking about him at the tall buildings and at the bustling energy apparent on every hand. He was a part of all this financial control. This deal alone would scarcely make him less than half a million, and if he could secure and hold enough of the stock to make himself worth considering in the consolidated trunk line, there was no telling to what heights he might arise!

"We're going out among 'em," he jovially stated to the family as he put them in the car. "We're going down and watch the common people amuse itself. We're going to laugh and grow fat, and I'm about to eat and drink all the things that have been forbidden me for months. Manhattan Beach, Henri."

"Joy, joy, joy!" approved Blackie. "I understand your glee and congratulate you. It's because you got away from that Wall Street meeting with your pocketbook."

"You lose, Blackie," laughed his wife. "Jimmy wears the smile that won't come unhooked because all the big guns wept sobs of joy on his shoulder and called him sweetheart."

Wallingford winced at that, frowning as he thought of his humiliation. Immediately with the start down the Avenue, however, his spirits rose again.

"Those fellows don't sob so much," he stated. "They let the boobs do that. We had some meeting, though, one of those important affairs, the real purpose of which is not talked openly, though a secret understanding is established."

"I see," said Blackie, "just an honor agreement, like one of those gentlemen's poker-games where the gentleman that turns around to take a drink loses his chips."

"I'm not going to turn around," laughed Wallingford. "Now, Vi, listen to me. I want you to get busy to-morrow when I do, and double your money in a month."

"Maybe you're right, Jimmy, but I'm a nervous lady," protested Violet with a slight frown. "Many a good sport that wanted to marry me went broke before I could say yes because he would insist on a hundred per cent."

The machine gathered speed enough to prevent further conversation along this line, but at the beach, having secured a rail table and a good waiter and ordered an old-time Wallingford dinner, selected with care



and judgment and lavishness, he plunged once more into his argument.

"It's a cinch, Vi," he persisted. "I'm on the inside of this. The Lake Michigan and Pacific and Chicago and Manhattan railroads, the stocks of which are now selling around seventy-eight, are to be consolidated in a great Atlantic-and-Pacific trunk line. I hold the connecting link. To-day I sold it to the Falls crowd for a quarter of a million dollars, one-half in stock of the two roads and the other half in cash. Our pool will buy up at once all the remaining stock that we can get hold of. Within a week the stock-gamblers who watch such things will suspect a boom and begin doing our work for us by bidding up the price. When they are through, the announcement of the consolidation will be made, and then she goes soaring! Every block of stock in those two roads will be fought for, and the stock which is now worth seventy-eight will be selling at two hundred before we quit. Get in now, Vi, and make your visit to Broadway pay you."

"No," said Violet Bonnie very promptly. "It would be a shame to take a profit for making this visit to the good old Main Stem; besides I haven't my overshoes along, and I get cold feet so easy."

"Allright, Vi," persisted Wallingford; "but when it is announced that Chicago and Manhattan and Lake Michigan and Pacific are to be consolidated, and the prices of those stocks begin to jump, you will be sorry."

"I won't even know it," she said loftily. "I'll be reading the dramatic columns of my evening paper, and wondering how May Hackett has

the nerve at her age to still play ingenues."

"Well, if I can't force you to take a present of a few thousand dollars, we'll forget it," said Wallingford resignedly. "I wish the band would get through with that bunch of musical toothache and play some good ragtime."

A short, thick-set man in a gray suit, with eyes set so far back in his head that the sockets looked like holes, who had been listening intently, now arose and hurried to the telephone, while Wallingford, dismissing

business for the day, turned himself to the serious occupation of amusing his family, his guests, and himself, and for the once reveling in red meats and highly spiced food and champagne without



Falls studied him with narrowing eyes for some moments, while Wallingford sat back and beamed

stint. He was more like himself than he had been at any time since riches flowed his way, and his wife, though worrying over his indiscretions, flushed with pleasure over his spirits.

It was a happy day, that, preliminary to the great campaign for the conquering of the financial world, and Wallingford retired that night with the blissful consciousness of a dream thoroughly realized. There was one blot upon his placid joy, however. All the late night papers carried the news of the proposed consolidation of the Chicago and Manhattan and Lake Michigan and Pacific railroads!

#### IV

CHICAGO AND MANHATTAN opened at eighty, Lake Michigan and Pacific at eighty-one and three-eighths, seeing which influence of publicity, Wallingford was tempted to spend all his money at once. He checked that ignoble thought, however, and purchased his twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of the cheaper stock, which had the effect of forcing it up level with its running mate. He had started to leave the office of his broker, feeling that he was through for the day, when he was startled by seeing a new Chicago and Manhattan quotation. Eighty-two and one-half! Much troubled, he went back to see Mr. Chiselwaite. The broker he had selected to act as his agent was a spare, sallow man, with a complexion the color of vanilla ice-cream, a queer bulge over his eyebrows, and hands with curved fingers like claws.

"I am afraid something rather unexpected has happened in Chicago and Manhattan and Lake Michigan and Pacific," began Wallingford hesitantly. "It's going up too fast. By to-morrow I'll have to pay a big price for it."

"Why don't you buy it now?" snapped Chiselwaite.

"Well, there is an agreement to support the market by distributing the buying on the way up, but, you see, it wasn't planned to give out the news of the consolidation just yet."

"Nyah!" grunted Chiselwaite. "A killing on that stock, eh? Take my advice; buy now. It may be too late to-morrow."

"I think I'd better call up Falls," said Wallingford dubiously.

"Falls!" snapped Chiselwaite. "Is he in on it? Then you had better be quick. You've got a hundred thousand credit here idle. Better let me send in an order for the stock."

"No, I think I'll 'phone first," said Wallingford.

"The 'phones are right out there," said Chiselwaite, somewhat impatiently, and he pointed to a row of booths just outside his private office.

In that room was a blackboard, before which were ranged about forty armchairs, mostly vacant, and a rail-thin young man with a stupendously high collar was silently posting quotations. Lake Michigan and Pacific was up another notch. Almost in a panic Wallingford telephoned Falls's office, and by great good fortune was permitted to talk to that gentleman.

"Certainly don't lump your purchases to-day," said Falls. "In place of that, sell. If you've bought twenty-five thousand, take your profits and sell fifty the first thing to-morrow morning. When it goes down a couple of points buy seventy-five. Half a dozen of us at it can shape the market to suit us, no matter what the public impression is at this stage of the game."

Much relieved, Wallingford went home, and at dinner he was filled with elation.

"Vi," he said, "you're making the mistake of your life that you don't get into the band-wagon."

"The music's too loud," declared that lady.

"It sounds good to the men who make the noise," returned Wallingford with a significant smile. "It's the lambs, the poor suckers who break into the Street and out again, who go broke," and he smoothed down his waistcoat over his rotund chest with great self-complacency. "Why, look, Vi, I had only planned to take the straight profits on the upward market, from the beginning at seventy-eight to the finish at two hundred, but when I left the office I had made three dollars a share on all my purchases. By to-morrow morning it will be ten. I close out that deal, make ten dollars a share on it, then take all that money, with twenty-five thousand more, and sell. We force down the market five points, all of us acting together, take our five dollars per share profit, and buy again. Our efforts, combined, are so big that the market must respond to every one of them. If we buy, the price goes up, and we get a profit; if we sell, it goes down, and we get a profit. I'll clean up a million on this one deal alone."

All evening he argued with Mrs. Daw.

"You're a nuisance, Jimmy," she said at last. "I don't know anything about this

game, and I don't like it, but I do know you. I know you've been a pretty smooth article all your life, and you always come out on top, so I'm going to take a little gamble, not on your old railroad stock, but on J. Rufus Wallingford. I'll give you my check for ten thousand in the morning, and you put the money with yours. Let it ride all the way."

"Good," he said. "But you'd better make it twenty-five thousand. Why, it's just like picking up money."

"They make you put it back if they catch you at it," she commented, profoundly unconvinced.

In the morning Wallingford took Mrs. Daw's check, prevailing upon her to make it fifteen thousand in place of ten, and went down to Chiselwaite's office. He had expected merely to leave his money with instructions as to how to invest it, but the unexpected developments of the day before had shown him that this plan would scarcely do; besides, the game was so absorbing that he could not stay away.

The stock was closely approaching par at the opening. Wallingford promptly sold the twenty-five thousand dollars' worth he had bought, adding twenty-five thousand more to weight it down, and watched the tape. He saw other sales than his own and knew that Falls and his associates were "on the job" with him. They were sticking together like brothers, emptying stock upon the market at a rate and with a decisiveness which frightened out the enthusiastic bulls who were not on the inside. They suspected an ambush, and within two hours after the opening, the two stocks, averaging about ninety-six, were forced down to ninety. In those two hours Wallingford had made a clean, net profit of several thousand dollars.

"Now buy," said Chiselwaite when his advice was asked. "Jump in with every dollar's worth you expect to take up, sell on the very next break, and step out."

"No," said Wallingford. "I must play the game. The others are sticking, and they know what they are doing."

Chiselwaite looked at Wallingford curiously a moment out of his lashless eyes. "You bet they know what they're doing," he declared. "They know, and you only guess. I never advise, but jump in, man."

"No," said Wallingford. "This thing was launched upon honor, and I'm going to buy and stick. Close my fifty thousand and buy seventy-five, and do the same with the

proceeds of the fifteen thousand I gave you this morning."

The effect of that purchase and the others which were reported upon the ticker was instantly apparent. Within an hour the two stocks had regained all that they had lost in the break, and were soaring upward again. The height they had reached, however, did not scare Wallingford. He knew now how the game was to be handled, and he went home thoroughly satisfied, even elated. Manipulating the market in company with such giants was an exhilarating pastime.

He found them all upon the porch at home and walked in so much like a conquering hero that even the mild Mrs. Wallingford bantered him upon it.

"You look as if you had just been elected big chief of an insurance lodge, Jim," she said, smiling.

"I've just been measured for the regalia," he admitted. "Vi, your little investment has made twelve hundred dollars to-day."

"I feel better already," said Mrs. Daw. "Did you bring me the money?"

"No," he laughed. "I left it there to make more. It's a shame to overlook an opportunity like that. You'd better come across with another ten thousand, Vi."

"Not for me," she said seriously. "I've had goose-flesh all day. In another day I expect a nervous breakdown. A week of it would find me in a dark room, giggling at the funny faces in the corner."

"Don't worry," he said, laughing. "When a group of big financiers start to shake down the market they simply dump the money into the cellar until they can find time to count it. Fannie, I'd like you to go into town and sign some papers with me."

His wife looked at him in silence for a moment, with a curious expression of half fear. "Very well," she said simply. That afternoon she went into the city with him and signed mortgages covering their entire property. On the way home she turned to him very gravely. "I didn't make any protest before," she said, "because I have never opposed you, but I have done something to-day that I had hoped never to do. I have jeopardized our home, our peace, our happiness, and the future of our boy. Please, Jim, be careful," and she put her hand appealingly upon his arm.

He only laughed. "I'm taking no more chance than I would be in telling you where I was hidden if the police were after me,"

he declared. "You don't understand business, Fannie."

"No, I'm quite willing to confess that I do not," she admitted with a sigh; "but I don't like to have it scare me so."

## V

ON Wednesday the two roads opened at three points ahead of Tuesday's close. Wallingford, who was in Chiselwaite's office with the start of the ticker, saw to it that his twenty-five thousand was immediately invested, and almost simultaneously with its purchase the stock began its steady upward climb. Wallingford watched the board with grave anxiety. There was a great deal of small-lot buying, amounting to a tremendous amount in the aggregate, and at the rate the stock was going he feared that it would reach the top notch before he could get all his money in. He tried to get Falls by 'phone, but could not connect with him. Very much worried he went in to Chiselwaite. That curt gentleman himself was very much concerned.

"Don't monkey with this market," he advised. "If you're going to buy, buy. If you're not, stay out, or you'll get your fingers burned. Clean up, right now."

For a moment the old instinct of self came upon Wallingford. His eyes narrowed shrewdly, and then came the sudden revulsion. He was no longer the old Wallingford. He was respected; he was known as a financier; he was a man of honor; his word meant something! Not being able to reach Falls throughout the day, he went home a trifle worried at the close of the market, but still glowing with self-approbation. He had held to the program! He tried for Falls again after his return home, to tell him how he had stuck to the ship, and this time found him.

"Too bad you didn't get me," said Falls. "The market is going better than we expected and you might just as well have bought. Jump in to-morrow and buy all you want, but save back some resources to support the market when it gets near the top. Then is when we'll need our strength. Remember, two hundred is the mark."

Wallingford reported this in huge glee to the family council.

"You say my fifteen thousand is worth twenty-eight now?" said Violet Bonnie.

"Yes."

"Is my money in an account separate from yours?"

"Yes."

"Is there any way a woman can break into that office?"

"I'm afraid not," said Wallingford with a smile. "Why do you want to go?"

"My money's there."

"And you want it?"

"Jimmy," she said, leaning forward impressively, "I want that money so badly I'm getting the stomachache."

"Come right along in the morning, and I'll get it for you," he said.

Wallingford promptly came out into the hall when his wife and Violet called in the morning, and the latter lady had both hands out, palms upward.

"I wish you wouldn't do it, Vi," said Wallingford. "I just telephoned Mr. Falls, and he says that at this juncture we must do nothing but buy. The slightest selling is liable to break the market just now, and I'm just giving instructions to Mr. Chiselwaite's operator to purchase for my account one thousand shares on a twenty-point margin at every two-point break. The upward movement at this point is more sluggish than we had thought."

"But, Jimmy," protested Violet. "I don't care what Falls says. I've seen him passing by, now and years ago, and I don't give two cents for the weazen. He's in the Sweeney Marathon so far as I'm concerned."

"Yes, but, Vi," insisted Wallingford, "even your little block of stock is likely to make a break. It only amounts to a few thousand dollars to you, but I have hundreds of thousands invested, and before we are through, maybe before the day is over, I may have every cent I have in the world behind this movement. If you insist upon pulling out you may jeopardize my entire fortune."

Violet looked at Wallingford curiously. "Aren't you in deeper than you ought to be, Jim?" she asked.

"Not at all," said he. "There isn't a chance that I can lose. Falls tells me that we may not reach the two-hundred mark, but that we'll go to a hundred and eighty at least, and then, counting my margin operations, I shall close out in a day or two with a million dollars profit. I'm taking my tip straight from Falls, and he certainly knows the game."

"I'd be willing to bet this twenty-eight



Wallingford felt that most uncomfortable sensation of having the smile of assuredness gradually desert his countenance

thousand dollars I'm apparently not going to get that for every million dollars Falls has piled up, a thousand people went broke," declared Violet. "But, Jimmy, am I really liable to hurt your game if I pull out?"

"You might," said he, passing his hand over his lips. "Every little counts just at this minute. I'll tell you what I'll do, Vi. I'll take the account off your hands and settle with you at the present market-value of it."

"Oh, I don't want to do that," she protested. "If you won't let me sell it outright, I'll stick in the gamble for myself."

"I'd rather you'd not," he insisted. "Neither one of us would feel quite satisfied; but I'll take your stock at its present quotation, and give you my check for it when I get home to-night."

A boy hurried into the hall, looking for Wallingford. "Telephone message for you, sir," he said, and executing a military wheel for the relief of his nervous energy he slammed back into the office.

With much concern Wallingford hastily bade good-by to the ladies and went to the phone. "A hundred and fifty-five?" said he. "Why, it was fifty-eight not five minutes ago! Certainly, Mr. Falls, I'll throw my entire weight under it." "Chiselwaite," said he, hurrying to that gentleman, "convert the stock in that separate fund for me as quickly as you can. In the meantime, buy me five thousand on a twenty-point margin."

Chiselwaite threw down the cigar-stub

which had lasted him all morning. "Buy?" he jerked out. "I never advise, but you want to sell. This market's going to break."

"It won't break," declared Wallingford. "There are too many of us behind it for that. Get busy with those commissions."

That night Wallingford came home elated, confident, smiling. "Well," said he, "we turned the market. To-day saw the largest volume of business ever done in a single pair of railroad stocks, and we boosted her up from a hundred and fifty-five to a hundred and seventy-two. That's going some. Tomorrow we push her up eight points more, and then the battle's over."

"Eight points more—that would be a hundred and eighty, wouldn't it?" said Violet. "Suppose it don't go to there?"

"Well," said he very cheerfully, "if it went down to as low as a hundred and twenty I'd be broke, but it's absurd to even figure upon that. There's no chance in the world of its dropping fifty-two points before I could get out, and selling at anything above forty is going to make me a handsome profit. I'll sell at a hundred and eighty, though, and make a million. Then we'll let the market break, and buy back the stock for nothing."

"I'm glad I got mine," declared Violet. "By the way, Jimmy, I haven't got it yet. Come across."

"All right," he laughed. "I'll make out the check for you when we go into the library."



"I'll go with you right now," she offered, and promptly arose.

"There you are, Jim," said Blackie. "You understand now, don't you, why I'm not trusted with money? Vi's idea is to do it now, and mine day after to-morrow. She's got me beat all ways."

"I'll hand it to her myself, Blackie. She's the brains of the family," agreed Wallingford with a laugh, and went in with her. He looked for his check-book, but could not find it. "I left my check-book at Chiselwaite's office," said he, "but I've an irregular blank here, one on the same bank but not numbered. I'll make it out for you," and he did so; but first he paused and figured a long time.

## VI

ONE hundred and sixty-nine, one hundred and seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two, and Chicago and Manhattan had gained what it had lost overnight, with Lake Michigan and Pacific lagging but a point and a fraction behind. One hundred and seventy-three, seventy-three and one-half, seventy-three and seven-eighths, seventy-four and one-eighth, seventy-three and seven-eighths, seventy-three and five-eighths. There were no more quotations on the two stocks for ten minutes. Wallingford had tried twice that morning to get Falls, but he was not in his office. Now he tried again. No one knew where Falls was. Seventy-three and one-quarter, seventy-three flat, seventy-two and three-eighths! Wallingford fidgeted nervously about in his chair. He had taken a seat up next to the ticker and had not left it, except to go to the 'phone, since the opening of the market.

He called a boy and wrote an order to Chiselwaite and passed it over his shoulder, turning immediately to the table; but now he seemed to be waiting for something. Presently it came—his own purchase—five thousand shares—which he got at seventy-two and an eighth. A few minutes later other sales were recorded, but none so large as his own. Then the market in the two stocks became very busy again. There were, perhaps, twenty men in the room now, all of them intensely absorbed in watching the tall and lathlike boy prancing backward and forward along the platform. From them Wallingford sat aloof. These other men, with their quiet remarks to each other, annoyed him. What did they know of the

market? They were not on the inside. They knew nothing of the big deal that was to be pulled off. He had given an order to buy, once that morning, so that they could hear it, and they had looked at him strangely, as if he were a fool. They were pikers, too, these men, and he was in on the play with one of the biggest operators in America, a part of a syndicate which at that moment was operating through a score of brokers!

One hundred and seventy-three again, one hundred and seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six. At that point the quotations wavered, fluctuating within a narrow margin covered by one point, and then they began gradually to drop back. One more concerted coup would do the business, and he wrote the order for it.

Chiselwaite came out to see him almost immediately. "Sorry, Mr. Wallingford," said he, stooping over Wallingford's shoulder, "but you haven't balance enough to fill this order. I shall have to have more funds; that is, if you wish me to execute it."

Wallingford looked up at him heavily and turned his head again. It seemed pulled down by the weight of his own jaw.

"Of course I want you to fill it," said he. "I left my check-book on your desk. Will you send it out to me?"

Chiselwaite did so, but first he looked over the stubs and figured Wallingford's balance. He shook his head, but sent out the book. When the check came back his quick eye noted that the writing was a trifle nervous, but he saw with satisfaction that Wallingford had drawn to the full amount of his bank-balance. Wallingford saw his purchase recorded, but the market went no higher. Instead, it receded, running rapidly down to seventy, to sixty-eight, a downward leap to sixty-five, to sixty-four, to sixty-two, to sixty. Wallingford hurried to the 'phone and made another frantic attempt to get Falls. He was "not in." He called up Gilder, Vanderholl, Mountain, Pillager. None of them could he locate. He went back to the tape. Fifty-eight. Something had gone wrong. There had been huge operations in these two lines, much buying and much selling, and now as he looked over the tape the figures suddenly became foggy before him. In spite of his assurance the night before, he had been nervous. He had sat up late. He had consumed much more port than was good for him. His eyes this morning were bleary and bloodshot, and the

network of little red veins upon his face stood out upon the background of unwonted grayish pallor with startling distinctness.

It was not ten minutes after this that Blackie Daw came into the room with a newspaper in his hand, and hurried up to Wallingford. "Look at this, Jim!" said he, thrusting the paper before his friend. "You've been made your own kind of a sucker. It's the swellest game that you ever had a part in, but this time you're the boob. They've played you like the worst hick in Yapville!"

Wallingford looked at the big headlines with dazed eyes for a few moments; then he suddenly comprehended.

#### FALLS IS KING

GREAT RAILROAD WIZARD CARRIES  
THROUGH GREATEST COUP OF  
HIS CAREER

POSITIVELY CONTROLS ENTIRE ATLANTIC TO  
PACIFIC TRAFFIC

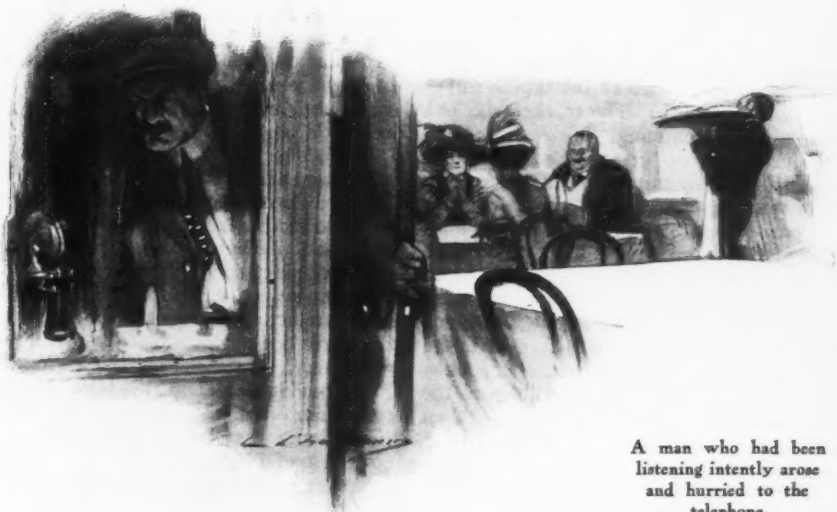
Mechanically he read how Falls had secured possession of the only connecting link which could make a rival transcontinental trunk line and worked up a boom in the stock of the connecting roads of this line to distract attention from his designs for the control of the other roads. The boom, affecting all other railroad securities, had

shaken out enough stock in the three Pacific trunk lines to give him and his associates control of all of them, snatching the crowns from half a dozen railroad kings, and altering the entire railroad map of the United States!

It was a wonderful achievement, one of which to be proud! Incidentally it was reported that the millions Falls and his associates had made from the "fake" boom in Chicago and Manhattan and Lake Michigan and Pacific had been enough to pay for the additional stock needed for the control of the other Pacific lines. The Falls crowd had not retained one share of the stock of the new trunk line which the public had so foolishly supposed was to be built. Chicago and Manhattan and Lake Michigan and Pacific were dead stocks from this time forth. The certificates were probably good for wall-paper.

"Soaked, I tell you, Jim!" went on Blackie. "Soaked worse than any of the rubes you ever cleaned in your old-time games. When a wise prop like you falls for a skin game he falls harder and farther than anybody in the world, I think. I've a notion to have you pinched, Jim. I'm ashamed of you. You're the rankest sucker in this all-sucker town."

Wallingford did not hear him. He had dropped the paper and had mechanically turned back to the tape. Fifty-five.



A man who had been listening intently arose and hurried to the telephone

Chiselwaite hurried over to him. "We shall have to have more margin, Mr. Wallingford," he said, watching Wallingford narrowly.

Wallingford waved his palms outward. "All in," he said.

Chiselwaite nodded his head. He had expected this. "You'll have to hypothecate some of your securities," he said, still studying his manipulator customer. "On your last purchase there is now only a ten-point margin, and I won't take a chance with it. What have you? I can make a quick turn for you."

"I'm all in," repeated Wallingford, almost listlessly.

"Then I'll have to begin closing out your stock," declared Chiselwaite promptly. "I'm not going to hold the bag. It's not my business."

"Close it," agreed Wallingford. "Do whatever you need to do. Save me what you can."

"I'll be lucky to get out even myself," said Chiselwaite. "I warned you when it was time to clean up. I suppose you know whose stock you've been buying for the last two days, don't you? The Falls crowd has been selling it to you."

Wallingford sat as one in a daze and did not answer.

Blackie tapped him on the shoulder. "I'm going up-town for the women folks," said he. "I'm to meet them at the Plaza with the car. Shall we drive down here for you?"

"I don't mind," said Wallingford dully, and looked once more at the tape. Fifty-two and one-eighth. The market was not falling; it was tumbling!

Blackie hurried up-town and got the women. As they came down Fifth Avenue they were stopped by the traffic policeman at Forty-second Street; two other automobiles lined up abreast with them, to wait for the heavy cross-town current. A small man with a leathery face and a chin which was black in spite of an hour's-gone shave sat back, shrunken in his loose clothes, amid the deep-padded leather of the center machine, and looked neither to the right nor to the left until he was hailed by a smooth-shaven and natty-looking gray-haired man in the machine just beyond him.

"Hello, Falls," said the natty one. "Congratulations on your big trick!"

"Thanks, Fisher," returned Falls.

"Hear you cleaned up several million," suggested Mr. Fisher.

"I don't know the exact amount yet," said Falls complacently, "but it was fairly satisfactory."

"Where you going?" asked Fisher, indicating the well-worn traveling-bag upon the front seat of Falls's auto.

"On my way down to the *Penzance*," Falls idly answered. "She's lying off near the Battery with all the family aboard. We expect to take a little run up the Labrador coast for a month or so."

"Before you go," shrilled a woman's voice, "I want to give you a piece of my mind."

Mr. Falls turned in surprise to find Violet Bonnie standing up in Wallingford's car, and leaning upon the door of the tonneau in order to gaze more directly down upon him. Mrs. Wallingford, panic-stricken, tugged at her gown. Blackie said appealingly, "Oh, cut it!" but Violet Bonnie was not to be stopped. Whether under stress of excitement or in the calmest of moments, she had no lack of words with which to express her sentiments, and now she proceeded to call Mr. Falls every variety of robber and assassin ever invented.

"And I know your record, too, you old petit-larceny thief," she went on. "I never yet have gabbled anything I knew about any decent Johnnie that used to fuss around back of the curtain when I was in the show business, but I got a list of scandal about you that I'm going to turn loose to the newspapers as quick as I can get to a reporter. I know your whole libretto, lyrics and score, and, believe me, here's where I cut loose!"

While she "cut loose," the catastrophe in Chicago and Manhattan and Lake Michigan and Pacific continued its direful course. The two securities were down in the neighborhood of one hundred and thirty now, and still dropping, sometimes in leaps of five points at a time, as frantic holders of stock sought reluctant buyers at that figure, and the whole line of railroad stocks went down with them. It was during this period that Falls, having lied about his hour of departure, completed his control of the Pacific roads, stock that he had not been able to coax out of its hiding-places by the high figures offered being scared out by the slump.

Wallingford sat motionless for a long,

long time, watching the figures only mechanically, knowing that he was beaten, merely waiting for the quotations which would show him to be entirely wiped out.

So this was the end of it, of all his dreams of conquest, of financial supremacy, of social eminence! A score of times—no, many scores of times—in his life he had been “broke” and had not particularly cared; it was only a part of the game, and if he was “down and out” one day, he would have money the next. But now he had lost something more than money. He had lost position, fame, respect, things which money and success had brought him, but which it would take much money and much success, more than before, to regain. The future had seemed secure, and it had been an honorable future, too, one without a blot to mar the happiness of Fannie and the boy. He savagely brushed his eyes with the back of his hand, and looked back to see if anybody was watching him. No one was. Every man there was interested in his own affairs, some exultant, some crushed, but all indifferent to any other joy or grief about them.

Quietly, now, Wallingford watched the quotations slip downward. One hundred and twenty-seven, twenty-six, twenty-four and one-half, twenty-four and one-eighth, twenty-three and seven-eighths, twenty-two and five-eighths, twenty-one, twenty and one-fourth, twenty! There was a slight gurgling sound, and the painfully thin young man at the blackboard turned in time to see Wallingford slide down in his chair, his arms limp and his head hanging sidewise, his mouth open, his tongue half protruding. For a moment or two the thin young man was only nonchalant, holding the chalk half poised in his hand to write the last quotation he had read from the ticker. Suddenly he came to life.

“Hey, Billie!” he called to an office-boy. “Hurry up and get a doctor. The gentleman’s got a fit.”

Then he ran to the ticker to catch up with the quotations he had missed in the delay. There happened to be a doctor among the traders in the room, and he hurried to Wallingford. He was bending over J. Rufus, feeling his heart and testing his eyes, when Blackie came in and at once hurried up to him.

“What’s the matter, Doc?” he demanded,

recognizing at once the professional attitude and the professional mannerism.

“Slight stroke of apoplexy,” said the doctor. “He’s been trading rather heavily here, hasn’t he?”

“Clean down to the gold in his teeth,” said Blackie. “Is this a bad attack, do you think?”

“No,” said the doctor. “It’s very mild. Here boy, hurry up with the cracked ice. He’ll be all right in a few minutes, but tell him he mustn’t monkey with this game. It’ll kill him.”

The doctor went home with them, at Blackie’s urgent request, and put Wallingford to bed and gave him such treatment as he needed.

“Where’s Fannie?” asked Wallingford with his first fully conscious breath.

“Here I am,” she said, and came forward from beyond the head of the bed. “What is it, Jim?”

He took her small, shapely hand in his big one. “Fannie,” said he, “Violet’s check will be protested. We haven’t a dollar, not a thing that we can sell for a dollar, not a foot of land, not a stick nor a stone.”

“Never mind, dear,” said she. “We can start again. We’ve done it many times before.”

He looked up at her with wondering eyes. She knelt down beside the bed and smoothed back the hair from his brow, and it was that touch which broke him down completely. He turned his head into her arm and sobbed, and she comforted him as if he were a child.

“I guess that’s the best thing for him,” said the doctor, and he led Blackie and Violet Bonnie out of the room.

When Blackie came back again, Wallingford was resting quite easily, and smiled at his old-time partner with more than a trace of his old-time smile.

“Well, how do you feel, Jim?” asked Blackie solicitously.

“Natural,” said Wallingford. “I needed to be stripped clean to enjoy life. Now watch me go out and get it.” He lay for a moment quietly musing and smiling, then he turned to his friend again with the old-time twinkle in his eye. “Say Blackie, I want to tell you a secret,” he said, and then he paused for breath, still smiling. “There’s a new sucker born every minute.”

The next story of “*Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*” will appear in the January number.

# More About "The Shame of Our Army"

By Bailey Millard

**F**OR one man to tackle the whole United States army requires no little temerity, and it is hardly to be expected that he will come out of the fray without a cut or a scratch. Indeed it would not be surprising if the daring individual were pulverized and the atoms of him were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Well, the valiant forces have descended upon me for writing "The Shame of Our Army" and upon the COSMOPOLITAN for publishing it. But though a terrible dust has been kicked up, the floating *pulvis* is not composed of the ultimate particles of me nor of the magazine in which I told how over fifty thousand men had deserted from the regular army in the past twelve peaceful years and tried to show why they had so disgraced themselves. Out of the smoke of carnage the writer emerges, hat in hand, smiling upon his opponents and respectfully observing that when the gallant soldier chooses for his weapon the rapid-fire, disappearing fountain pen or the typewriter Gatling he is not always at his best advantage. That worthy and altogether justifiable pride which he takes, as an integral part of it, in our great military system is likely to blind him to the indisputable facts in the case—such facts as I stated in "The Shame of Our Army" and am willing to stand by to the crack of doom.

To any patient, judicially minded man who has read my article and will sit down and carefully sift the mass of written objections, coming wholly from officers, never from the rank and file, the conclusion is inevitable that, **though first in military glory, the leaders of our army are not always luminous as logicians.** The chief objections to the article on desertion are:

First. That it was not pointed out that the men that desert are lazy, cowardly weaklings who would desert from any other post of duty.

Second. That I have misrepresented the kind of labor the private soldier is called upon to perform, that menial service is required of lawbreakers only, and that the pictures of soldiers illustrating my text—

photographs showing men doing drudgework of various kinds—do not fairly represent actual conditions at military posts.

Third. That in writing the article I omitted a multitude of things that might have been said on behalf of the government's treatment of enlisted men, and that I am obviously ignorant of army affairs.

Lieut. H. S. Brinkerhoff, of the Eighth Infantry, stationed at Monterey, California, has more to say on the subject of the character of deserters, or rather their lack of it, than any other of the many army men who have "answered" the offending article, which, by the way, the gallant officer brands as both "false and vicious." He refers to one kind of deserter as "simply utterly worthless, untruthful, unreliable, a shirk and a coward while with his company"; to another kind as being corrupted by women; to another kind as being drunken and disorderly; and to another kind as a man that "frets and fumes at each little task he is compelled to perform. . . . He is the man who is conveniently sick when particularly arduous duty, such as a long practice march, is ordered." "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there is," avers Lieutenant Brinkerhoff, "a specific cause that does not arise within the garrison."

Now this summing-up of the criticisms of my statements as to the cause of wholesale desertion from the army in time of peace may be taken as proceeding not from one officer but from many. It is characteristic of the army officer that he should consider the desertion of enlisted men from his command as a reflection upon his own power of satisfying and retaining them, hence the oft-repeated assertion that the cause of desertion does not arise within the garrison.

But the viewpoint of the officer is one thing, and the viewpoint of the private is another. And here it may be remarked that while many letters were sent in by officers who banged and slammed my article with awful adjectives, as many more were received from privates who upheld all my censure of the present military system as it affects deserters. **The only complaint**



made by the enlisted men was that I had not "gone after" the said system more thoroughly and more relentlessly than I did.

Plainer and plainer does it appear, as one scans these letters of officers and of privates, that there is a polar gulf between them—that a private generally is held in contempt by his superior, and that the superior is cordially hated by the private. Sad is this, but nevertheless true, and until the gulf is bridged the end of desertion will never be in sight.

What Lieutenant Brinkerhoff and his brother officers say of the bad character of the men who desert in time of peace may be held by them to constitute a reply to my article, but they are only shooting in the air. None of their projectiles can take effect, for the simple reason that I was not writing about the *kind* of men that desert, but the fact that they *did* desert—that over fifty thousand of them had deserted in the past twelve years. But if I were to write anything on the subject of the character of the men who have thus disgraced themselves, for the most part thoughtlessly and because of their youth, I would state after due investigation that among them is to be found a large proportion of well-meaning, law-abiding, and really courageous men who after enlistment found the army something other than they had pictured it or it had been pictured to them, and hence they elected to leave it. It is true, as I set forth before, that **the soldier deserts in time of peace because the army is a disappointment to him.** At the recruiting-station he saw no photographs of soldiers down in the ditch shoveling "dirt" nor in the mess-kitchen scrubbing pots and pans. What he saw were highly colored lithographs of men and officers, wearing fine uniforms, mounted on spirited horses or bringing field-batteries into action in gorgeous tropic valleys with no enemy in sight.

As to the second group of criticisms, coming under the heading of misrepresentation of the kind of duties performed by the man in the ranks, the worthy officers have a great deal to say. Not having any of this sort of work to do themselves they are ready to deny that the common soldier has more menial labor than is good for his physical and moral well-being. One officer affects to believe that I am one who would hold that "manual labor, performed solely for the

promotion of the cleanliness of one's surroundings, is a degrading and not an uplifting work." This intimation is too empty of sense to merit a reply. No argument was made in my article that the work was not necessary, that it should not be performed by some one; it was simply held, and I think proved, that men do not join the army with irksome and drudgeful labor in view; and that the work done by the enlisted men is in many cases irksome and drudgeful nobody can successfully deny. **This drudgery is kept in the background by the military authorities who are looking for recruits,** and when one speaks of it one is courting rebuke if there be any of the said military authorities within sound of one's voice. *Sh-h-h!* Not so loud! This is something we don't want to have discussed. It would injure the recruiting work, and we must keep up the enlisted strength of the army.

Several of my critics hold that menial labor in the army is never performed by free men, but only by lawbreakers under guard. This statement would merit serious consideration if it were true, but he that wishes to see soldiers of the regular army serving as waiters, or scrubbing pots and pans, or digging ditches, or cleaning out stables has but to go to the nearest army post and look about him. A writer in the *Army and Navy Register*, who is, of course, an officer and a gentleman, has these kind words to say about some of the photographs illustrating the COSMOPOLITAN article on desertion, "The exhibit of military prisoners under guard as the lot of the average soldier is the most brazen and contemptible piece of magazine lying we have ever encountered." Of course the man who wrote that didn't really mean it, but he thought he did. The trouble is that he thought wrong. I could bring a multitude of witnesses to his wrong-thinking as well as to that of all other writers who hold that the photographs lie, that they were all posed for the purpose, and so on. But just take this little extract from a Fort Hamilton soldier, who writes under date of August 12th of the present year of grace:

"We have to go on guard every other day, and the day in between we have to go out to work on the road all day long, with a slave-driving lieutenant to boss us. **They don't desert here, they purposely go wrong until they get five court-martials, and the sixth means a kick out of the service.** I guess I can safely say there is an average

of ten bobtails a month. This continued day laboring at fifty cents a day will break any bold spirit. I wish you would come out here quietly some time and bring a camera."

The COSMOPOLITAN has not cameras enough nor has it photographers enough adequately to picture the squads of men detailed to do hard labor in the United States army all over the country, and it is useless for its captious critics to declare that the photographs of working soldiers were false in any way or that a false application was made of them.

"Ignorance of army life," another count against me, is hardly a vital one, since I have been observing that life for years and spent months in collecting material for the COSMOPOLITAN article, taking it almost entirely from official sources. All my figures are quoted from War Department reports, which rather minimize than augment the frightful situation as to desertion, save when, by some sudden impulse, a high official frankly characterizes it as "a disgrace to the army," as Adjutant-General Ainsworth did in a document not yet a year old.

Several of my critics, and particularly Lieut. Henry L. Harris, of Brooklyn, insist that it was wrong to conclude, as I did, that the taking of finger-prints, the "mugging," and the Bertillon measurements of recruits as a means of identification of them as deserters were unfair to the men, and they deny that the punishment of elopers who are captured is too severe. Here again we have, of course, the viewpoint of the army officer, not of the men, a viewpoint that is inspired by the attitude of the adjutant-general, whose apparent idea is that the harsher the punishment for desertion the less there will be of desertion.

But in England it is now well understood that men are often made criminals by calling them such, and the War Office is trying to reduce the stigma that attaches to desertion in time of peace. It is treated as a minor offense, and the captured deserter is kept for a short term in detention-barracks where his friends rarely if ever discover that he is a deserter. So pleased was Admiral Charles Beresford after an inspection of these detention-barracks that he wrote:

"I am quite satisfied that the system is an immense improvement on the old plan of sentence in a jail where a stigma is attached to a man, perhaps for life, and keenly felt by his friends. . . . I shall recommend the

system for the naval service." Which he did, and it was adopted.

Strange to say, a relatively rational plan was suggested by William H. Taft, as secretary of war, in 1905. The plan was for a probationary service to afford the recruit the fullest knowledge of the character of army life. If this idea seemed a good one to Mr. Taft in 1905 why is it not a good one now? President Taft has far more influence than Secretary Taft. Why should he not use that influence for the suppression of desertion by gentle means and not by harsh and criminal-making ones? In any event, why not at the outset afford the recruit the fullest knowledge of what his duties are to be? If he knew precisely what he had to do as a soldier he would know whether or not he wanted to be a soldier.

My critics have accused me of misrepresentation of army life. Misrepresentation! **There was never any greater misrepresentation, even by the worthy Barnum himself, than there is in the present scheme of luring men into the army.** Not until he has made his enlistment oath is the recruit allowed to look inside where the plaster is not smoothed off. Before that nothing but the polished side is presented.

Drop deceit, drop unnecessary drills, drop the detestable "mugging" plan, dismiss the officer who curses and humiliates his men, dispel as much as possible of the dreary monotony of garrison life, and treat a deserter as though he were still a human being, though an erring one, and the number of deserters, instead of footing up to the awful figures of 50,000 in the next twelve years, will be but a negligible handful.

And you, ready-writing gentlemen of the officers' quarters, why do you darken counsel by words without wisdom? Platitude, evasion, and criticism of well-meaning critics will not win for you. Vain jargon in favor of the palpably unjust will avail you nothing. You know that General Funston was right when he declared that, more than aught else, the working out of theories of "hardening" soldiers in peace time made them damn the service; and if they damn it they will of course try to get out of it. Why put upon them so much hardship and humiliation while they are in it? They are every bit as human as you are, and so are their kin, male and female.

"For the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady  
Are sisters under their skins."



Carl Etherington, the boy that Newark, Ohio, made a martyr, and the telegraph pole on which he was lynched. Brutally beaten while doing his duty, he was



thrown into jail, whence he was taken by a mob after a farcical defense by the authorities and a fruitless attempt to die by his own hand. The pole where he was hung was later covered with zinc to protect it from souvenir-hunters

## Booze, Boodle, and Bloodshed in the Middle West

What's the Matter with Ohio—Also Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Missouri?

The Reign of Terror Created by the "Wets" and the "Drys"  
Which is Affecting the Whole Nation

By Sloane Gordon

**O**UT in the Middle West to-day there is warfare, vicious, vigorous, and pregnant with possibilities. Communities are divided, families are separated, men are reasonless and women prayerful. It is a warfare between the "wets" and the "drys"—a warfare in which the participants on either side Jesuitically maintain that the end justifies the means. The East cannot appreciate it. It hasn't reached the acute stage there that

it has in the Ohio and northern Mississippi Valley country. Such Eastern states as have prohibition—Maine, for instance—are suddenly content, it appears, to get drunk and let the statute-books contain such words and phrases commanding prohibition as political expediency puts there and keeps there.

The liquor question in the South has no bearing upon the issue that is convulsing the Middle West. Those states north of Mason

and Dixon's Line have no race problem coupled with the liquor question, except in isolated spots.

The Far West isn't wrought up over the matter yet, because the agitation hasn't, generally, assumed a malignant form in that particular portion of the Union.

It is in the Middle West, particularly in Ohio, that the battle rages, that the communities are disrupted, and that "liquor lynchings" are occurring.

One may prate about the tariff, about the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, about Canonism and Aldrichism, and all of these. They are potential issues, in their way, but they are not the *real* issues. There is but one paramount issue in the cities and the towns and the counties of Ohio, for instance. And that is the liquor question. It doesn't appear in political platforms, of course, except the negligible and fanatical Prohibition party platform. Why? Because political parties are cowardly. Platforms are not builded ordinarily upon foundations of candor. They rise upon the sands of expediency. They are constructed as vote-traps. And the political parties of the Middle Western states avoid the liquor question as they would the plague. "It is not an issue," they repeat, knowing the while it is the issue that settles more than one election, that determines governorships and senatorships in many instances, that sways and agitates Legislatures, that has its bearing upon every bit of legislation enacted by every General Assembly in the state in which the fight is going on. Many a vote is traded in legislative councils for this measure or for that, for this appropriation or for that, on the basis of a return vote for or against some anti-saloon measure. In many a city in Ohio, in Indiana, in Illinois, in other states, the mayor is elected or defeated on this sort of a platform, "Will he let us violate the law?" or, from the other viewpoint, "Will he enforce the sumptuary laws to the last limit?"

I shall take Ohio as an example for several reasons. First, because the contest has become more acute there than elsewhere. Second, because Ohio is not only the birthplace of the Anti-Saloon League and the headquarters of that powerful organization, but also the birthplace and the headquarters of the antagonistic organization, the Personal Liberty League. Third, because Ohio has furnished, in a recent riot and lynching, the

most notable example of the lengths to which the contending forces of fanaticism and hatred may go.

One day last summer a city of forty thousand population went crazy. That's the only charitable view to take of it. An entire municipality lost sense and reason and human attributes and ran amuck. It lusted for blood, and the blood-lust was sated. It babbled and prayed and shouted and pleaded; it cursed and raged; it dug with claw and fang into quivering flesh.

Newark, Ohio, "saw red."

A venturesome boy—a "detective" who, for hire, came into the town properly armed with legal authority to arrest those who were defying the law—was chased for two miles, surrounded by a frenzied mob, and beaten into insensibility. Before entirely losing consciousness he shot a man who was holding him while the cowardly assailants were hammering him over the head. Tardy officials took the boy from the mob and to jail. The mob followed, battered down the jail doors, dragged the boy through the streets—beating him and kicking him all the way—stopped to consider whether to hang him in the court-house yard, in the yard surrounding the residence of an eminent minister of the gospel, or in the yard surrounding the home of the common-pleas judge. Not arriving at a decision, a compromise was effected by stringing the conscious body up to a telegraph pole at a corner of the public square, within a stone's throw of the county temple of justice, within sight of the business center of a prosperous, progressive, beautiful town.

Eight thousand people witnessed this outrage. City and county officials saw it. And not a hand was raised to prevent it! Newark is within thirty miles of Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Not an official call for state help was sent to Columbus, although it would have been possible to get troops to Newark within two or three hours at the most. The mob raged for a day, crowning its passion with probably the most cowardly, most disgraceful, lynching that ever took place in America.

This maniacal mob was incited, if not actually led, by a man who had become rich through open defiance of the law—a defiance made possible immediately by his alliance with public officials, primarily by the disinclination, yes—the positive re-



Crowd in front of the Bismarck Café in West Main Street, Newark, Ohio. The detectives who had entered with



Dr. E. J. Barnes, mayor of Granville, who issued the warrants for the raids

fusal—of a majority of the people of Newark to obey a law governing their internal affairs against which that majority had voted, but which law was fastened upon Newark by the votes of the people of the county living outside of Newark.

The prohibition element contends that the law-defying saloon-keepers are responsible for Newark's day of horror. The "liberal" element claims that the overzealousness of the anti-saloon forces in their efforts to compel the observance of laws that a majority of the municipality had voted against is responsible. Both of them are wrong. Also, in a measure, both of them are right. But the Newark disgrace is only an incident in the internecine warfare that is raging throughout the Middle West to-day—raging there as it never has before and threatening, as it never has before, not only a repetition of Newark, but worse things. This is not exaggeration. It is proper, therefore, that a more detailed account, not alone of the Newark lynching, but of the conditions that preceded it, should be here set down.

Under the sun that warms and energizes the Buckeye State there is no more beautiful, no more prosperous, no more at-

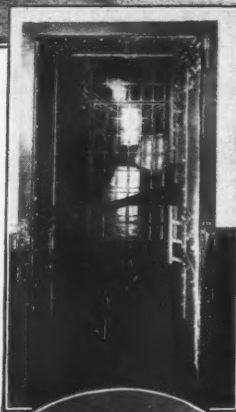
warrants were kept prisoners in the saloon by the crowd outside until they were arrested by the police and jailed

tractive little city than Newark, the county-seat of Licking County. It is not a bad town, albeit the lynching has blackened and befouled it. Its citizenry, taken by and large, will compare most favorably with the citizenry of any town of similar size between the seas. It has handsome buildings, paved streets, strong financial institutions, good men, good women. To be sure, it has always enjoyed, or suffered (according to your viewpoint), the reputation of being free and easy. It has had many saloons, a few gambling-houses, and just about the ordinary evils that an ordinary town in an average county in the Central West usually has. No one seemed to care much. The people were happy and prosperous, and there was no more violence there than elsewhere, no more trouble there than elsewhere. Conditions were not ideal, it is true; where are they or where will they be ideal this side of the Gates of Pearl? She had her reformers, too, who protested with intermittent regularity against the "monstrous evils" that were threatening to bring down upon fair Newark the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. The city officials took due cognizance of these reform protests in the regular, established, routine way; ordered the saloons



to be more observant of the laws, arrested a few of the unpopular recalcitrants, caused the gamblers to growl by opposing, for the nonce, their ideas of personal liberty, and then looked the other way, followed their own inclinations and the line of least resistance, and allowed the town to drift along, happy and contented and more or less averagely sinful.

These little outbursts of reformation took place in Newark every once or twice in a while, just as they do in other towns everywhere. Many a youth, no doubt, was ruined by sinful associations. Possibly some of them would have sought and found ruination and embraced it affectionately even if Newark had been hermetically sealed and orthodoxy sterilized. Anyhow, Newark was an average town, with average sins and average virtues, and the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest was working along clockwise and inevitable. This condition of affairs went on for a long period of years. And then came the day when Newark "saw red" and splashed blood along the curb that encircles the county's court-house!



Top and bottom photographs, Newark streets along which the mob dragged Etherington while debating where to hang him.—Cell in which the boy tried to kill himself when he saw the mob coming.—Adj.-Gen. Weybrecht, who accused the authorities of encouraging the mob

Now, in Ohio, they have four major liquor-regulation laws. The first one of the quartet is the Beal Municipal Local Option Law, which went into effect April 3, 1903. It provides that a special municipal election may be held, when forty

per cent. of the voters of a municipal corporation petition for it, to determine whether or not such municipality shall prohibit the sale of liquor within its limits. This law worked well, although arrogant saloon-keepers and rich brewers and others interested in the liquor traffic made themselves obnoxious by shouting abroad that the world was going to pot if such a law passed. Many villages and towns voted dry under the provisions of this measure. Many didn't.

There were violations of the Beal law in the dry territory, of course, and this had the natural effect of bringing about the passage of a search-and-seizure law, known as the Blind Tiger and Speakeasy

Law, which went into effect early in 1906. The law providing for residence-district local option by petition, the title of which discloses its nature and purpose, was passed and went into effect during the same year.

The next step was for county local option, which had already been tried in some other states. Every one of these laws was championed by the Anti-Saloon League, and when it became known that this great organization had its agents at work throughout the state, with a view to electing members of the Legislature who would favor such a law, there was consternation, indignation, and bitterness abroad in the land. That was the real start of the trouble that since has torn Ohio, that is tearing Indiana and Illinois and Wisconsin and Missouri. The liquor interests lined up in solid phalanx in opposition. A vast corruption fund was raised. The Anti-Saloon League, headed by Rev. Purley A. Baker, of Westerville, Ohio, the present general superintendent of the order in the United States, rallied its forces. It appealed to the churches; special prayer-meetings were held; children marched in the streets of the cities; women became hysterical. The legislators were inundated by telegrams. And the law was passed and signed. This law, known as the Rose County Local Option Law, went into effect September 1, 1908.



"The Old Stock Exchange," a saloon just off the public square, where Bolton openly defied the law.—The steel door that was battered down and the rams used by the mob.—Frank E. Slabaugh, the new sheriff.—Licking County jail, said to be the strongest in Ohio

Immediately petitions were circulated in various counties, and, just as promptly, the counties began going dry. But usually, in a county containing a town of considerable size, that municipality voted wet, its majority being

overcome by the almost invariable dry majority of the country districts.

Now, to return to Newark. Licking County held an election under the Rose law a year ago last January. Newark, the county-seat, went wet by 1557 votes. The county, including Newark, went dry by 798 votes. Newark didn't want to abolish her drinking-places, as shown by the vote. The country folk, some of whom lived many miles away, felt otherwise about it. Now Newark, among other things, manufactures—or did manufacture—more beer-bottles than any other city in the world. The immense plant of the American Bottle Company, with its 2500 employees, is located

there. This plant shut down. The owners were resentful. The employees, thrown out of work, were furious. Newark had become dry against her will, and the seeds of passion, sown in the election, rapidly grew and ripened.

Some of the fifty-odd saloons of the town closed their doors. Others began the operation of speak-easies. There was, for a time at least, a nominal observance of the law. The good people of the town were joyful and felt that they had accomplished, with the assistance of their country cousins, a great deal for the uplift of local humanity. But the unrest among those who chafed under the new restraint, who were sinfully desirous of doing as they pleased, regardless of the code of morals sought to be made standard by others who had never enjoyed the flavor of forbidden fruit, presented an opportunity to the vicious, who promptly recognized the advantage.

Lewis Bolton, a hackman, came to the front as the Napoleon of the army of lawlessness. Bolton was a local "sport" and had dabbled a bit in politics. He is slender, smooth faced, sharp eyed, and vicious looking—the sort of a man who can command and control the criminally inclined. Furthermore, his brother was the city solicitor, a position of no slight importance. Bolton had four times aided in the election of Herbert Atherton as mayor of the town. He had assisted others into office, this assistance consisting in handling the vicious elements on election day—in getting them to vote the way he wanted them to vote. Of course they all voted for ignorant, easy-going, negligible "Hub" Atherton, because "Hub" was always willing to buy a drink, always called the street-laborers by their first names, and always shook hands all around whenever he had the opportunity.

Hardly had Licking County awakened to a realization of the fact that she was really dry when "Lew" Bolton opened a saloon within less than fifty feet of the public square. There was a bit of mild surprise at this audacity, but Newark had long been used to being free and easy. The county-option law wasn't to her liking, anyhow; Mayor Atherton liked the brand of whiskey that Bolton served across the bar; and—well, why fuss about it? Other saloonists might make a pretense of selling only "near-beer" if they wanted to. Bolton made no such pretense.

"Give me a glass of near-beer," remarked a timid customer in Bolton's one day, soon after the place opened.

"How near do you want it—St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, or Columbus?" responded the facetious barkeeper.

All standard brands of whiskey were kept and displayed. Not only the mayor but other officials, of both the city and county, patronized Bolton's bar. Other saloonists, noting his success and jealous of the golden harvest he was reaping, took down their screens, and Newark, in less than a month, not only was as open as in the old license days, but was wider open than ever known in the history of the place. The town began to acquire a reputation as a "red light" town, and gamblers, thieves, and scarlet women flocked to the new El Dorado where law was laughed at and where Vice could walk unveiled. With the influx of the raff all local restraint and all local respect for law and decency and morality seem to have disappeared. Newark went from bad to worse and from worse to the unspeakable. Within the proverbial stone's throw of the court-house pictures so vile that they would not be tolerated in any but the lowest Parisian dives were exhibited in nickel-in-the-slot machines, and there was none to stop them. Worst of all, children—boys in knee trousers and girls in pinafores—were allowed to see these infamies.

Vice and crime became arrogant. Saloons were operating not only without license, not only without contributing to the support of the city, as in the old days, but absolutely without regulation or restraint. Good citizens, whether they were opposed to county option or not, were menaced and threatened and even assaulted when they attempted to enter complaint. It became necessary to organize a Law and Order League, and some of the best and most substantial citizens gladly joined. Warrants—search and seizure warrants—were sworn out before Common-Pleas Judge C. W. Seward. These were placed in the hands of the sheriff, William Linke, but it always "happened" that the saloons were conveniently closed when his officers went to serve them. "For over a year," Judge Seward says, "efforts were made to get the sheriff to act, but the efforts were fruitless."

The saloon-keepers, headed by Bolton, began to harass and hound the members of the Law and Order League. Judge Seward says that he held court with a revolver in an open drawer at his side. He was afraid to walk the streets unarmed, because he had dared to espouse the cause of decency. A beer-bottle was thrown through a window of his residence. The home of Rev. L. C.

Violation of County Option Law

# SEARCH WARRANT

(Under Woods Law, passed Feb. 23, 1906.)



The State of Ohio, Licking County,  
The Village of Newark  
To Edward Evans, Marshal Greeting:

WHEREAS, There has been filed with the undersigned an affidavit of which the following is a copy:

Mayor's Court of the Village of Newark  
Licking County, Ohio.

Before me, the undersigned, E. J. Barrell Mayor of  
said Village of Newark, personally  
Chas. Smith who being duly sworn according to law deposes and

says:  
That he has good reason to believe and does believe that from the 1st day of  
May 1910, until the 6th day of  
June 1910, intoxicating liquors, to-wit: distilled,  
malt and vinous liquors, with the vessel in which they were contained, and implements and furniture  
used in connection with the illegal selling, furnishing and giving away of said intoxicating liquors,  
were kept in the said county of Licking and State of Ohio, on the premises  
and in a building thereon located, described as follows, to-wit:

the old Stock Exchange  
East No 23 South Third St,  
a two story brick  
Licking County, Ohio

and that said intoxicating liquors were kept for the purpose of being sold and given away  
as aforesaid; in violation of the County Option Law, in said County and State, and that said building  
is the bona fide residence.

That he has good reason to believe and does believe that said intoxicating  
liquors are still now contained and said vessels, implements and furniture are still now kept at the  
place aforesaid and for the purpose aforesaid.

Sworn to by said Chas. Smith and subscribed before me  
this 6th day of July 1910.  
E. J. Barrell Mayor of Newark, Ohio

These are to command you in the name of the State of Ohio together with the necessary and proper  
assistance to go to the place aforesaid

[Here describe the place in the Affidavit]  
the old Stock Exchange  
East No 23 South Third St,  
a two story brick  
Licking County, Ohio  
of the said premises situated in the county of Licking  
aforesaid and there diligently search for and seize all intoxicating liquors and implements, to-wit: distilled, malt and vinous  
liquors, with the vessels in which they are contained, and implements and furniture used in connection with the illegal  
selling, furnishing and giving away of said intoxicating liquors, and the same or any part thereof found in  
such search forthwith before me to be used as evidence in accordance with law.

Given under my hand and seal this

A. D. 1910.

E. J. Barrell, Mayor

A gruesome exhibit in Newark's indictment for her "Red Day." While reading this warrant in Bolton's saloon E. Fortwangler (portrait) was brutally assaulted with brass knuckles by a porter. His blood, streaming down, stained the warrant as shown here



Sparks, pastor of the First Methodist Church, was rotten-egged. Scores and dozens of scores of threatening letters were sent to men who dared to demand an enforcement of the law. And all the time Newark was being more and more shamelessly debauched through the medium of cheap saloons, filthy exhibitions, and unbridled harlotry.

After more than a year of rapidly increasing lawlessness and terrorism the Law and Order League appealed to the state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League at Columbus, Wayne B. Wheeler, an attorney and the shrewdest and ablest man in the anti-saloon ranks. Wheeler struck quickly. He engaged a corps of special detectives from a Cleveland concern, and turned them over to the Newark Law and Order League. These detectives were headed by Harry J. Bradbury, a keen, courageous, and earnest young man who has specialized as a detector of municipal corruption. Bradbury wasn't afraid. He never is. Furthermore he had the advantage of not being hampered by prejudice, for he himself is not interested in the liquor fight, pro or con. His men mingled with the lawbreakers, drank with them, found them out. And what they turned up was amazing.

The worst phase of the situation was the absolute contempt for law and order that seemed to govern and actuate those who had started out, originally, merely to defy the county-option law. Vice became bold to the extent of not only controlling, but threatening, the authorities. Bolton ordered two traveling men to leave town because they had offended him, and then publicly abused the mayor for daring to interpose a halting objection. The president of the Board of Safety was assaulted by Bolton. J. H. Miller, head of the Law and Order League and a prominent attorney, was attacked in his own yard in broad daylight and badly beaten. Other men of prominence were threatened until some of them actually left town, one man in particular living for weeks in Columbus because he was afraid he would be killed if he remained in Newark.

Bradbury, through his detectives, continued to gather evidence of graft and corruption and other law violation, and when the Law and Order League got up nerve enough to move, warrants were sworn out before Mayor Barnes, of Granville, a neigh-

boring village, Bradbury's men were duly deputized to serve them, and the cleansing of Newark started:

Three saloons were raided, one of them Bolton's. The officer who led the raid on Bolton's was struck and badly injured as he was reading the warrant, a porter about the place using brass knuckles on him. Subsequently he was refused accommodations at a leading hotel because the clerk was afraid of the vengeance of the toughs. About the Bismarck Café a howling mob gathered and imprisoned six of the dry detectives in the place they came to raid and held them there for two hours, at the end of which time the police arrested the special officers and threw them into jail on charges of assault and battery set forth in warrants issued by Mayor Atherton. The third place raided was a saloon kept by one Robert Henry. The whole town was seething with excitement by this time. Threats to lynch the special officers were heard on every hand. Even talk of lynching Judge Seward and Reverend Sparks was indulged in openly, according to reports received by Bradbury. A crowd surrounded the Henry saloon when the officers, among them Carl Etherington, a young Kentuckian, entered it to serve the warrant on the proprietor of the place. Unable to cope with the mob, the officers slipped out the back way and ran. The crowd followed. Etherington became separated from the other men, and part of the mob took after him. Two miles they pursued the terror-stricken boy (he was only seventeen, although he had given his age as twenty-two to the Cleveland agency that employed him). He tried to climb onto the running-board of a passing automobile, and was brutally pushed off by one of the occupants of the vehicle. Near Riegel Park, in the outskirts of Newark, was a saloon conducted by William Howard, an ex-captain of police. Howard joined in the chase, and when Etherington, exhausted, backed up against a tree, Howard grabbed him and held him while others of the cowardly crowd struck him repeatedly over the head with various missiles. The boy, terror crazed, managed to draw his revolver and shoot Howard. As Howard fell the mob retreated. Then Etherington, on demand of an apparently peace-inclined bystander, surrendered his revolver. In an instant he was set upon again and beaten into unconsciousness. Tardily the police arrived and



took the boy to the jail—not to a hospital, where he belonged.

All this occurred in the middle of the afternoon. At eight thirty the news that Howard was dead was carried up-town, up to the public square of this modern city where men had for hours been feeding the flames of their passion with whiskey, where orators had been exhorting the crowds to violence. It was the one touch needed. A negro from the court-house steps called for vengeance. A white man dwelt upon Howard's virtues and upon the "dastardly deed" committed by "an outsider without authority in Newark." "Shall the hired thugs of the Anti-Saloon League be allowed to come in here and kill our best citizens?" he shouted.

The mob rushed for the county jail. It is the strongest jail in Ohio, and was built with a view to repulsing mobs. It is of massive stone, with massive steel doors and a narrow entrance. There are port-holes from which one man with a gun could hold the average mob at bay. There is a one-inch hose in the building that, if used, would have kept the crowd off. But the sheriff made no effort to protect his prisoner. The adjutant-general of Ohio says that he has reason to believe that Sheriff Linke "not only absolutely evaded and neglected his duty, but, in a measure, encouraged the mob in their work."

For one hour and twenty minutes the mob battered at the jail doors, and not a hand was raised to stop it. Women and children looked on. One woman with a baby in her arms stood leaning against the fence in front of the jail. Members of the Newark police force saw it and did nothing. Etherington, bruised and bleeding in his cell, could see his pursuers at work. Vainly he tried to beat his brains out against the walls. He found a match, and, huddled in a corner, wrapped the bedding from his cot about him and set it on fire, hoping to kill himself in that manner. The humane sheriff extinguished the fire and saved his prisoner for the human wolves that were gnawing at the bars. The mob reached the poor wretch at last, dragged him out, kicked him, cursed him, dragged his mangled body through the principal streets, and then strung him up to a telegraph pole near the court-house. It is said that the mayor was in the crowd and that he afterward invited some companions to have a drink. He denies this.

Governor Harmon, at his summer home in Michigan, heard of the Newark disgrace and hastened to Ohio, where he received a report from Adjutant-General Weybrecht. Then he went to Newark himself. Following his personal investigation, he suspended the mayor, pending a hearing, and notified the sheriff that he must explain. Both the mayor and the sheriff resigned. Bolton fled and was followed by one of Bradbury's men through a dozen states, being finally apprehended a month later in Delaware, Ohio, and placed under arrest for murder in the first degree.

But enough of Newark's tragedy. It is the conditions that brought it about that demand attention—conditions that prevail in so many communities in the Middle West that they amount to a menace. There are in Ohio at least three other cities in which the conditions that racked Newark prior to the riots are practically duplicated. This is not to be construed as a prediction that a riot is inevitably to follow, that murder is to be done, and that three more municipalities are to go crazy. But it is possible. The feeling is running high, mounting higher, and those of the one side are constantly stirring the passions of those of the other. It does not make for peace.

The bodies of the two Newark victims had barely cooled before the representatives of either side were rushing into print, disclaiming responsibility and endeavoring to prove the guilt of the opposition. Each side maintains its organs, and each of these organs supplants reason with denunciation and logic with cant. But the rank and file of that army on the one side which believes that it is a religious duty to prevent men from drinking alcoholic beverages, and of that army on the other side which believes that it is man's God-given right to drink what he pleases, so long as he doesn't interfere with the liberty of another—these are not responsible for the viciousness, the uncharitableness, the veritable bloodthirstiness of those who rage. These be earnest, honest, sincere, well-meaning people, fanatics maybe, but not hypocrites, although few on either side will admit that the other side is not honeycombed with either vice or hypocrisy. Here lies the danger in this situation: The good people of the Middle West who are working so zealously to impose prohibition upon those who do not

want prohibition resort to that quack panacea for all ills, the law, and those who differ from them oppose the administration of legislative medicine and in their opposition cultivate a contempt for all law.

So the battle wages. Few who have not investigated the liquor question appreciate the vastness of the contending organizations. Nowhere in America is there a more potent, more perfectly controlled, more skilfully handled organization than the Anti-Saloon League. It extends into nearly every state in the Union, and wherever it has its branches there is it militant, insistent, and effective, either for good or for evil, as you may view it. Its actual membership cannot be ascertained. The officers of the organization themselves have no record of it. This is by reason of the fact that, as the general superintendent says, "the Anti-Saloon League is not, strictly speaking, an organization. It is what its name implies—a league. It is a league of organizations." In other words, it is a loosely knit combination of church organizations, reaching far. The vast majority of Protestant churches throughout the country are affiliated with the Anti-Saloon League. The pastors of these churches consider it part of their clerical duties to aid in the work sought to be accomplished. They assist in making collections that go into the league treasury. The young people's societies of the churches are, in effect, part and parcel of it. And it is through these churches and these church organizations that the league gets its power over Legislatures.

I have referred before to the keenness and ability of Wayne B. Wheeler, the Ohio superintendent and the general attorney for the national organization. Wheeler is one of the most potent legislative factors in Ohio. If a measure favorable to the liquor interests be introduced in the Legislature, Wheeler can dump a cart-load of telegrams of protest from every county in the state onto the desks of the members of the General Assembly within twenty-four hours. How? By simply sending out word by wire to his church and Endeavor Society captains in each Ohio county. Does he desire the passage of a new anti-saloon measure, he sees to it that thousands of telegrams and letters, advocating its passage, arrive at the psychological moment. When Governor Harmon came down from

Michigan to investigate the Newark lynching he found his office all cluttered up with telegrams urging the removal of Mayor Atherton, most of them from people who knew nothing about the case except what they had read in the newspapers. They had simply heard from Wheeler.

The Anti-Saloon League was founded in 1893. To-day the national headquarters are in Westerville, Ohio, a suburb of Columbus. The president of the national organization is Bishop Luther B. Wilson, of Philadelphia. There are twelve vice-presidents from as many states, and in every state in the Union, except Wyoming, there is a state superintendent and a state organization working constantly for the passage of anti-liquor laws and taking annual part in every election from that of governor to that of mayor of the smallest incorporated village. He who underestimates the power of the Anti-Saloon League is indeed blind.

And here's the other side. The liquor interests have their organizations also. They have always had them, though they have usually worked at cross purposes. But the success of the Anti-Saloon League has tended to solidify the opposition, although it is still more or less disorganized. The whiskey men have their organization. The saloon-keepers have theirs. The brewers have a separate organization of their own. Wine-growers have combined in various localities. And these several branches of the liquor trade are composed of many combinations in many states. Of course all these many organizations have, for years, worked together at certain times, for and against legislation, but an effective national body has not been in existence. However, within two years a new force has arisen—the Personal Liberty League. Its birth was due to an effort to defeat a candidate for governor, Andrew L. Harris, of Ohio. The county-option law had been passed in that state, and Governor Harris had signed it, spectacularly using three pens in the process and distributing them as souvenirs to leaders of the prohibition forces. The liquor interests had spent vast quantities of money to defeat the bill, and this exhibition irritated them beyond measure. Immediate plans were laid to defeat Governor Harris for reelection. The Personal Liberty League was back of the fight. Harris was duly defeated, although he was the Republican candidate and Ohio



William Howard, the ex-captain of police who joined in the chase after Etherington and was shot by him

is a Republican state. Judson Harmon, Democrat, was elected in a presidential year, although Taft, for President, carried Ohio. It may not be a source of great pride to Governor Harmon, but the fact is, nevertheless, that the opposition to Harris on the part of the Personal Liberty League was far more responsible for his success than was his own personal popularity.

This success encouraged the promoters of the new movement to extend it, and now it covers many states. A membership of 200,000 is claimed for it in Ohio alone. Its officers deny that it is political and, also, that it is a liquor-dealers' body. The membership rather bears out this contention, although nearly every liquor-dealer, wholesale and retail, in Ohio at least, is a member. Gen. Michael Ryan, of Cincinnati, a retired pork-packer and a man of wealth and standing in the community, is the president. C. Homer Durand is the secretary and, in reality, the active head. The league has established headquarters in Cincinnati and has its agents in every county. In its membership may be found thousands of trade-unionists, glass-manufacturers, lithographers, men in every trade allied with the liquor traffic or dependent upon it for patronage.

This is the real head-center of the organized fight against the Anti-Saloon League, and it is likely to become as militant and, possibly, as potent as the older and better organized association. Already it has established a system of business reprisal. An official of a railroad that touches Cincinnati issued an order prohibiting employees of the road from eating their noonday meals in places serving liquor. The Liberty League promptly notified its members to ship their freight, when possible, by some other route. The order was withdrawn, and an apology was forthcoming. Officers of the Garlock Packing Company, Palmyra, New York, which sold much of its product to breweries, were active in supporting a local dry movement. Patronage was withdrawn by the brewers through the activities of the Liberty League, and the Garlock Company was glad to adjust the

matter by disclaiming responsibility for the actions of some of its individual members. It was subsequently exonerated by the league and reinstated in the good graces of its old customers. The Sante Fé Rail-



The saloon kept by Howard in Union Street. This place, though notoriously open, was not raided by the detectives



Mrs. William Howard, the saloon-keeper's widow. She begged her husband not to join in the chase after Etherington when the lagging boy passed their saloon with the mob at his heels



STATE OF OHIO  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT  
COLUMBUS

July 11, 1910.

To

Herbert Atherton,  
Mayor of the City of  
Newark, Ohio.

Sir:

You are charged with gross neglect of duty as Mayor of the City of Newark in this, to wit:-

That you failed to use proper care and diligence on Friday, July 8th, 1910, to preserve the peace in said City and prevent a mob from breaking into the jail of Licking County, releasing prisoners therein imprisoned, and putting one of them to death by hanging in the public square of said City, all while you were present in said City and exercising authority as Mayor thereof.

You are hereby notified that you will be afforded a full and fair opportunity to be heard in your defence on said charge at the Governor's Office in the City of Columbus, Ohio, on Saturday, July 23d, at ten o'clock A.M.

You are hereby suspended from said office for thirty days from this date and on receipt hereof are ordered to turn over to John M. Ankels, President of Council of said City, everything in any way belonging to or connected with the office of Mayor.

Yours truly,

*Judson Harmon*  
Governor.

Governor Harmon's letter suspending Mayor Herbert Atherton (portrait), who says he went home and to bed while the mob was storming the jail. The mayor at once resigned

road incorporated a village in California and delivered to purchasers of property deeds providing that the territory should remain dry forever. The Liberty League has sent out thousands of circulars calling upon its members to divert freight from that road.

One element of strength in the Liberty League is the German-American Alliance, the members of which are largely members of the other organization also. The German-American is usually a good citizen. He is decent, fair, thrifty, honorable, and as loyal to his adopted country as any descendant of the *Mayflower's* passenger list, but he is jealous of his personal rights. He will no more submit to having another tell him that he must not drink his beer than he would to having his sauerkraut prohibited

by law. He considers one no more harmful than the other. For generations he and his have drunk their beer and been no worse for it. To have smug, white-tied ministers and pale-faced Endeavorers petition legislators to prevent him from having a drink that they don't want is, he believes, not only a curtailment of liberty but a positive direct interference with the daily routine of his well-ordered life. Is it strange that he should fight valiantly against such laws? There are at least 10,000 members of the German-American Alliance in Ohio alone—probably more. Their organization is spreading. And the Personal Liberty League is growing. Also, the Anti-Saloon League is growing, and the fight is getting more bitter daily.

Most of the trouble, most of the conten-

STATE OF OHIO  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT  
COLUMBUS



July 11, 1910.

To

William Linke,  
Sheriff of Licking County, Ohio.

Sir:

Six qualified electors of Licking County, Ohio, have made and filed with me a complaint in writing charging that on Friday, July 8th, 1910, you allowed and permitted a person then in your custody as Sheriff, in the County jail, to wit: one Carl N. Etherington, to be taken therefrom, failed to do your duty in protecting such person, and that he was lynched by a mob on that date in the City of Newark, in said County.

You are hereby notified that such complaint will be heard at the Governor's office, Columbus, Ohio, at ten o'clock, A. M., July 25th, 1910.

Yours truly,

Governor.

Governor Harmon's letter to William Linke (portrait), who, though commanding a jail that could have defied any mob, allowed Etherington to be taken from it and hanged. He also resigned

tion, most of the controversy, harks back to the county-option legislation, which the Anti-Saloon League justifies in this wise:

The burdens of the traffic, the costs of criminal prosecutions, so far as those result from the sale of beverage intoxicants, and the support of the poor fall upon the whole county and not upon the particular part of the county that goes wet. The wet people of a town, most of whom pay little or no taxes, have no right to ask the taxpayers of a dry township to pay the public expenses of the saloon business, simply to give them the free exercise of their sumptuary tendencies.

The people of a whole county are interested in the moral welfare of the whole county, and have a right to be heard upon all questions affecting that moral welfare. The citizen of a township has a right to be heard on the question whether his county-seat shall support sources of crime and misery to society, because he is a part of the society affected.

"To what do you attribute this agitation over the liquor question?" I asked Mr. Durand, secretary of the Personal Liberty League.

"There are many causes," he replied, "but one of the most potent has been the greed and ignorance of the dive-keeper. He has been the best asset of the prohibitionists. We are trying to stamp him out now."

Mr. Durand might have adverted to the fact that the brewers, who are now insistently in favor of suppressing the dive (so they say), are the ones primarily responsible for it. Scores and hundreds of buildings occupied by unspeakable doggeries in many Western cities and towns are owned by brewing companies. The keeper of the dive often owed his start in business to the



brewery, which rented him his location, furnished him with his first working capital, gave him credit, paid his liquor license, and compelled him, of course, to sell its particular brands of beer. This would have been all right if the brewery had also compelled him to obey the laws, but it didn't.

But conditions are changing, and the Anti-Saloon League must be given credit for at least compelling the brewers and distillers to clean house. It isn't easy in these days for a thoroughly disreputable character to get the backing of a brewery in starting a saloon. Formerly it made but little difference whether he had a criminal record or not, so long as the brewery was reasonably sure of getting its pay out of him. The Ohio Brewers' Association now maintains a Vigilance Bureau and aims to prosecute all law violators. It appears to be in earnest, although the anti-saloon forces scoff at such an idea. At all events, it has sworn out many warrants against saloonists and brought about many convictions. It is a wholesome sign. Anything tending to cleanse the sores is good. But the Anti-Saloon League wants to cauterize the entire body. It does not concede that there is any essential difference between a respectable saloonist and a criminal dive-keeper. It battles to drive them all out.

The following is an extract from the notable speech delivered at Chicago last December by Bishop Luther B. Wilson, the president of the anti-saloon League in America:

Pity for this traffic? As it pleads for mercy let us remember the wrongs that it has inflicted; let us remember the groans and tears of wives and mothers upon whose tender hearts its iron heel has fallen; let us but call to mind the panorama of the centuries, childhood, youth, manhood, womanhood, old age staggering on, the garb of penury only hiding the more awful wretchedness of mind and heart; let us remember how faith and love have died, how sodden will has at length lost all power of resistance and response, how at last the staggering have fallen and fallen to be spurned, and how the quenchless greed of this iniquity had turned from the spectacle of its victims dead, in its reach for others who might take their place and fill its coffers. Mercy for the saloon means cruelty to mankind. There can be no day of grace for this traffic. Every day of grace can but be disgraced by it. Our hostility toward the saloon has not been tempered by these years. Our purpose now is as our purpose at the beginning. The saloon must go, must go utterly, must go never to return. There is a promise in the circumstance which hedges us about, growing with the days.

Col. T. M. Gilmore, head of the Model License League, of Louisville, Kentucky, a

man of striking personality and force, puts it this way. He may be right, and he may be wrong. This is his view:

I say that the liquor business of this country is either right or wrong. I say if it is wrong it ought to be stamped out eternally and absolutely and stamped out in every conceivable way. I say if it is right it ought to be treated right and treated with sanity, and not in such a way as the emotions might dictate.

If the whiskey business and the beer business and the wine business be so bad that statesmen can afford to encourage the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars without compensation, invested under the sanction of the law, if it be so bad as that, then why don't you make laws prohibiting the purchase and the use? If the business be wrong, why not stamp it out of existence forever? Why dally with a crime, as they say it is?

In Ohio fifty-seven of the eighty-eight counties are dry (nominally) under the county-option law. Five are dry under other laws. There is one county (Ashland) which has but one saloon. Seventy-five per cent. of the area of Kentucky is nominally dry. Does any sane person believe that it is actually dry? In Indiana eighty out of ninety-two counties are dry. There are nine states in the Union "totally dry," and Florida and Oregon are to vote on state prohibition this fall. In most of the other states there are dry spots. If in these dry places the majority sentiment of the community (always separating the urban from the rural) favors prohibition, there the enforcement of the law is possible, though even there it does not absolutely prohibit. If the majority sentiment is opposed to prohibition the law is a joke and a farce and a travesty. For the same people in a municipality who vote wet and are, through the opposing sentiment of the surrounding rural population, voted dry are the ones who elect (without the assistance of the suburban population) the officials of their city. Muskingum County, Ohio (including Zanesville, the county-seat), went dry by 1011. The city of Zanesville went wet by 1414. Zanesville is not observing the prohibitory laws. Circleville, in Pickaway County, Ohio, went wet, the county dry. Efforts on the part of outsiders to compel the enforcement of the law in Circleville resulted in a murder.

When Mayor Atherton of Newark was suspended by Governor Harmon's order he wept. "I thought I was running the town as a majority wanted it run," he sobbed. He had been elected to office four times by that majority. Was his logic faulty?

Wherever Western legislatures meet, this fall or next, there will be the liquor question to wrestle with. There will be petitions for and against the suppression of the liquor traffic through local and county option measures and through state prohibition. Laws that cannot be enforced will be passed, and respect for the law will sink lower and lower. And the nation will go on, as usual, drinking its whiskey and its beer and its wines, the consumption of the first named increasing in the dry territories, that of the second and last named and least harmful, decreasing in proportion to the stringency of attempted enforcement of the sumptuary laws. It has been so for years. I know a whiskey salesman who travels almost exclusively in dry and local-option states. He ships his goods by express.

"From a standpoint of dollars my firm is making more money now than ever before," he said, "and from that viewpoint I don't care if all the states go prohibition. But," he added, "I'd rather do business on a legitimate basis."

In Kansas City one day I was invited to visit the warehouse and bottling plant of a big brewery, the main plant of which is located in another state. In one long room were hundreds of what appeared to be sugar-barrels all headed and labeled for shipment.

"And what might they be?" I asked the manager.

"Well," he laughingly replied, "they might be sugar, but they aren't. That's bottled beer packed for the Kansas trade."

How to handle the liquor question? Who knows? Certainly prohibition will not solve the problem. It has been tried. It is superficial. Those back of the Anti-Saloon League

are too prone to point to the mere passage of a law as the achievement of a victory. They seem not to understand that law, in itself, is nothing unless backed by the sentiment of a community. Law is the effect, not the cause. It is the instrumentality through which public demand operates. Lacking the energization of public demand it becomes,

in itself, negligible waste; but when alien "morality" enters that community, the waste law becomes tinder that may be fired and that may lead to conflagrational disaster.

And remember this, that the end is by no means in sight, that the contending forces of fanaticism are by no means at rest. Even now there is a movement afoot to erect a monument in Newark to the dead Etherington—a monument that must be a constant reminder of the Red Day, of the contest that is waging, of the triumph of municipal minority over a municipal majority. Remember that not only in Ohio



Wayne B. Wheeler, Ohio superintendent and general attorney for the Anti-Saloon League. Fighting the saloon is his business, and he has successfully prosecuted over two thousand such cases

but in a score of other states children are being educated, on the one hand, to hate law, on the other hand, to hate those who break laws that they consider unfair and unreasonable and unnecessary. Remember that money is being poured into rival coffers for the purpose of carrying on the struggle, that every city and county and state official must take a stand with one side or the other or gain the crimson opposition of both, that every city council has the question to wrestle with, that every legislature is beset by the opposing forces, that men are elected to or defeated for office on this issue, and that the standard of official ability as well as the general standard of citizenship is being lowered rapidly as the contentious days go by. It is a question so broad and so far reaching that the end is hard to predict. It is *the* great American issue.

# Just Boy

by Paul West

Illustrated by Worth Brehm



## I

Brookdale mass., November 2st

**D**ERE DWITE:  
Hello Dwite old man how are you? Do you like the noo plaice whaire you have moved with yore farther? I bet it is better than this old plaice, there is nothing evver happening hear sence you went away; I wisht you wood move back agen. Do you think you will sometime? I gess maybe you will, minnisters move so mutch. I ast my farther why thay did and he said he gessed thay was forced to on account of thare sons. I wisht my farther was a minnister.

No, I am not going away to that bording school, I was, only when you moved my farther sed it wil not be nessary now, Sam wil be all rite hear, so I am in the saim old school, only not in old Mitchell's room. Gee, Dwite, I thot I wood of bin becaws I didnt pass, and old Mitchell cent for Humpy Daniels, you kno Dwite the sooperintendant, and she said Mr. Daniels as I expekted that Torrey boy has faled to pass, what are you going to do about his caise? and Humpy said what is thare to do but leve him in yore room anuther yere, and old Mitchell said wel if you do I shal resine, he must go up somewhere wheather he is fitted or not. And Humpy sed wel I dont blaim you, I wil put him in Miss Johnson's room, whitch is Sqwint eye Johnson, you kno Dwite; and old Mitchell sed I havent got anny grudge agent poor Miss Johnson, but my helth must be considered, and Humpy sed, yes you hav bin verry pashent, he is a tryal, come along young man, so I did.

Sqwint eye is all rite, Dwite; we are in big gography whitch is fine, you can rede yore

dime novvels behind it and not get caught only Persy Willis, he's the new minnister's son, he will tell teecher evverything you do. He is no good, Dwite, a sissy boy not like you and all the fellers hate him. We are going to do something to him if we can think of what to do, but we can't think of annything bad enuff. I wisht you wood, you always cood, and if you do plese rite it to me rite away as we cant wate. I and Loo Strong thot we had fixed him but we didnt, he got out of it, it was this way, Dwite.

You kno you rote and ast me if Mike Boyle the fowndry man had give me that fiting rooster he was going to for you and me; wel he hadent, so I ast him for it, and he sed, gee I thot that when young Lewis had to move you had to move too, how did thay leave you stay? And I said how about that fiting rooster Mister Boyle, so he sed you go and ast my old woman whitch was his wife, and I did, and she sed, shure if you can ketch one, so I got in thare hen yard and I cot one, gee, Dwite, but he almoast cot me, but I got him, he was the biggest rooster you evver saw, all white. I took him hoam and put him in my barn, and I toald Loo Strong I wood lend him yore haff for his if he wood get some corn out of his farthers barn, so he did.

Wel I forgot to tel my farther I had him, and that nite he croawed all nite, the rooster not my farther, and the next moorning whitch was Satterday my farther said gosh but did anny boddy here that rooster last nite? I was kep awaik all the time, and my mother sed yes wasent it terrible, I never herd sutch croawing, and my farther sed, I wonder who in the nayborhood owns him, it is a new one. Samuel, who has bin getting new chickens laitley? and I was just going to say me, but

Uncle Walter sed I gess it is Mister Brooks, he got a crate of new ones the other day. Gee, Dwite, wasent that lucky? I wood of had to tel if it wasent for Uncle Walter. So then my farther sed, Oho, old man Brooks, hay? wel, that is fine, becaws the old repprobait has bin complaning about us and everybuddy else for the last yere; this is our chanst, I wil send a message to the selektmen and say his new rooster is rooining our helth and maiking nite hiddeous, I wil pante it on good and thick, so he did.

After brekfust Uncle Walter sed Sam, what do you kno about this rooster bizness? so I took him out in the barn and shoawed him my rooster, and he sed, gosh, what are you going to do with him? and I sed if he wood fite I wood maik a fiter out of him, and just then the rooster saw Uncle Walter and he let out a yip and floo at Uncle Walter and stuck him in the rist with his spers, and Uncle Walter sed, gee, I bet he wil fite, he is a reglar John L. Sullivan, so that is what I naimed him.

Then Uncle Walter sed that rooster had ought to get the conseat knocked out of him, doant you happen to kno anny roosters that isent bissey this moorning? and Loo Strong sed I do, so he went and got one, and we put it in the barn with John L., and the other rooster floo at John L., and the next minnit he was ded as a dore nale, the new one not John L., he wasent even intrusted. So Loo sed I wil get annuther one, and he did, two moar, and then John L. kilt them too, and Uncle Walter sed, why he isent even warmed up yet, get annuther rooster, but Loo sed thay isent anny more, and Uncle Walter sed, Wel, Loo, it is too bad killing all yore roosters this way, and Loo sed, Oh thats all rite, thay wasent mine, I went over Brooksey's fense and got them out of his coop, thay are his noo ones, and Uncle Walter sed Gee.

Then he sed you boys wil be getting into trubble if old Brooks finds out about this, I wood advise you to get rid of John L., so we started back to Mike Boyle's with him in a gunny sack, and we was going throo the field back of Bowker's and Willie Bowker sed what hav you got fellers? so we toald him, and he sed I bet my farther's ducks cood lick sin out of him, so we put John L. in the Bowker's duck pen, and he kilt five befoar we cood ketch him. Then Loo sed, say didnt you say haff of him belonged to Dwite Lewis? and I sed yes but he isent hear now, and Loo sed, wel then doesent evverything that wood of be-

longed to the old minnister go to the noo one, I mene we had ought to give this rooster to Persy Willis the noo minnisters son, so I sed you are rite, we wil, and we went over to the minnister's, you know Dwite, whare you uset to liv, and we through John L. into his coop. Then we went back to my barn and Uncle Walter sed when we toald him, I gess it wood be a good idee to fire Brooksey's ded roosters over thare too, John L. kilt them and he shoed be maid to blaim for it, so we did.

Wel, my farther caim hoam by and by and he sed I gess we wil hav a call from our easteamed naybor Mister Brooks pritty soon, becaws the selektmen sent him my leter, hear he is, and it was Brooksey coming up our path. He was so mad he coodent speke, and my farther sed come in Mister Brooks and maik yoreself soshable, and Brooksey just jumped up and down and sed you trubble maiker, how dare you say my roosters are rooining yore helth, thay nevvor croaw, how dare you? and just then John L. Sullivan over in the minnisters coop began to croaw and my farther sed thare is my evvidents now Mister Brooks, so thay went out on the piazzer and then you cood tell it caim from the minnisters and not Brooksey's, so thay went over to the minnisters and thare was John L.

Then my farther sed, wel Mister Brooks, I wil be a gentelman and appologize, and Brooksey sed it wil taik moar than appologies, and then he happened to see his ded roosters, and he let out a yel and sed, Oho I see it all, this noo minnisters son is just like the old one, he ment you Dwite. He is a chicken steeler, he sed, and then Mister Willis the noo minnister caim out and sed what is the matter, naybors? and Brooksey sed you kno mitey wel what is rong, yore son has stolen my noo roosters and thare is the evvidents.

And the noo minnister sed thare must be some mistake, and Brooksey sed does that look like a mistake? and he held up two of his kilt roosters, and then Mister Willis had Persy come out, and I sed to Loo hear is whare he gets it, but Mister Willis oainly sed my son did you do this? and Persy sed why farther how cood you suspekt me? and his farther sed I doant my son, go in the howse, this langwidge is not for you to here, so Persy did and his farther nevvor hit him oncet. Gee Dwite if it had of bin me and Brooksey had of sed I stal his chickens I wood of got it good and not bin ast if I did it, thay wood of knowed without asting me at all.

But Brooksey sed all minnisters sons was alike, and he is shure Persy did it becaws he is one, and he is going to have him arrested gee woant that be fine if Fatty Dereborn the cop comes and taiks him to the lock up. I wood follow him all the way.

So you see I cant send John L. to you for yore haff, becaws Mister Willis had him kilt; but I wil send you a rabbit or something, maybe a snake if it is not too lait for snakes.

Wel, rite soon and tel me how you like it thare, and if you can think of something to do to Persy Willis rite that too. It is hard to think of annything becaws he does not play with the fellers, if he did it wood be esey.

Thare is no moar to rite, so I wil cloase, hoaping you are the saim.

Yore aff. frend,

Samuel Torrey jr.

P. S. My Uncle Walter sez if I dont blab it all around noboddy wil ever kno annything about John L., so bern this leter and I wil bern all yores when you rite.

S. T. jr.

## II

Brookdale mass., November 11<sup>rd</sup>  
Dere Dwite:

Wel hello Dwite, why doant you rite to me? I gess you are too bissy in yore noo plaice, so am I, not in a noo plaice but hear. The reeson I have bin so bissy is that I and Loo Strong bilt that dubble runner on wheels you and I was going to bild oonly you moved away. You kno Dwite, we was going to maik it becaws thay wasent anny sno and we wanted to coast, wel it is the saim way this yere, no sno and I dont gess thare wil be anny, so Loo sed lets bild that dubble runner, and I sed, wel I hav oonly got one pare of wheles, and he sed, wel Willie Bowker's mother she has got a noo baby carridge, and maybe if we wood ast her she wood lone us some wheles off it, and I sed, but Missis Bowker is away and he sed wel then we can borow the baby carridge and use the wheles and when we use them we can put them back and save Missis Bowker the trouble of lending them to us, so we did.

Wel, Dwite, we put Missis Bowker's baby carridge wheles on frunt, the bord we used was my mother's washing bord, it was not long enuff so we borowed a leef out of Loo's mother's dining room table and naled them together; and we put yores and my wheles on back. Then we lugged her up to Corey's hill and all the kids wanted to taik a coast with us, but we sed no, oonly a few cood ride, Eddie Rooney and the noo baby thay have got, and Hub and Balty Rooney, you remember them Dwite, the poor childrun; and Willie and Charlie Bowker and Loo and me and the Cushman twins and some moar, quite a lot.

So we got up to the top of Corey's hill and we let them all get on bord, and then I sed Loo you be bumpsey and I wil stear, and Loo sed no, the frunt wheles are mine, I got them annyway, so I must stear the furst time, but I sed no, I thot of this dubble runner, so I must stear, look out the lulla. And Loo woodent, but he pulled me off the dubble runner and we started to fite, and just then it must of bin Eddie Rooney gave her a push and Loo sed, gee thare she goes, ketch her Sam. But we coodent.

And people was coming out of thare howses and thay sed, mercy thay will all be kilt, my child, my child, and thay was going pritty fast becaws Corey's hill is so stepe you kno Dwite, and all the kids was yelling stop her stop her, but you coodent, and down at the bottom of the hill was Fatty Dereborn, the cop, and oh yes, Frankie Dereborn his little boy was on bord, and Fatty waived his club and sed stop in the naim of the law and you come hear Frankie. And Frankie was so scared he fell off and that twisted her somehow,

so she ran rite into old man Onslow's fish market, only she didnt go kwite all in, becaws thay was a fish stand with fish on it outside and she hit that, and thare was fish all over the plaice and childrun crying and old man Onslow saying who's going to pay for this, and Fatty Dereborn sed I gess if you send the bill to Mr. Torrey he will pay it and taik it out of his son,



Big gography is fine, you can rede yore dime novvells behind it and not get caught





We put John L. in the Bowker's duck pen, and he kilt five befoar we cood ketch him

whare is he, the young raskal? But Loo and me wasent thare, we was hurrying for hoam cross lots as quick as we cood, and all of a sudden I thot of Missis Bowker's baby carriage wheles, and I sed Gee Loo how about them?

But we dident go back after the wheles, and thay must of got lost, Eddie Rooney sed thay wasent any good after she hit and I gess thay wasent, evveryboddy got hert, Dwite, except the Rooneys not even thare noo baby got a skratch, but all the rest did but not bad. And that nite someboddy told my farther befoar he had got hoam, it must of bin Fatty Dereborn, and he was as mad as you ever saw him, he sed what wil you be doing next, bilding a baloon I suppose and talking all the innosent childrun up in it and then letting

them be dashed to peaces on the erth, you young skowndrel, and Uncle Walter sed, Oh Sam, doant be harsh on the boy, remember the time you stood little Nellie Tompkins up agenst the fense and through table nives at her like you saw the man do in Van Amberg's curcus, and nerely cut off one of her hole ears, and my farther toald Uncle Walter to shut up, he was handling this caise, and then he cent me out of the room. Gee I thot he wood of forgotten all about it, but when old man Onslow and Fatty Dereborn and Mr. Bowker and Loo's farther and moast evveryboddy that had any childrun on the dubble runner come around to the howse and sed yore son has crippled my son for life and you must pay for the fish and how about my noo baby carriage, and that table leef was sollid

## Just Boy

mahogany, wel Dwite my farther gave it to me good.

And all my Christmus alowanse is got to help pay the damage but my farther sez it wil kepe him broak for a dogs age. I doant see how becaws there wasent mutch fish upset and I herd old man Onslow tel Fatty Dereborn he soked my farther with the bill he cent him, so I am going to tel my farther about it and he wil fele better.

So I am feling pritty tuff, Dwite, do you kno some way I can maik a lot of money? I think I will play in a band, do you kno anny band that wants a boy to play annything? Hennery Hood he's the butcher you kno Dwite, he is going to teech me to play the slide tromboan if I can get one, he uset to play it in the villidge band when thay had it, so if you kno whare I can get a slide tromboan plese rite and tel me.

Oh yes you was going to rite and tell me how us fellers cood get even with Persy Willis. Loo and me thot we did but we dident, it was this way Dwite.

Persy brot a big red apple to school and it was in his lunch basket in the coat room, and Loo ast cood he go out and when he did he come back and sed I have fixed Persy's apple the sissy, wate till resess when he eats it. So we did. And when it was resess we saw Persy taik his apple and go back in the school room insted of over on the girls side of the yard whare he always eats his lunch with the other girls, and we looked throo the windoe and thare was Persy givving his apple to Sqwint eye Johnson, and she smiled and bit rite into the apple and she let out a yel and grabbed her mouth and Loo sed gee now we have done it and I sed what?

And then Sqwint eye rung the bel and we went in and she was talking to old Mitchell, and she said it is impossible, it cood not of bin

Persy Willis who did it, and Sqwint eye sed he did, and I wil see him in the dressing room, I shal thrash him good, and Loo nudged me and sed he is going to get it. Then old Mitchell sed why Persy is a moddel boy, and Sqwint eye sed he was but evil commooni-kashuns crupt good manners, whatever she ment, and Old Mitchell side and sed too bad, too bad, if it had of been that Torrey hoy now, and Sqwint eye sed impossible I

nevver took my eye off him all day. Then she sed Persy Willis I will see you in the dressing room, and Persy went in and Loo sed now lissen I bet he yells loud, the coward, but he dident and by and by thay caim out and she hadent licked him at all.

And Sqwint eye sed, Persy has ecksplaned all, it is a horrid croool trick and mite have prooved fatel, the class will stay after school, all except the girls and Persy. Gee, Dwite wasent that mene? I woodent of caired if Persy had got licked, but he dident. So we are madder than evver at him, and he knos it, when he just sees a feller he runs and hides,

the sneke. So no moar for this time, hoaping you are the saim.

Yore aff. frend,  
Samuel Torrey, jr.

P. S. It was tacks Loo put in Persy's apple, and Sqwint eye bit on too of them. I am sorry for Sqwint eye, I wisht it had of bin Persy.  
S. T. jr.

P. S. November 12rd. If you kno whare I can get a slide tromboan rite me without fale. I ast my farther for some money this moarning and he sed old man Onslows bill for the dubblerunner wood take every sent he had. So rite soon hoaping you are the saim.  
S. T. jr.



Sqwint Eye smiled and bit rite into the apple and she let out a yel and grabbed her mouth

# The Steward

A TALE OF THE SEA IN WHICH THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS

By Morgan Robertson

*Author of "The Twins," "The Hairy Devil," etc.*

Illustrated by Howard Giles

HE came up the gangway steps with the air of a yacht-owner boarding his yacht, but he stepped to the deck with the air of a horse-owner entering his stables; he was careful what he touched. "Dirty old tub, isn't she?" he remarked to the air, or to me. I did not know which, but I answered,

"Yes, but we'll wash her off outside."

He was a clean-cut, clean-shaven young fellow of about twenty-two, over six feet tall, well built, well dressed, and good looking, and I liked him on sight, even though the skipper had described him that morning as an "owner's man" who had secured the berth by appealing to the son of his father's second cousin, who owned the ship.

"Are you the first mate?" he asked, as his eyes at last fell upon me. "I've met the captain a couple of times."

"No, I'm second mate, and a little ashamed of it, too," I said.

My shame had nothing to do with my rating, for a second mate is as much an officer as a first. But when you have sailed, from forecastle to cabin, in big four-mast, deep-water ships you are likely to regret the force of luck, or circumstance, that brings you into a little, old-fashioned ballahou with rotten timbers, spars, canvas, and gear, with a painted deck and log windlass, and into the society of a skipper and mate who are hardly above the intellectual level of the hands forward.

Of such description were the ship *Windsor*, her captain, and her first officer. Both were big men, both had fought their way out of the forecastle with their fists, and I had signed with them because my money was gone and there was nothing else in port.

"The skipper and mate will be down with the tug," I said. "You're the steward, I suppose. Did you bring your dunnage?"

"Yes," he answered dreamily, "I'm the

steward; that is, if I make good. You see, it's a case of travel for health. I'm one of these fool college men who go in for athletics and neglect study. I only pulled through at the last by brain-racking study that gave me the willies when it was all over. I graduated, but found myself a nervous wreck. The doctor ordered a sea voyage. Well, this is the only way. I'm broke; in fact, I worked my way through college."

"Was it worth while?" I asked.

"Yes, and no," he said. "No, if I can't steady my nerves; yes, if I can. Nerves is all that is wrong with me—I've got a fine bodily health and strength, as you can see. I was the star pitcher for our nine, the center rush at football, and once I put the gloves on with Fitz. The boys say I held him."

I thought of our superior officers and grinned. I am a small man myself, and only a moderate fighter. "I fancy," I said, "that you're cut out for lively times in this hard world. Where's your dunnage—in the boat?"

I looked over the side at the small boat that had brought him. In it were two suitcases, two hand-bags, and a Saratoga trunk of colossal size. I called a few hands from forward, and they soon had the baggage on deck. Then I showed the steward his room, which was hardly larger than the trunk.

"You can't get that trunk in there," I told him. "Unpack it outside, and we can stow it in the 'tween deck."

He had it unpacked by the time the tug arrived with the captain and the mate. I have said the two were big men. They were big as measured in *avoirdupois*, but the captain carried it largely in fat, and the mate in bone and muscle. They weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty, and as they looked disapprovingly at the steward's big trunk I foresaw embarrassment for the steward. He came out at this

juncture, and went up to the skipper with a smile and an extended hand.

"Good morning, Captain Mack," he said genially. "I've met your second officer, and I presume this gentleman is your first. Please introduce me."

The skipper ignored the speech and the extended hand. "Who does this belong to?" he asked surlily of me, indicating the trunk.

"The steward, Captain," I answered. "It's unpacked, and I am going to stow it down below. There's room enough."

"Stow nawthin'," he answered. "Chuck it overboard."

"Lay aft here, two hands," I shouted to the forecabin, and two men appeared. "Overboard with that trunk," I said, and as they took hold of it the steward, flushed of face and with his lower lip twitching, said, "That is my property, Captain Mack; my trunk."

"Your property, you dog! Do you call that a trunk? I call it a house. Why didn't you bring the barn, too! Chuck it over, men."

The trunk sailed over the side, and went bobbing astern on the current. Without another word Captain Mack entered the cabin, and as he did so the mate stepped up to the steward. "You want to make my acquaintance, do you?" he sneered. "Well, you'll be glad to lose it 'fore long, for I'm dead on to you and yer breed. I've been shipmates with pets 'fore this, and if you run foul o' me with any o' your parson talk I'll jam it back down your throat. Hear me? My name's Blanchard, and I'm the son of old Bucko Blanchard out o' Boston."

The steward's face was twitching painfully. "Gl-l-l-ad t-t-t-o know your n-n-n-name, Mr. B-B-B-Blanchard," he stammered, his fingers closing and unclosing. "My n-n-name is Pratt, and I'm a s-s-s-son of a g-g-gun."

The big mate opened his eyes in amazement at the insolence, then looked at me for light. I could give him none; I could only grin and turn my back to go forward, out of the way. I knew the steward must be disciplined and shown his place, but I did not care to be a party to it. As I went forward I heard oaths, growls, and other sounds of conflict behind me, which lasted until I had reached the forerigging. Then I heard a loud voice asking triumphantly, "Well, have you had enough, or do you want some more?" It was not the voice of the mate,

nor was there any stammering in it. I turned suddenly and hurried aft, for the steward was leaning over the recumbent form of the mate with clenched fists and a determined look on his face. On Mr. Blanchard's, however, was so much blood as to hide its expression. He rose to his feet, and backed away from the other, wiping off the blood with his handkerchief, and saying nothing until he had backed to the companion door. Then he sang out to the captain: "Scraper aboard, sir. Better come up." I again went forward, anxious to be out of it, but this time I kept watch out of the corner of my eye.

Captain Mack appeared, took one look at his defeated first officer, then, with an oath, charged straight for the steward, leaning forward, and only keeping his feet by his momentum. He launched his whole two hundred and fifty pounds at the steward in the full confidence of bearing him down by mere weight of assault; but nothing like that happened. The steward stooped, to be sure, but rose again; and when he rose he had the captain's extended right arm over his left shoulder and his own right arm hooked under the captain's thigh. He rose with a mighty upheaval of his own powerful body, and the captain, his momentum hardly checked, turned a somersault and landed on his back ten feet behind the steward. Here he lay for a moment or two, the breath almost knocked out of him. Then he painfully got to his feet, and joined the mate. I was "fooling" around the coiled hawser on the fore-hatch, and the captain spied me and ordered me aft. I obeyed, and when I arrived he had gone into the cabin and returned with a pistol.

"Get a pair of irons out of your room, Mr. Thompson," he said to me; then, covering the obstreperous Mr. Pratt with the gun, he said,

"Now, you damned mutinous dock-rat, hold up yer hands."

I obeyed my orders, but the steward did not. The words were hardly out of the captain's mouth before his pistol was wrenched from his hand, and the steward's grip was on his throat. I noted this much while entering the companion, but when I came out the tide had turned. Mr. Blanchard had gripped the steward's throat from behind, and the two together bore him to the deck. He could master one, but not two, and, because of this limitation, I was compelled,



The skipper had described him as an "owner's man" who had secured the berth by appealing to the son of his father's second cousin, who owned the ship

much against my will, to snap the irons on his wrists. "Now then," said the captain, as he picked up his pistol and leveled it at the steward, "into yer room wi' you—quick, or I'll fill ye full o' holes. Goin' to run things here, are ye? Not much—not while Bill Mack is captain."

The steward, his face and lips working convulsively in his effort to speak, was pushed and hustled into the cabin, and the door was locked. Then the captain returned to the scene of the fracas.

"We'll give him bread and water for a while," he said, still panting. "Mr. Blanchard, you wash your face, and you, Mr. Thompson, pass the towline to the tug, and man the windlass."

So, with our mutineer locked up and in irons, we went to sea.

It was a scratch dinner we had in the cabin that first day out, a dinner that the Chinese cook could produce from his limited experience with the forecabin menu, and it went sorely against the stomach of our fat and healthy skipper, while Mr. Blanchard averred that he could not, and would not, try to eat it. I had the deck while they sat at table, and heard their protests through the open companion; but when I took my place I, not so long out of the forecabin, found no trouble in disposing of my share.

The captain interviewed the cook that afternoon, and later the whole crew forward, without finding a man who could do more than boil salt beef and potatoes. He came aft with a rueful face and said to the mate:

"No use. We'll have to let him out. I'll talk to him."

He went below and soon came up, purple in the face, and holding both hands tightly pressed against his stomach. "He kicked me through the door!" he gasped. "Kicked me in the stomach and sent me across the cabin. Oh, Lord, what'll I do? I'm pretty mean, but I can't shoot a man in irons. You try him, Mr. Blanchard."

Mr. Blanchard tried, and came back with more blood on his face. The unconquered steward, though manacled, had planted both fists on his already much-marred countenance.

"We'll have to shoot him or starve him first, Cap'n," he said. "He's crazy."

"Let me try, Captain," I said. "He feels friendly toward me, I think."

I took the precaution of announcing myself before unlocking the door, and on entering found the steward seated on a suit-case, with his eyes glaring and his features working painfully. The nervousness that had left him when he thrashed the mate had come back with his own defeat, and the



## The Steward

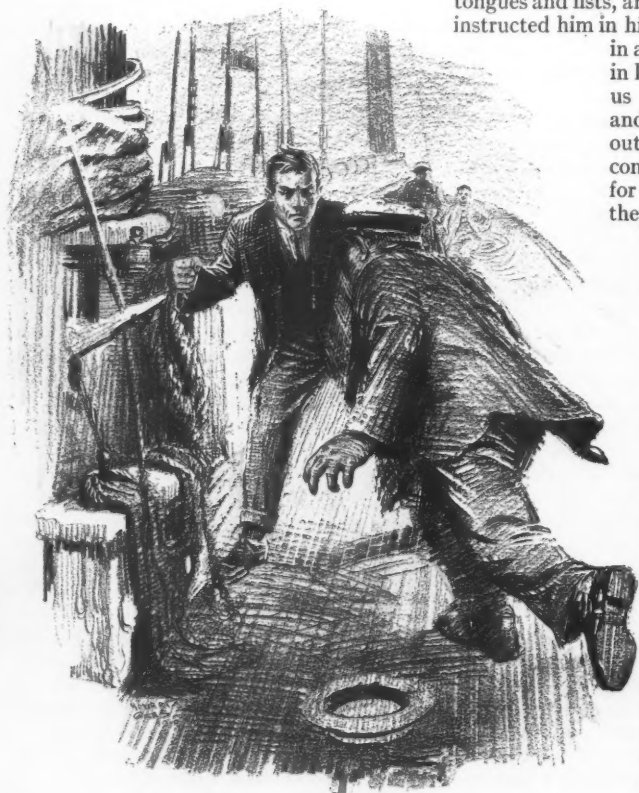
mate was certainly justified in pronouncing him crazy. I reasoned with him as much as I could between his stammering exclamations and interrogations; he wanted to know the meaning of it all, what manner of men these were to throw overboard his trunk, to insult him gratuitously, to threaten him with a gun, and to assault him two to one when they had learned he could master them singly. I could reduce him to coherency and reason, and stop the painful stammering, only by unprofessionally assuring him that he had won; that he was the best man on board; that, provided he did not follow up his advantage with firearms or compel his superiors to use them, there would be no further trouble; that all he needed to do was to work, cook satisfactory meals for the cabin, and measure out stores to the cook. Here I found that his idea of a deep-water steward's

duties was that he must take care of the cabin, place deck-chairs around for the officers, and mix drinks when they called for them. Properly disillusioned and instructed, however, he expressed willingness to do anything required of a steward, provided they would keep their hands off him and permit him to breathe fresh air, which he so sorely needed. Finding that he had cooked in a restaurant through two vacations and waited on table during a third, I took my report to the captain and mate, satisfied that we had an efficient man if properly treated. But, for the further assurance of peace, I insisted strongly that the steward was a gentleman who was unused to being called names or assaulted, and impressed upon their minds the wisdom of recognizing this.

The captain and Mr. Blanchard half-heartedly assented to the embargo on their tongues and fists, and I released the steward, instructed him in his immediate duties, and

in a few days found my faith in him justified. He served us good meals, was affable and obliging, and gradually outgrew his nervousness and consequent stammering. As for the captain and mate, they played their part too well; far from insulting or assaulting him, they studiously ignored his presence on board, which seemed to me a strong index of an armed peace.

The sailors, however, became his friends. Though he seldom came into contact with them, when he did it was to pass into the forecabin a plate of manavelins—an unconsumed pudding or some such dainty from the cabin table—instead of throwing it overboard, as most deep-water stewards do from sheer laziness. As for me, my friendship for Pratt and my success in managing him brought me as much of my supe-



With an oath Captain Mack charged straight for the steward

riors' disfavor as they accorded to him. Aside from matters of work, they never addressed me.

An armed peace it was, but it lasted until we had reached our destination and moored our little craft to an out-of-the-way dock, where we were to discharge part of our cargo. This was a hundred tons or so of potatoes, which, for reasons best known to the consignees, were stowed in bulk in a huge bin constructed in the 'tween deck amidship. We had no sooner begun to load this cargo into barrels brought down by the agent than the steward requested his discharge. It was refused, and in the ensuing argument he was assaulted again by the two and carried to his room, unfit for present usefulness; he had broken the bones of his left hand by impacting his fist on the square, bony visage of the mate, both his eyes were blackened, and his nose was reduced to a pulp. I could do nothing for him, except suggest that, as an American citizen, he had a right to see the consul, and I carried his request to the captain. I also presented my own request for my discharge, which was refused, of course; yet something in my manner of presenting it, or perhaps the mere fact of my doing so, induced Captain Mack to consider the legal right of the steward.

As the steward did not care to go ashore in his present condition, the consul good-naturedly consented to visit him, which he did next day; and the captain being ashore and the mate forward, I took him to Pratt. He was a mild-mannered, gentlemanly old fellow, a student of men and maritime law, and in two minutes' time had decided against the steward.

"You struck the first blow, you say," he concluded, "and you must know that in any dispute such an action annuls your grievance."



"He kicked me through the door," gasped the captain. "Oh, Lord, what'll I do?"

"But he called me a dog," declared the steward.

"This was the captain, I understand," said the consul with a smile, "and you immediately struck him."

"I knocked his block off, and then I had the mate onto me. If I hadn't hurt my fist I believe I could have done them both up—brown."

"Be glad that you did not. It might have meant the calaboose for you. As it is, the captain does not want to press any charge against you, nor does he want to discharge you. He says you are an efficient steward."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Pratt. "This comes of trying to please."

"Make the best of it, and get well. If you want any reading matter while you're idle, I can help a

little. My daughter is librarian of a local branch close by, and she can supply you."

"That's kind of you. Ask her for something deep and somnolent—something like Emerson's 'Compensation' or Schopenhauer's fulminations."

"I suggest the former," said the consul, rising to go. "Schopenhauer will demoralize you. Well, good-by. Appeal to me when you are legally in the right, and I will protect you."

He departed, and on the next day at noon a young lady came aboard with a parcel of books for Mr. Pratt. As she needed his signature to her receipt for the books I escorted her to his room. We had all finished dinner, and the skipper and mate had left the cabin for the deck, so the young lady was not embarrassed by any third parties; for, having ushered her in, I discreetly retired to my room for a smoke before turning to. But I could hear tolerably well, and her first words were,

"Oh, you poor man; what have they been doing to you?"

"Doing me up," responded Pratt. "Their fists are harder than my face, and their faces harder than my fists. You see the result. Won't you sit down?"

"I'm so sorry. It's too bad. Can't you leave this horrid vessel?"

"Only feet first, it seems. I am officially pronounced a valuable and efficient man, so they won't let me go."

The talk continued in this strain for about ten minutes, when the girl left, promising to bring more books when he wanted them. I helped her over the side, and watched her trip lightly up the dock to the street. Excepting the one girl at home—the one girl that every seafaring man knows—she was the most attractive young woman I had ever seen, neither blonde nor brunette, but a happy combination of both types. Tall, healthy, pretty, and about nineteen. I thought of Pratt, in his present condition the ugliest man I had ever seen. His eyes, blackened above his pulpy red nose, gave him a lurid and darkling glare, while his soiled and collarless shirt—for, one-handed, he could not attend to his personal appearance—did not add to his attractions. Out of curiosity I visited him before two bells.

"Say, Thompson, isn't she fine?" he said enthusiastically.

"Of course," I grunted, "but what are you going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do? Well, I'll tell you. Come here, close."

I bent down, and he whispered into my ear, "Beat it."

"Well," I said, as I straightened up, "you mustn't make me a party to it. I'd be glad to get my own discharge, but while I'm aboard I can't assist deserters."

"Assist nothing. You 'tend to your potatoes, and don't see any more than you have to. Better get out of here, now, so you won't get into trouble."

I looked at the books she had left before going. One was Shakespeare, two or three others were books on philosophy, another was a Bible, and another, the last I glanced at, was called 'Hypnotism—its Identity with Mesmerism.' I knew nothing of this subject and was not interested, so I decamped. But as I chanced to look in on him in the following two or three days I noticed him intently reading this book.

The skipper had engaged a steward to do Pratt's work while he was out of commission, promising to charge the expense against

Pratt's pay, and perhaps it was this that prompted Pratt to nurse his sore fist and sore eyes into condition by assiduous care and hourly treatment. Perhaps it was the girl; perhaps something else. At any rate, in another week he reported for duty, clean cut and well groomed again, and in a short, polite speech to the captain and mate he apologized for his recalcitrant behavior, declared that he had realized the futility of it all, and promised to serve them faithfully, even to shining their shoes and shaving them, provided the hatchet could be buried. They responded with grunts of semi-approval, but reminded him that he surely would get the worst of it if he cut up any more didoes.

So the understudy was paid off, and Pratt resumed his work; but I thought at the time that the handle of the hatchet was still above ground and that Pratt had his eye upon it; yet he surpassed himself in professional skill and affability, cooking such meals as we never had eaten before aboard ship, and actually winning kindly comments from the two autocrats whom he served.

About this time—it was at the close of a long, dirty day in the potatoes below decks—my relations with the captain and Mr. Blanchard crystallized into a wordy quarrel, at the end of which I was discharged—which was what I wanted, and the easier of attainment in my case than in that of the steward, for no skipper cares to go to sea with a discontented watch officer. But it was Saturday, and the captain refused to pay me until Monday, so I was forced to remain on board over Sunday; for I was as poor as the steward.

There was no work done next day except to wash down the deck and take off the hatch to air the hold, and the men washed clothes, overhauled their dunnage, and strolled ashore; but as none had any money they did not go far. Sightseers from the town flocked to the dock, inspecting our dingy old ship, but none came on board, and, soon tiring of the monotony of Sunday in port with no money, I went to my room to shave, change clothes, and pack my chest. While in my room I heard Pratt's soft accents, speaking to the skipper.

"Oh, yes, Captain," he said soothingly, "I can shave you. I earned quite a little money at that, working my way through college. All I want is light. Let me place your armchair under this skylight." Then



"Johnnie," said the steward to the captain, "Jimmie is making faces at you. Beat him at it"

I heard the skipper's growling consent, the sound of a heavy chair being moved, and a little later the flap, flap, flap of a razor being stropped. I stropped my own razor and shaved away at myself, wondering what had come over the steward.

"I can't get at you, Captain," he said. "You must lean back. I'll tell you—fix your eyes on the compass overhead. Keep looking at it and then you won't sag down and interfere with me. You are rather stout, you know, and must stretch your neck." The compass overhead was a tell-tale—one hung upside down, so that the ship's course could be ascertained without going on deck. The barbering went on, and when I had finished and was mopping my face with a towel, I casually peeped out and looked into the after cabin. The captain lay stretched out in his armchair, his head back and his chin uplifted; the steward was standing over him, his eyes wide open with excitement, and he was sweeping his arms over the recumbent form with a downward motion—from head to feet—and saying softly, "Sleep, sleep, sleep." Then as I drew back out of sight I heard him say sternly,

"Get up, go to your berth, and lie down until I come for you."

The skipper's heavy footsteps sounded as he made his way into the after cabin, and then I heard the steward calling to Mr. Blanchard, who was lounging on the poop.

"All ready, sir," he said sweetly. "I've shaved the captain, and made a good job. I can do better by you, however, for I've got my hand in again."

Mr. Blanchard descended and took the chair. The steward kept up a running fire of small talk while he stropped the razor and lathered the mate's face, and when he began he made the same request that he had made of the skipper—that he lean back and look at the telltale. When the mate was shaved the steward again went through the stroking, pawing motions, ending with the injunction to "Sleep, sleep, sleep" and the command to go to his berth and remain until he called him. The mate's room was opposite my own, and as he passed me I noticed that, though his eyes were wide open as he looked at me, he gave no sign of recognition—not the lift of an eyebrow, nor the change of a facial muscle indicated that he saw me.

I soon went on deck, but before stepping ashore I resolved to question the steward as to what he was up to. I had to wait a quarter of an hour before he appeared, his face bright with excitement and anticipation.

"I've got my pay," he said in a low voice as he joined me. "He had enough in his desk to pay us both off last night. I got mine, and signed his account. Thirty-three days' pay, and ten dollars for the trunk."

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"Moral suasion—plus something else," he answered. "I appealed to his subliminal self, and it responded nobly."

This was incomprehensible to me at the time, and I asked no further.

"Come ashore with me," he said. "I want to find some way to get my duds ashore. I'll have to pack them in barrels, I suppose, as I can't hope to buy a trunk to-day."

"There are three empty barrels in the potato-pile," I said, "and the men'll help you, I guess. I can't move in the matter."

We went ashore and wandered around, looking for a truck, express-wagon, or cab, but found nothing. The town was closed up tight over Sunday, and, after a very poor dinner at a cheap restaurant, we came back. The steward immediately called on his friends in the forecabin, and a couple of them passed up the three barrels from the 'tween deck, and into his room. Then, when he had filled them with the contents of the Saratoga trunk, they passed them out and down to the potato-pile, where, at his direction, they covered the top of each barrel with potatoes.

"There," he said to me. "They'll go ashore on the first truck to-morrow morning, and I and my grips will go, too. Now I'm going to have some fun, and you can look on if you like."

He entered the cabin, and secured two chairs, which he placed on the main deck facing each other; then he reentered the cabin, and came out with the captain and the mate.

"Now, then," he said to them, "you are two little boys who don't like each other. Understand, you are two little boys, and you hate each other very much. Sit down there, both of you."

They sat down, and the steward went on. "Your name is Johnnie," he said to the captain, and to the mate he said: "Your name is Jimmie. Johnnie is making faces at you. See if you can't beat him."

The mate's face took on a fierce expression. He looked steadily at "Johnnie," puckered his nose, and stuck out his tongue.

"Johnnie," said the steward, "Jimmie is making faces at you. Beat him at it."

The fat, whiskered face of the captain became fiercer than that of the mate. He lifted his shaven upper lip, stuck out his tongue, and grimaced at the other. It was ludicrous but pathetic, and I turned away, wondering what uncanny power the steward had acquired. Perhaps he saw disapproval in my face, for he commanded them to stop. Yet there was that in his own face that forbade me to interfere by word or gesture. His eyes were flashing, and all the suppressed resentment at the treatment he had suffered shone out of them; and his lips were set in hard, firm lines. He was not yet through with the officers; he ordered them to stand up, and they obeyed. Then he wheeled their chairs around, side by side and facing aft.

"These are your horses," he said briskly. "You," to the captain, "are the best jockey in America, and there is your horse. You," he said to Mr. Blanchard, "are the best jockey in Europe. Mount your horses and ride a race. See which is the best."

The men had come out of the forecabin to view the unusual proceedings and quite a crowd had collected on the dock, and with this audience the two gravely straddled the chairs, facing forward, and gripping the rims of the backs.

"One, two, three," shouted the steward. "Go."

Away they went, lifting the chairs with each jump, forward on the port side, around the house and aft on the starboard. On their way forward the men watched open eyed, and the crowd on the dock followed, equally nonplused; but as they came panting aft to starboard, each man's face set in a fixed determination to win, the utter absurdity of the spectacle drew a shout of laughter and injunctions from the dock to "Go it, Fatty," "Beat him, Slim," while the men forward contented themselves with irreverent laughter. The captain's short, fat legs barely touched the deck, and the mate's long ones were doubled up so that his knees bumped his elbows. I could not conceal a grin as they came aft, the captain in the lead, and it may have inspired the steward. At any rate, he stopped the race, ordered them to their feet, and pronounced the captain the



champion heavyweight of the Pacific slope, and the mate the champion of the Atlantic.

"You are in a twenty-four-foot ring," he said. "Fight it out with bare knuckles and settle the supremacy. I am the referee."

The "ring" was the space between the capstan and the mizzen-hatch. Possibly they saw imaginary ropes, seconds, and water-bottles, for they took their places in opposite corners, and put up their fists. The men flocked aft, and the crowd on the dock had now increased so that some stepped onto the rail and into the rigging.

"Time," called the steward. "One round settles it. Fight it out."

They began hitting, lunging, and plunging at each other. The steward danced around them, encouraging each in turn, and joyously commending him when he landed a good blow. They made no attempt to guard, following strictly the steward's command to "Slug him," "Hit him," "Chase him," "Knock him down," and in a few moments their

faces were bleeding, their eyes closing, and their noses resembling the steward's of a few days back. Still they fought on, falling occasionally and panting continually, striking each other blows in the face and shoulders that would have broken the bones of softer men. They fought when they could not see through their blackened and thickened eyelids, but not a blow missed. They fought, prone upon the deck, neither able to rise from fatigue, but striking viciously with their fists. And they fought

when, utterly exhausted, their passes resembling the feeble pawings of a drowning kitten, their fists stopped halfway. I had little regard for them as men, but brute suffering always appealed to me, and I now stepped forward; but the steward anticipated me. With his face as red as the faces of the champions he said softly:

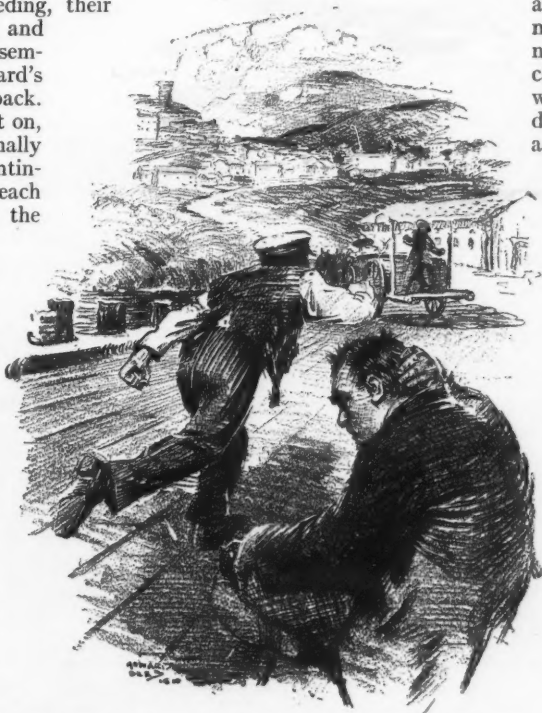
"This fight is a draw. You are not champions any longer; you are captain and first mate of this ship when you are awake, but you are not yet awake. Get up, go to your rooms, wash yourselves, and go to bed. Sleep until eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

To my amazement they painfully scrambled to their feet and staggered into the cabin. Then I noticed the cause of the steward's embarrassment. On the dock, looking at us with grave faces, were the consul and his daughter. I stepped forward out of the way, but the steward held his nerve.

I heard him invite them on board, and caught fragments of his explanations—that the captain and mate were settling their disagreements with a bare-knuckle fight, but had stopped at his request, when he had noticed them on the dock. Substituting the word command for request, this was nearly true.

Having borrowed a little money from the steward, I went ashore, where I wandered about until late in the evening; then, on my way to the ship, I was joined by the steward.

"Spent the



Captain Mack sat down on the dock, and remained there, the enthusiasm taken out of him

## The Steward

evening at the consul's house," he explained. "Say, that's the finest girl I ever met in my life."

"That's not it," I answered. "What ailed the skipper and mate?"

"I hypnotized them while shaving them," he said. "The book tells all about it. Never look long and steadily at a bright object over your head, and never, on your life, go to sleep in a barber's chair. For it isn't sleep, it's hypnosis, and a barber's motions with the razor are as effective as mesmeric passes. A chattering barber may, by his suggestions to you, alter the whole trend of your character."

"That's all Greek to me."

"But not to me. And I've got to hustle to-morrow morning. My last suggestion was that they were skipper and mate of the ship, and they'll waken normal. The skipper won't know that he paid me off, and may object to my interest in those potato-barrels."

I overslept next morning, but when I awakened I hurried on deck; for I heard loud and angry voices. Captain Mack was just climbing over the rail to the dock, where a dray containing three barrels of potatoes, two suit-cases, two grips, a dark driver, and our enterprising steward was just getting under way. The steward was crowding a bill into the willing hand of the driver, who promptly lashed up his horses. Mr. Blanchard was coming aft on the run, his face, like the captain's, disfigured almost beyond recognition.

"Hey, you!" yelled the captain, as he floundered to the dock. "Where you goin'? Come back here. Police! Police! Stop that deserter, some one." He paddled along after the dray and gave promise of catching it, for work-horses are bad runners, but the steward, standing in a clear space abaft the barrels, picked up a big potato.

Once, in New York, I attended a baseball game, and wondered at the time why the pitcher went into such terrible contortions in pitching the ball. I am wondering yet, for I do not know why. But, whatever the reason, the steward, a pitcher of standing, so he had assured me, went through the same performance before throwing that spud.

Holding it up to his chin with both hands, and facing forward with his back to the puffing, wheezing target, he suddenly elevated his right knee, ducked his head, whirled around in this doubled-up attitude, and stiffening up sent the missile with an overhead swing and the speed of a cannon-ball straight for the captain. I hardly saw it in the air—it seemed a faint streak of brown; but it impacted on the chin of Captain Mack with a force that lifted the big man partly off his feet. He sat down on the dock, and remained there, the enthusiasm taken out of him.

Mr. Blanchard was now over the rail and on the way, and he also received a potato, delivered with the same preliminary and agonizing contortions, and the same lightning speed. It hit him on his square forehead, and, though he kept his feet, he wobbled indefinitely for a few moments, and then came back with the captain, while the dray-horse slowed down to a walk.

I received my pay that morning, and saw no more of Captain Mack or Mr. Blanchard. Nor did I see the steward until a week or so after the *Windsor* had sailed—with a new second mate and a new steward. Then, having secured a good berth as first mate, I went to the consul's office to sign articles. There was a very handsome and charming young lady seated behind the railing beyond which seamen must not go, who smiled pleasantly at me, and whom I knew as the consul's daughter; and there was a very brisk, businesslike, and good-looking consul's deputy behind the desk, who signed me on the articles, and whom I had some difficulty in knowing as Mr. Pratt. We talked cordially, and congratulated each other on our new prospects in life, but while we talked, the young lady took her departure.

"You'll be up to dinner to-night, Charlie, I suppose," she said at the door.

"Of course, Nellie. I'll be up ahead of time."

"Charlie, Nellie," I mused when I reached the street. "Charlie and Nellie. They're doing well. I've been shipmate with him over a month, and I never learned his first name."





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"I have been retained in office by the solicitation of those who believed, with me, that my work was beneficial to my country, but in case of my retirement there would be no trouble, no revolution."—Diaz.

# *The Personal Recollections of* **Porfirio Diaz** *President of Mexico*

## THE THIRD SIEGE OF PUEBLA

ON January 10, 1867, I entered Oaxaca, and began active preparations for the Puebla campaign. I had promised the National Guard troops that I would disband them after the occupation of Oaxaca, so when I decided to march on Puebla I found myself in the position of a commander without an army. I was therefore obliged to organize new troops as hastily as possible,

and for this purpose I assigned the territory between Oaxaca and Mexico to my different generals and officers, with orders to recruit and equip regiments as rapidly as they could. I left Oaxaca for Acatlan on January 28, 1867, with three hundred cavalry, intending to gather the troops being recruited on my march to Puebla. I encamped at Acatlan, considering it a vantage-point from which to watch the enemy's movements at close range.

While in Acatlan, there arrived at general

headquarters an individual named Carlos Bournof. According to the credentials which he brought, he came from Maximilian to exact from me a promise not to interfere with the archduke's march from Mexico to Veracruz. Maximilian bound himself to make the journey escorted by European soldiers only, and declared that his object was to embark on the war-frigate *Navarre*, which lay at anchor in Veracruz harbor. I detained Mr. Bournof until the next day, and had bodies of men marching and countermarching before his windows all night. My object in doing this was to make him believe that Acatlan was heavily garrisoned, whereas in reality I had only two hundred men under my command. I dismissed Mr. Bournof the following morning, with a negative answer, and told him that I could not participate in any arrangements with the enemy, that my only relations with Maximilian were to conquer him or be conquered by him, and that it would be my duty to make him a prisoner and have him tried by the nation.

As soon as the army was reorganized I started on my march to Puebla, reaching that city March 9, 1867. Without resistance on the part of the enemy, I occupied the San Juan Hill, where I established my headquarters, taking possession of the San Fernando Convent the next day. I then extended my lines, occupying the suburbs of the city on the south and north, but not attempting to close the city on the east and west, because the Loreto and Guadalupe hills were occupied by the enemy and were very well protected. Although I could not cut off communication between the hills and the city, I did cut the city off from outside communications.

I continued my operations, intending to reduce the territory occupied by the enemy, and advanced my forces from the western side toward the San Augustin Plaza. My troops held three sides, the west, north, and south, the enemy the east, and from there our lines extended to the Merced Convent, occupying the western approach in those streets, the enemy the eastern. On the south we occupied the square near the custom house and all the adjacent streets leading to the hills by way of the La Luz Bridge.

During one of the last days of the siege the enemy set fire to a store in the block occupied by Gen. Francis Carreon. The store

contained much timber, and burned fiercely. On learning of the fire, I hastened to lend what aid I could in extinguishing it. I commenced in the room adjoining the store. Flames were just beginning to creep through the partitions, and I at once ordered some boilers filled with water, brought and placed on a table in the middle of the room, and also detailed a number of soldiers to keep these boilers filled. I was standing on the table endeavoring to extinguish the flames, when the floor of the room above gave way, the burning beams falling on top of me. Hearing a cry of warning, I jumped from the table toward the door, knocking against Señor Baz, and pushing him out of danger. Before I could get out of the way, a portion of the roof hit me, and I was buried in the smoldering beams from the waist down. The window- and door-frames fell shortly afterward, and the enemy, perceiving my plight, turned their fire on me, even putting their rifles through the window-gratings.

Meanwhile my position was precarious, and Luis Teran, in order to extricate me, pulled me so vigorously that I thought he would dislocate my arms. Teran was naturally nervous, and when difficult situations presented themselves he was apt to get worse. My assistant finally brought a crowbar, and, prying away the beams which held me down, Teran, who had never let go, finally pulled me out, leaving my high boots in the pile. I suffered some burns, but found my legs in good condition. I went to the Carreto Baths near by and sent for some clean clothes, as mine were practically all burned. The enemy circulated the report that I had been killed in the fire, and in order to prevent a panic, as soon as I was dressed I went to show myself to the soldiers in the city and afterward to San Juan Hill, where the reserves were encamped.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE SECOND OF APRIL

General Marquez left Querétaro with twelve hundred cavalry, March 22, 1867, for Mexico City. He came as the direct representative of the imperial forces, entrusted by Maximilian with full power to obtain financial assistance and material of war, and then to return to Querétaro and raise the siege. Upon his arrival in Mexico on March 27th, he received word from Norriega, commander of the forces of Puebla, that he could not hold out much longer.

Marquez at once organized a force of four thousand and proceeded toward Puebla. At Apam he received word that I had taken Puebla, but that the Loreto and Guadalupe hills were still held by the French.

I had established one telegraph line along the river Frio, as far as Tlalpam and another to Apizaco. I also had a locomotive at Apizaco, which enabled me to keep close observation on the movements of the enemy. When I was informed by telegraph on March 31st that Marquez was continuing his march along the Plains of Apam, plainly indicating that his objective point was Puebla, I decided to attack the plaza and commenced to move the sick and wounded and all the baggage toward Tehuacan. My object was to place them in safety, in case my assault should prove unsuccessful. I didn't deem it wise to inform anyone of my purpose, and for this reason my movements were greatly hampered by friend and foe.

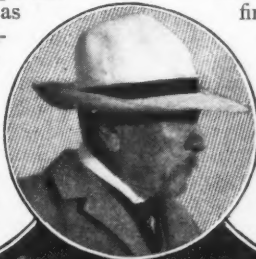
When the time came that I could no longer conceal my purpose, I ordered General Alatorre to call a meeting of all the officers whom I had selected to lead the various columns of the assault, and with the plan of the city spread before us, General Alatorre and myself gave our instructions verbally, pointing out to each the points which he should attack and the points through which he should make his exit. After the different columns had taken their respective positions, I ordered a large piece of canvas stretched by means of a heavy wire from

either tower of the church of San Juan. This canvas hung to the ground and had been saturated with turpentine. This was to be ignited on an order from me, and was to be a signal to the various commanders.

As soon as night fell I forbade any firing, except in case the enemy should make an attempt at a sally. The enemy soon noted this silence, and the fact that Marquez was only thirty-five miles in our rear caused the enemy to believe we would retire that night, if we were not already doing so.

Everything being arranged, I stationed myself near the Old Alameda, from which position I could watch all operations. I confess I was very undecided as to the course I should follow in view of Marquez's approach. To go out and attack him would mean demoralization of my forces and compel me to leave my rear unprotected, which would be fatal to my movements. To retire to Oaxaca was equivalent to the complete destruction of my army and the loss of my materials of war, which had been gotten at so great a cost. There was no alternative remaining to me but to put up a good fight. If I were successful it would open the gates of the capital and put an end to the war. I finally decided to hold my ground, against the advice of all my generals, and in the end my judgment proved to be correct, and my efforts were crowned with success.

At two forty-five in the morning, April 2d, I opened fire on the trenches of the Carmen Convent, and at the



An unconventional portrait of Diaz the citizen.—Diaz the President at a civil function.—Cavalry returning from the dedication at Chapultepec of a monument to those killed there Sept. 8, 1847



signal agreed upon the canvas stretched between the two towers of the San Juan Church was set on fire, and the decisive struggle began. If I were to give a detailed account of the battle it would be a very lengthy one. I only wish to state that I consider this one of the most important victories of the war of the Intervention.

#### THE CAPTURE OF MAXIMILIAN

General Escobeda took Querétaro and captured Maximilian on May 15, 1867. I communicated this fact by telegraph, ordering the news to be spread broadcast. Marquez tried to discredit our victory, and gave out that Maximilian had defeated us and was even then on his way to the City. But the truth was soon known, and when the masses realized that Querétaro had fallen and Maximilian and his army were prisoners, the disorder among the already demoralized populace increased to an alarming extent.

On the 20th of June, General Tavera, in command of the French troops holding the capital, sent me a message by the American consul general, asking for guaranties and offering to surrender the plaza. I met this gentleman at the gates of Chapultepec, but I not only refused to listen to his propositions, but forbade him to alight from his carriage. I said:

"I am about to attack the capital, and I give you five minutes in which to return there. If you are delayed longer than that I will open fire on you."

I did wait, however, until his carriage disappeared beyond the statue of Charles V before giving the signal to open fire. As soon as the firing started, those in the plaza could not see the moving columns, whereas my men could understand my orders, as my signal-corps men were stationed beyond the circle of smoke and dust. Our artillery was answered by the French from the plaza, and as both armies used bombs, we still were under the impression, on account of our bombs exploding in their trenches, that they were answering our fire some time after they had ceased.

Just then a watchman reported that white flags were flying from the towers of the cathedral. I ordered the bombardment to cease, and then we saw that similar flags had been hoisted on all the trenches of the plaza.

As soon as the firing ceased, I began

preparations to start for the City, my coach showing a white flag. I had not gone far when I met four generals who had been commissioned by General Tavera to place the plaza "unconditionally" at my disposal. I appointed General Alatorre to treat with them, and gave him instructions not to accept any but an unconditional surrender. The commission signed on my terms, and it was ratified the same day by myself and General Tavera as chief of the besieged plaza. I notified him that he was to remain in command until the following day, when I would take formal possession of the City.

I sent orders that the French troops were to remain in their respective positions until I could appoint some authorized persons to guard the City. I finally despatched three battalions of Oaxaca Huntsmen, who deserved special distinction. They established small pickets, covering the City at points which I had marked out for them on the map, so stationed that there would not be a single house not under their supervision.

I thus accomplished the occupation of the City on June 21, 1867, without any bloodshed. I remained in command of the plaza from that day until the 15th of July, on which day President Juarez made his entrance into the City.

Among the clauses which I inserted in the capitulation papers was one which I ordered strictly enforced, stating that no person should leave or enter the City without a written permit from headquarters. I paroled the officers and prominent prisoners, on condition that they should report at certain prisons upon twenty-four hours' notice. Very few responded to the first notice, and I determined to make examples of the most prominent, in order to intimidate the rest. Gen. Santiago Viadurri was the first. He had been minister of finance, head of Maximilian's cabinet, and elected as regent in case of Maximilian's death. He had been mainly responsible for the prolongation of the war. I ordered him shot without any more ceremony than a judicial identification. His execution had a most beneficial effect.

President Juarez was expected to arrive in the City during the first days of July. I had gone as far as the town of Tlalmpautta—which was as far away from the City as I dared go—to meet him. After lunch the

President called his secretaries together, and shortly afterward summoned me to his presence. He told me that the troops forming his bodyguard had not been paid for some time, and asked me if I had funds to cover the most urgent necessities. I replied that I had and would give him what was required, and enough over to pay the salaries to the end of the present half-month. The President appeared relieved at my reply, and then told me that the members of his cabinet had not received any salaries for quite a long time, and asked me if I could spare some cash for this purpose. I told him I had money enough to cover these salaries and would give him what he required. He ordered me to give ten thousand pesos for that purpose, and sent his aide-de-camp back to the City with me to receive the money.

In the course of a conversation I had with the President shortly after his arrival in the City, I asked him to square up accounts with me. I told him that I did not want all my money at once, a draft for five thousand pesos would be sufficient for my immediate needs. I proposed that he should allow me to collect the balance directly from the custom house at Veracruz, as I thought this would be a form of payment agreeable to the government, and also to me, as I intended to devote myself to a commercial career. The President made some plain statements as to the obstacles to be overcome in taking up another walk in life, and the difficulty I would have in trying to collect my money. He said there had been no record kept of the amounts paid me during the whole course of the war, as pay-days had been irregular, and paymasters sometimes questionable in the disbursement of the funds entrusted to their care. I understood from the arguments used by the President that it was doubtful if I would ever be able to get all the money which was really owing me. I told him I was willing to take it for granted that I had received one-third of my share, and that I thought I should be remunerated for the two-thirds remaining. I made this proposition, although I was sure I had not even received one-fourth of what was due me. The President accepted my proposal, and I afterward understood that this formed a basis for the payment of the officials who had accompanied the President to El Paso.

When we had arrived at an amicable understanding on this point, President

Juarez told me, in order that I should see in what esteem he held me, that he had arranged that the twenty thousand pesos still due me should be turned over to me in one payment. I replied that I had no idea such a sum was in the treasury at my disposal, and that if he wished to withdraw any of it he was at liberty to do so.

I never did draw that money out of the treasury. Señor Jose de Teresa, in pursuance of an order direct from the President, drew out the sum and held it subject to my order. I finally gave Señor Benitez power of attorney to use it in protecting some notes which I had in the City, and for which I had made myself personally responsible prior to President Juarez's occupation of the capital, in order to have funds on hand for paying off the troops. When I found that I had only three thousand pesos left, I asked Señor Teresa to send this sum to me, but unfortunately the money was lost in a robbery which occurred in his house. And although Señor Teresa could have been held responsible for the amount, he asked me to settle on a fifty-per-cent. basis, which I did, and this fifteen hundred pesos was all I ever received of the twenty thousand pesos due for my services during the war of the Intervention.

[The autobiography of President Diaz, as a collected literary work, terminates abruptly with the last sentence above printed. Owing to the stress of his busy later life this personal record has never been completed, and the probability is that it never will be. The COSMOPOLITAN has been enabled, however, to obtain access to President Diaz's own expressions of opinion in regard to the most significant events of the elapsed period, and these are here set forth.]

President Juarez tried to prevail upon me either to accept the portfolio of secretary of war or to assume command of one of the divisions of the army. I declined both offers, since the Republic seemed to be entirely restored from the rule of its enemies. I retired to my farm of La Noria, in my native state of Oaxaca, and there I remained until the triangular contest for the office of chief magistrate of the Republic called me out. This was terminated by the sudden death of President Juarez in 1872 and the elevation of Lerdo de Tejada to the executive chair. I entered Congress in 1874.

Shortly after this I was approached by

a mutual friend of the President and myself. He told me that the President had empowered him to offer me the post of minister plenipotentiary at Berlin. This I declined, as the electoral campaign was at hand and my name was being urged for the presidency by the supporters of the Plan of Tuxtepec. The complications which followed this memorable campaign never were untangled until November 16, 1876, when the troops under the command of Gen. Manuel Gonzalez and myself put to rout those of Gen. Ignacio Alatorre, in the memorable battle of Tecuac.

At this change in his fortunes President Tejada left the Republic, going to live in New York City; and soon after my arrival in the city of Mexico, Gen. Juan N. Mendex was placed temporarily in control of the executive power. Elections were ordered in December, and on April 1, 1877, Congress met and declared my election to the presidency, it being held that this election ratified the preceding one, and therefore that my term of office would expire on November 30, 1880.

I am very far from pretending that I can be considered the only factor in the advancement made by the nation during the small portion of its history which occurred during my first administration. It is a very common error to attribute to one man alone the events of importance which take place in his country during his lifetime. Those events are always the necessary results of many circumstances, some of which are logically and slowly combined, while others occur suddenly and by chance. The desire for peace, tranquillity, and progress which the nation felt; the exchange of former functionaries whose activity had been exhausted through lack of faith for others who were vigorous and active; the powerful aid imparted by the federal Congress; the measures initiated by the states; and, finally, the efficacious cooperation of the members of the cabinet, were the principal elements which brought about the improvements that these four years introduced in all branches of the public service.

At that time our constitution contained a clause forbidding the reelection of Presidents. At the beginning of 1880, therefore, the agitation for my successor was intense. General Gonzalez received a large majority of the votes cast, and, Congress having declared him my duly elected successor, I

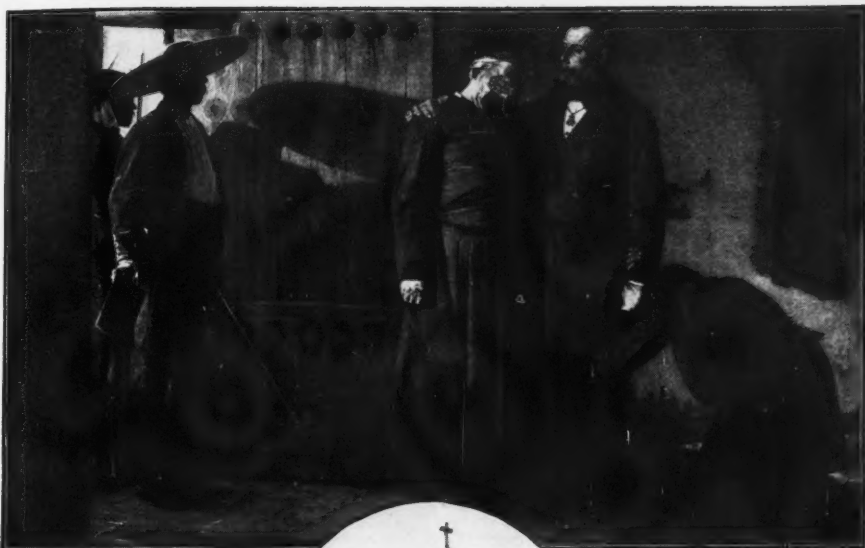
turned the office over to him on December 1, 1880. At that time I frankly told the newly elected President the supreme object for which I had been striving. My aim had been to attain peace through the strict observance of the constitution: and as peace cannot be lasting without prosperity or the hope of obtaining it, all my efforts had tended toward its promotion, especially by giving due impetus to interior, as well as foreign, commerce. I also assured my successor that he could command my services, if he thought that his administration might benefit thereby. President Gonzalez immediately met this offer in the spirit in which it was made and appointed me secretary of the Department of Public Promotion.

After I resigned this post I became governor of my native state of Oaxaca, and threw myself heart and soul into the work of developing its rich resources and refilling its depleted treasury. It was then that the celebrated Isthmus of Tehuantepec railroad was commenced.

During the winter of 1884-5 the International Exposition was held at New Orleans, Louisiana. President Gonzalez appointed me commissioner-general of the Mexican department, and this was the last public office which I held under his administration. On December 1, 1884, I once more became the occupant of the executive chair, having been elected to my second term as President.

In a very short time it became apparent that the actions of the republic of Guatemala seriously threatened our relations with that country, owing to the efforts of its President, Rufino Barrios, to force under his control the administration of the Central American republics, in the face of the opposition of Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Salvador. I sent an army corps of 18,000 men to the Guatemalan frontier, and did not withdraw it until all danger of international conflict had disappeared.

The death of General Barrios on the battlefield of Chalchuapa and the repeal of the measures of that ill-advised President, as adopted by the provisional government of Guatemala, put an end to the war and to the difficulties that thereby ensued to us. The heroic bravery of the patriots who defended their autonomy, and the immediate signing of the peace treaty, brought about a satisfactory solution of that conflict, to



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS

The last moments of Maximilian, emperor of Mexico, who was shot



Chapel erected on the spot where Maximilian was executed

at Querétaro, June 19, 1867, by order of the Mexican authorities

which solution the whole civilized world could not forbear to give its approval; and what occurred served to again demonstrate the principle that respect for the sovereignty of nations, however small, and weak they may be, must lie at the basis of international law.

At the beginning of my administration I had found the finances of the Republic in an untoward condition. The treasury was depleted, and the collection of revenue so ineffective that the funds were insufficient to meet even the current expenses. At home the salaries of public employees were greatly in arrears, and abroad there were heavy debts outstanding. The financial situation being desperate, on June 22, 1885, I inaugurated stringent measures for the funding of the public debt and the collection of the public revenue. Thereafter I took measures for the proportionate diminution of expenses wherever they could be shown unnecessary, and for the increase of the national funds, even salaries of public employees being taxed. I guaranteed, however, that these salaries should be promptly paid when due.

In September, 1888, after the nation had conferred on me the honor of electing me its

chief magistrate for another term, I reviewed the past four years, covering the period of my incumbency. The work of reorganizing the public finances proceeded satisfactorily, and, although the financial situation was not entirely prosperous, it gave indications

of marked improvement, the public showing at that moment an extraordinary development of the elements which constitute national wealth. The treasury had been able to meet all payments decreed in the appropriation bills, thanks to the increase in the federal revenues. This was due to the enhancement in the value of private property, the development of commerce, and the greater exportation of Mexican products, as well as to the favorable condition of the Republic's credit, which never had been so high. Public improvements, such as railroad and telegraph lines, as well as all the elements of public wealth existing at that date, had had a most satisfactory growth; and public credit, which, owing to inveterate errors as well as unfortunate circumstances, had been rendered entirely nugatory, had become favorable to Mexico both at home and abroad, and had served to attract foreign capital and industry,

which formerly seemed to avoid our country.

Four years later I was enabled to report to Congress that the advancement had not encountered, nor was it to be feared that it would encounter, any considerable setback, and the potent influence of peace, by now fortunately consolidated, was proving of great service to the Republic in its progressive advancement. It was in 1896, at the end of my succeeding administration, that I was happy to bear the news to my countrymen that at last the receipts of public revenues had exceeded the public expenses, the former amounting to the round sum of fifty million dollars and leaving a balance of \$4,500,000 in the treasury, a most satisfactory result, for which I wish to give due credit to Mr. José Ives Limantour, secretary of finances. In all branches of the public service the Republic could show a most satisfactory condition.

In 1904 I made my usual executive report to the representatives of the people, detailing at length the prosperous condition of the Republic in all its branches. In conclusion I was enabled to make this statement: "Although the information which I have given does not offer any novelty, it does show clearly the situation of our country, with reference to those branches whose administration is under charge of the Executive. It wholly justifies the opinion, which now is entertained in the whole civilized world, that this Republic has fully entered on the highroad to secure progress. Peace and legal order, attended by good judgment, are the well-known causes which have brought about such a favorable condition in Mexican history. The permanency of these benefits, and their growing development, must hereafter be dependent on the same causes, since all obstacles which formerly ran counter to public prosperity have been removed."

After my long term of public service, in which I have had the good fortune to gather around me good men and encourage their energies, valor, and public-mindedness, in war as well as in peace, I can now say that they and the Mexican people are the true factors in our present state of progress. Of course I have been retained in office by the solicitation of those who believed, with me, that my work was beneficial to my country, but in case of my retirement there would be no revolution, no trouble. If I should

relinquish office the Republic would continue unswervingly in the path of peace, development, and maintenance of law and order which it has followed for many years. Mexico has learned that work and energy mean national happiness and advancement, while dissension, fighting, and the ambitions of individuals advanced at the cost of public welfare mean national disaster. She has learned thoroughly the benefits to the nation of continued peace and work. There is no desire to disturb healthy, sane conditions. I believe and know that this view is firmly implanted in the minds of the citizens. The safe, solid principles of this government are thoroughly established, and there is no basis for fearing that the Mexican people will ever forsake enlightened and trustworthy administrative methods.

At my age, and upon the conclusion of this present presidential term, it is indeed gratifying to find my countrymen approving my conduct of affairs, since they are perfectly entitled to judge me. With their favorable opinion I had expected quietly to withdraw from public affairs; but since it has been shown that the country once more requires my services I will give them, devoting, if need be, the remainder of my energies to the Fatherland.\*

The program of my government will be the same; but it will allow for all development in the evolution of social and political progress, so that the free exercise of the rights of citizenship and the respect of the law by governors and those governed may maintain that equilibrium and harmony which makes a people great and a nation powerful. The foundation will be the maintenance of peace. I will always be ready to safeguard public interests. Fortunately we now live in peace as a natural state of affairs. The Mexican people are convinced on this point. All of us desire it, and it is supported by the schools, of which there is an ever-increasing number, by the railways, factories, banks, and industries, as well as by the general well-being of the people.

The most striking example of this well-being may be noted in the brilliant and harmonious observance of the centennial of Mexico's national independence, celebrated throughout the Republic during September of the present year.

\* The present administration terminates November 30, 1910. President Diaz has recently been elected for another term.





Mrs. Porfirio Diaz

## "Carmelita"

The Wife of the President of Mexico

By Belle M. Sherman

**V**ERY little is known outside of Mexico of the wife of President Diaz. This is due, not to a lack of personality or merit, but simply to the fact that, as Porfirio Diaz overshadows everybody in Mexico, his wife has dwelt in the reflected glory of his greatness to the world at large. And yet the "power behind the throne," to those who know, is the woman called by every Mexican "Carmelita."

Carmelita means "Little Carmen" and is a term of affection and endearment. The President's wife is as much beloved by the

people as her husband is glorified. To gain the influence of Madame Diaz is to interest the President and practically obtain your request.

In the early years of his public service Porfirio Diaz married a most estimable lady, the daughter of Dr. Ortega Reyes, who died during his first administration. She was the mother of several children, of whom only two survive. It was five years after this that General Diaz, returning to Mexico City after having served as governor of Oaxaca, reestablished social relations with Manuel Romero Rubio, formerly his open opponent,

who had served in the cabinet of President Lerdo de Tejada, the bitterest political enemy of General Diaz. The motive behind this surprising move soon became apparent. It existed in the comely person of Señorita Carmen, the eldest of Mr. Rubio's three daughters.

The hero of forty-five battles was not to lose in this campaign. His betrothal to the popular Señorita Carmen—a favorite in the exclusive social set of the capital—was speedily announced, and on November 7, 1882, the marriage took place, there being, as is the custom in Mexico, first a civil and then a church ceremony.

Mrs. Diaz chose for her wedding journey a trip through the United States. Washington and New York were among the places visited, and many entertainments of a semi-official nature were arranged in honor of the young wife of the hero and ex-President of the Mexican Republic.

It is typical of Mrs. Diaz that upon returning to Mexico she elected to live quietly in an unpretentious house on Humboldt Street, despite her husband's prominence in public life. When, two years later, General Diaz again became President of Mexico, Mrs. Diaz carried to the executive mansion the same unostentatious plan of living which had characterized her private household, and this scheme has prevailed ever since.

President Diaz had several children by his first wife, but only two sons survive. Mrs. Diaz, who has no children of her own, is as devoted to these stepchildren as though she was their own mother.

The President and his wife lead a very quiet life, there being, in the general acceptance of the word, no social diplomatic life in Mexico. Madame Diaz holds no public receptions similar to those held by the wife of the President of the United States. There are perhaps half a dozen functions during the year—cabinet dinners, receptions to foreign diplomats, the Spanish ball and the inaugural ball, which is held at each inauguration of Porfirio Diaz.

The President and Madame Diaz are familiar figures on the streets of the capital, in their dark-blue limousine, which is General Diaz's favorite conveyance when driving with his wife. On Sunday afternoons it is their custom to make a round of family calls, and the President in his top hat and frock coat and Madame Diaz in her chic tailor-made can be seen driving to and from Cha-

pultepec on the Pasco, during the summer months, or along the narrow streets of the older and aristocratic part of Mexico City. On these social jaunts the President is absolutely unattended, save for the chauffeur and footman. Other days, when on official business, he is usually attended by his son, Porfirio Diaz, Jr., or Colonel Cuellar, his chief of staff.

Madame Diaz is a devout, ardent Catholic. She is very charitable and an indefatigable worker along what would be called in this country "settlement" lines, but which could hardly be called by that name, as settlement work is absolutely unknown in Mexico. Her pet charity is an institution known as the "Casa Amiga de la Obrera" (The Working Women's Home), which she established and which is doing a great work toward bettering the condition of the women of the lower classes.

Under the reform laws all church property was confiscated, and religious orders were banished from Mexico. The nuns of the Sacred Heart, in whose convent in Los Angeles Carmelita received part of her education, enjoy many prerogatives due to the influence of the President's wife. There are, besides, some three or four religious houses in Mexico City under the charge of teaching orders, who also owe their existence to her.

No greater contrast to her distinguished husband than Carmelita could be found. He is an image of stone, she a patrician in every sense of the word. She is most highly accomplished, having been educated in the United States and Europe, and speaks several languages. Her charming personality captivates all who come in contact with her. She exercises a wonderful influence over her famous husband. A man of the people, of humble origin, his youth and manhood spent among soldiers, rising as he did from the lowest rank, his manners and mode of life were naturally rough. Those who are acquainted with the domestic life of the President say that all he is to-day in suavity, polish, diplomacy, and etiquette he owes to the woman who reigns in his home. She has softened him, rounded his sharp corners, tamed this lion who formerly brooked no questioning of his word.

So has Mrs. Diaz set her indelible impression upon her country in the period of its greatest growth. Quiet by nature and of a retiring disposition, she has not assumed a strident part in the social arena of official life. Rather has she played, with quiet persistence, the rôle of helpmate to a man burdened with the destiny of a nation.

# "Every Dog Has His Day"

By E. W. Kemble



"What ye eatin' dog-biscuit fer? Want ter be a canine?"



"Want ter be one! Gol-ding it, I am one."



"Git fer the tall timber ye blamed feline."



"What you buttin' in fer? Want ter git shook up, ye mut?"



# The Story-Tellers' Club

## Favorite Yarns of Famous People



**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—The success of this department of best short stories by famous people has induced us to make it a permanent feature of the magazine. We seek only genuinely funny stories as they have been personally narrated by well-known living men and women. If you know a person whose name is familiar to newspaper and magazine readers ask him for his best story and send it along to us. Every prominent man and woman has a favorite anecdote, and this is the best place for its retelling.

"Too many of us," says August Belmont, "are like the trustee who expected his great-uncle to leave him his fortune of five thousand dollars. The great-uncle died, and a few days later the trustee appeared



AUGUST BELMONT

in his old haunts, dressed in deep mourning, with a huge and perfect diamond in his black silk tie.

"Ah," said a friend, 'your great-uncle is dead. Sincere sympathy. Left you that legacy, I suppose? But where did you get that beautiful stone?'

"The trustee smiled grimly. 'My great-uncle,' he explained, 'did not include me among the beneficiaries of his will. He left, in fact, all his

money for a stone which should commemorate his memory. This is the stone.'" Kermit Roosevelt says he was once camping in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up, and at first seemed inclined to pass on without a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried,

"How fur to Salt Lake?"

"Three hundred miles."

"Humph!"

"Traveled far?"

"About two hundred miles."

"Get your jaw hurt?"

"No. It's just an infernal toothache, and I'm a-riding five hundred miles to get it pulled."

He was invited down, and one of the crowd got a piece of string round the tooth and jerked it out as slick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing about, the young camper queried,

"Why didn't you try the string before starting out on such a long ride?"

"Best kind of reason, sir, I hadn't nary a string."

Sir Thomas Lipton tells a good story about a Scotchman who went to a horse-race for the first time in his life. Says Sir Thomas: "This Scotchman was a feeble-minded old man, and his companions

who took him to the race-meeting presently persuaded him to take a sixpence in the third race on a ten-to-one shot.

"By some amazing miracle this outsider won.

When the bookmaker gave old Sandy a golden sovereign and his sixpence, the winner could not believe his eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, 'that I get all this for my saxepee?'

"You do," said the bookmaker.

"Ma conscience!" muttered Sandy. 'Tell me, mon, hoo long has this thing been going on?'"

"Oh, that's a mere quibble," said Walter Camp, Yale's athletic adviser, during a discussion of football rules. "It reminds me of two boys of a friend of mine whom I visited last summer.

"Here," said their mother to the older of them one day, 'here is a banana. Divide it with your little brother, and see that he gets the lion's share.'

"The younger child a few minutes later set up a great bawling. 'Mama,' he shrieked, 'John hasn't given me any banana.'

"What's this?" said the mother, hurrying in.

"It's all right," explained the older boy. 'Lions don't eat bananas.'"

Senator "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, tells a story of how, when he was "Fiddling Bob," governor of that state, an old negress came to him and said:

"Massa Gov'na, we's mighty po' this winter, and Ah wish you would pardon mah old man. He is a fiddler same as you is, and he's in the pen'tentry."

"What was he put in for?" asked the governor.

"Stead of workin' fo' it that good-fo'-nothin' nigger done stole some bacon."

"If he is good for nothing what do you want him back for?"

"Well, yo' see, we's all out of bacon ag'in," said the old negress innocently.



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KERMIT ROOSEVELT



SIR THOMAS LIPTON



## The Story-Tellers' Club

Upton Sinclair, the well-known writer, told the other day about a school address that he once made.

"It was a school of little boys," said Mr. Sinclair. "'The Jungle' was selling at the rate of ten thousand copies a day at the time, and, feeling flush, I opened my address by laying a five-dollar bill on the table before me.

"I am going to talk to you boys about socialism, I said. 'I hope to convert you all to socialism. When I finish my remarks the boy who gives me the best reason for turning socialist will get this five-dollar bill.'

"Then I spoke for some twenty minutes. The boys were all converted at the end. I began to question them.

"You are a socialist, are you?" I said to the boy nearest me.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"And why are you a socialist?" I asked.

"He pointed to the crisp five-dollar bill. 'Because I need the money,' he said."

"There was never a ship yet," says George Gould, "that did not have one person aboard who boasted eternally of the number of times

he had crossed the Atlantic. Now it is thirty-nine times, now it is ninety-six times. Every ship carries this one passenger who seems to have devoted his whole life to making a record for Atlantic crossings.

"I once heard a Detroit girl poke a little fun at a passenger of this type. He said to her,

"Do you know, this is my fifty-seventh crossing!"

"Is it!" she said indifferently. 'It's my ninety-eighth.'"

"Really?" the man exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she answered, yawning. 'It's an old story with me, crossing the Atlantic now. Why, actually, I always recognize more than half the waves we meet.'

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard of California, said of honey, apropos of a flower that bees love:

"This flower grows abundantly near Santa Barbara, and there was once a young Californian who often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because they have such excellent honey there—honey the bees make from this flower.

"Well, the young man got married in due course and the wedding-trip itinerary must include Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey. But the first morning at



UPTON SINCLAIR

the Santa Barbara hotel there was no honey on the breakfast-table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

"Where's my honey?" he demanded.

"The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man's ear, and in a stage whisper stammered,

"Er—Mamie don't work here no more, sir."

Gifford Pinchot, relative to the recent disturbance in the Interior Department, delights to tell the story of the little boy whose mother overheard him call his playmate a liar.

"Robert, don't you know it's

wicked to call your little playmate a liar?" she said.

"Oh, but I didn't mean it really, ma. You see, we're just playing government, and I'm being investigated."

Ex-governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, told this story recently, apropos of the graft scandals through which the state had just passed:

"A minister before a hot election incidentally discussed the different candidates and concluded rather passionately with,

"God will govern Pennsylvania!"

"The brief silence that followed was brought to an abrupt end by an indignant individual in the last row who defiantly exclaimed in a ringing voice audible to the entire gathering,

"I'll wager twenty dollars he don't carry Pittsburgh."

United States Marshal Abernathy, of Oklahoma, in his gallery of reminiscences, gives prominence to two Irishmen who had been captured by vigilantes and were about to be hanged for horse-stealing. The vigilance committee took them to a bridge spanning a near-by river, as the place where their purpose could be accomplished with the least effort.

The rope was drawn taut about the neck of the first captive and he was dropped. But the noose slipped, and he swam away.

As the second man was led forward and asked if he had any last request to make, he turned toward the leader of the lynchers and said:

"For the love av hivven, tie that rope tight! I can't swim, and I don't want to drown."



GIFFORD PINCHOT



GEORGE JAY GOULD



LUTHER BURBANK



CHARLES ABERNATHY

# MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK

## "Hog Twenty-one"

"**P**RAISE from Sir Hubert is praise indeed," and in the following tribute to the *COSMOPOLITAN*, published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, there is that pleasant phase of bouquet propulsion which makes one's attempt to do a big thing in a quiet way seem really worth while after all. This is the nosegay:

In "Hog Twenty-one," in the August *COSMOPOLITAN*, Capt. H. G. Bishop, 3d Field Art., U.S.A., gives a most vivid, imaginative and interesting picture of the warfare of the future, of a day when the essential motive power of the weapons of warfare shall be radium, when electricity shall have become more important than explosives as a weapon, when the missiles shall be thunderbolts and the chief armor insulation. Told as of the present and with the vividness and verisimilitude to detail of a battle described by an actual participant, the story has all the blood-stirring realism of an actual conflict. While comparison may be trite, it may be said that Captain Bishop shares in the highest degree with Kipling and with H. G. Wells the "mechanical imagination," the ability to prophesy with apparent reality the material developments of the future, and to foresee with an adherence to scientific possibility conditions that may well some day come to pass. Not since Kipling's "Night Mail" has there appeared so realistic a picture of the mechanical progress of the future as in this story of Captain Bishop's.

## A Minister on the Cost of Living

BAR HARBOR, Me., August 23, 1910.

To the Editor of the *COSMOPOLITAN*:

I cannot, and ought not, to refrain from expressing my most emphatic approval of the article in your September issue by Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams, relative to the present cost of living.

I read monthly, and with care, *Everybody's*, *Hampson's*, *Munsey*, *COSMOPOLITAN*, *McClure's*, and *Success*, with a fair sprinkling of all the others. I am thirty-seven, of college and seminary training. I have a family of six children, besides my wife and help, nine in all, and now I have come to the point where I often say that the damnation of life is just to live. My salary is twelve hundred dollars and parsonage: from all, including all, say fifteen hundred dollars. My table costs me, here in this town, ten dollars per week; often less, because it must. On this the house is run, items, as soap, etc., purchased. In fact, eight dollars often has to do. Here is \$500 at once. Light, heat, books, help, compulsory travel to conventions, etc., in all, mean \$460 more: total \$960. With the other \$240 all other needs of life must be provided. My position

demands that all be neat and respectable. It simply cannot be done without taking toll of blood and tears.

With the utmost and constant watchfulness of every expenditure, life is getting to be an almost insupportable burden. I ought to be in average freedom. My father would be in luxury. I find myself a slave to the demand of barely being alive, and I cannot possibly avoid my being, and doing, as I am; it would be fatal to my influence as a pastor.

I am living in a resort where every form of luxury is paraded before the people. More than two hundred of America's richest millionaires are here each year. I enter their homes—when they admit me—in the interests of my church. Very often they won't—no matter, I know something of their personal attitude to life. Self seems utterly and always dominant. Their gifts are not gifts, merely bones thrown contemptuously to the dogs that are a little more insistent and persistent than the rest, while no expenditure is considered extravagant if it ministers even momentarily to their pleasure.

It appears that the magazines alone are to educate the people to wake up. In this great work the *COSMOPOLITAN* is not by any means the least.

You are busy, and I have already written too much. I do not own a typewriter, cannot afford one yet.

Very truly,

(Rev.) CARL N. GARLAND.

CLARK MEMORIAL M. E. CHURCH.

## Daughters of the Revolution

When the *COSMOPOLITAN* stated that Mrs. Phoebe Palmeter was "the only genuine and indisputable Daughter of the Revolution" it neglected to add "according to the Pension Bureau." The *COSMOPOLITAN* certainly had no intention of slighting the several hundred other good old ladies who trace their lineage directly to the heroes of the American Revolution and who are as real "daughters" as the claimant of Brookfield.

To Mrs. Katherine Braddock Barrow, state regent of the Arkansas Daughters of the American Revolution, we are indebted for some exceedingly interesting facts. According to Mrs. Barrow, the D. A. R. has accomplished some big things as a body, and takes care of its own in a way that should shame the government. During the Spanish-American War it sent a thousand trained nurses into the field. The high standard of efficiency achieved by these women resulted in a permanent "army nurse corps." Thir-

teen of these nurses died in the line of duty in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the United States, and are buried in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C. Some \$300,000 was raised by the D. A. R. for the relief of the suffering soldiers of the Spanish-American conflict. In April, 1906, when the D. A. R. assembled in the Memorial Continental Hall of their order in Washington, for their Continental Congress, word came of the San Francisco earthquake, and a thousand dollars was immediately voted for the relief of the sufferers. Large sums of money are annually donated for the education of the poor white children of the Southern mountain districts. These are but a few of the good works of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which, thanks to the zealous and intelligent direction of American women, is keeping up the fine old traditions of America while living and acting in the practical present.

### Again the Vivisection Question

Interest in the anti-vivisection movement is still very much alive, as evidenced by the many letters received from those who are opposed to the slow slaughter of the four-footed innocents. We had decided to let the case for and against vivisection rest where we left it a month or two ago, but the receipt of the following interesting letter from the vice-president of the California Anti-Vivisection Society, of Los Angeles, has compelled us to touch again upon this always vital subject.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.

To the Editor of the COSMOPOLITAN:

In the August COSMOPOLITAN appeared a letter in defense of vivisection written by Hobart P. Shattuck, of Whitwell Hospital, Tucson, Arizona, which I would like to answer through your "free-for-all" columns. The weakness of his statements and his position lies partly in the fact that, as the editor of the COSMOPOLITAN recognizes, he shows a lack of information on this subject, and it lies also in the fact that, in common with all those who defend vivisection, he fails to conform to the scientific attitude which we might reasonably expect of the scientific mind. He makes some assertions which it would be impossible to prove or disprove. He makes others with no attempt to prove them. Not only does he seem to lack the analytical faculty which weighs and sifts, but he seems quite unable to grasp the fact that proof is necessary to support assumption of facts. The intelligent, thinking portion of the public do not accept bald statements as scientific truths.

As to the apparatus pictured in Ella Wheeler Wil-

cox's article, which Dr. Shattuck thinks is never used, and all other vivisection apparatus in anti-vivisection literature, it is taken from the catalogues of manufacturers. It may be safely admitted that no company of business men would manufacture and advertise articles for which there was no sale. As for Dr. Shattuck's statement that no experiments upon animals are performed without anesthetics, I would advise him, if he cares to inform himself on that point, to talk with medical students, with physiologists, to read medical journals where he will find accounts of such experiments, also books written by vivisectionists. His argument that most experimenters would prefer to work upon motionless animals seems disingenuous in that it implies an ignorance of drugs that is almost incredible. Is it possible that Dr. Shattuck has never heard of the drug curare, which paralyzes the motor nerves while lessening not at all the action of the sensory nerves? The apparatus described and depicted in the catalogues before referred to is also used for the purpose of keeping the animal quiet, and both these means, from a "practical" viewpoint, are preferable to an anesthetic. Dr. Shattuck is of the opinion that vivisectional experiments would no more harden a man's nature than performing surgical operations. It is not difficult to see the wide distinction between the character of the two. On the one hand the operation is performed under anesthesia, for the supposed benefit of the subject operated upon; on the other the subject is frequently compelled to submit to prolonged agony for no personal benefit. It is the abuse of power over a helpless being which creates in the one so using his power the instinct of tyranny and brutality. The commonest knowledge of ethics confirms this statement. And Mrs. Belais's article in the July COSMOPOLITAN proves conclusively that this brutal disregard for suffering—even for human suffering—is very much in evidence.

We are forced to believe that this disregard among vivisectionists is not uncommon from the fact that their attitude is always one of defense even of exaggerated and unwarranted cruelty. The cases cited by Mrs. Belais should, it would seem, move to pity and indignation all who were not dead to these sentiments, but no such expression has come from the advocates of this practice.

Dr. Shattuck states in conclusion: "Most physicians of to-day have seen a child dying of diphtheria suddenly brought back to life by a few injections of antitoxin, and have felt that the hand of God was in it. Only animal experimentation has rendered possible the production of diphtheria antitoxin." The belief that anything that works out in conformity with one's ideas is directed by Providence is a common one, but it is quite beyond belief that a divine spirit should have set in operation any plan by which it became necessary to torture one portion of his creation for the benefit of another portion. So far as antitoxin and serum-therapy in general are concerned, anti-vivisectionists believe that if scientific attention had been directed in other (though perhaps less remunerative) channels, discoveries more beneficial and remedies attended with less danger might have resulted. The fact that the autogenous method of administering treatment of this sort is now gaining consideration is one of the many evidences that would seem to justify their belief.

MARY B. THOMPSON,

Vice-President California Anti-Vivisection Society.

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# The Reign of Terror in the Middle West

A Frightful Civic Condition that is Making Good Men and Women "See Red"—Page 761



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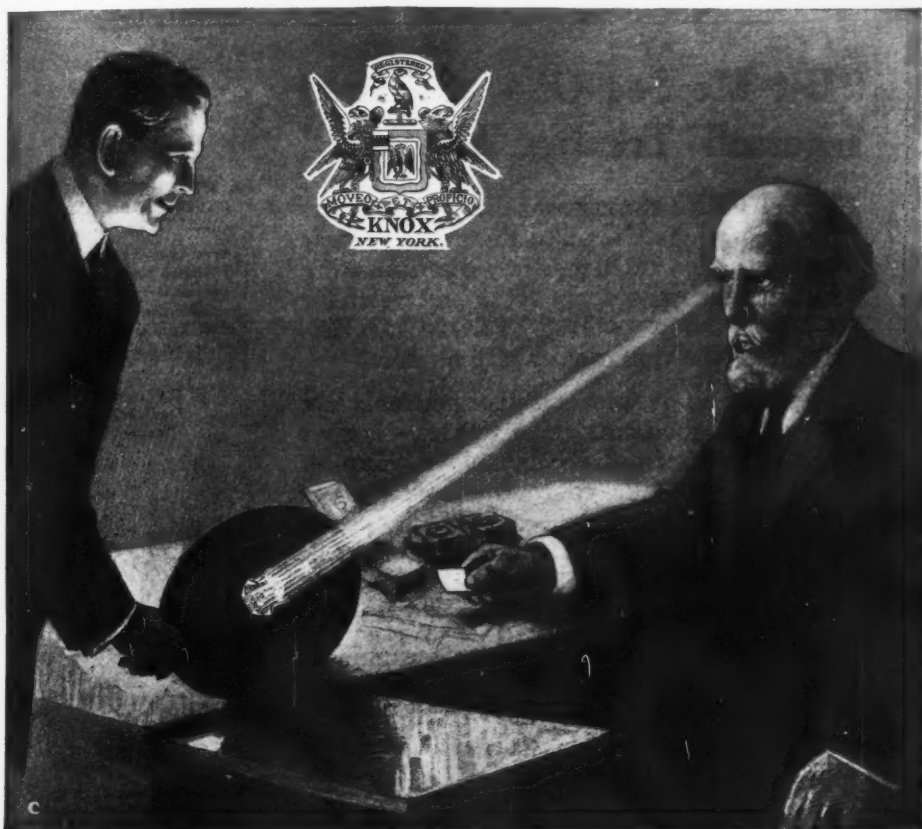
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# ADVERTISING ANECDOTES

Jack's father and his uncle, both jewellers, were discussing what company made the greatest number of rings. "That's a cinch," said Jack. "It's the Bell Telephone Company."

A. L. F.

Weary and James, Knights of the Road, were discussing what they would do if they suddenly became rich. "I sure need a bath," said James, "and if I had the money I'd take one."

"Nix on that," said Weary, "I'd buy three gallons of New Skin."

G. F. C.

A man rushed into a drug store and asked the new clerk to give him something for indigestion. "What have you been eating?" asked the clerk. "Pigs' feet," said the sufferer. "Just what you need," said the

bright clerk, handing him a package of "Allen's Foot Ease."

G. F. C.

"Mama! Mama! I'm stuck," cried a frightened child. "Didn't I tell you not to go into that room until the '61' floor varnish is dry?" said the mother, grasping her child by the arm. "Now I've a good notion to leave you there the rest of your life, for when Pratt and Lambert's varnishes dry, nothing on earth can break the surface, then I'd know you were out of mischief."

F. J. M.

"Are you familiar with 'The White Company'?" asked the admirer of Conan Doyle. "You bet!" responded the plain American citizen, with enthusiasm. "Just bought one of their 1911 models, and it's a dandy!"

C. R. S.

## The A. B. C. of the best things made—that they shall be the things best known.

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## TRADE MARK COMPETITION

**THE WINNER** of the First Prize of \$25.00 for August was Mr. Howard H. Krueger, of Berkeley, California, whose argument is printed herewith.

In a gentleman's correspondence, the anonymous letter receives scant consideration,—either the waste basket or at best a cursory and suspicious reading. Why? Because the man who will not sign his name either doubts the propriety of his letter or realizes that it is untrue and unworthy of the endorsement of his signature.

So, too, the best argument for the trade mark is analogous. The man who offers the purchaser goods bearing his private mark tacitly endorses his product, staking his personal reputation on the honesty of his offer. He puts the best he can into his article and his personal guarantee, the trade-mark, assures the buyer that ALL his product is of equal grade.

The manufacturer who offers anonymous goods—not stamped with his individual mark—refrains from one of two reasons,—either because he is experimenting and will not risk his firm name on possible failure, or because, like the anonymous writer, he knows his claims are false, and does not want to sign any name whereby he may be traced by the deceived buyer and forced to reimburse him.

Intelligent buyers wish to be parties neither to experiments nor frauds, so they buy goods bearing responsible trade-marks.

**OTHER WINNERS:**

Second Prize: Laurence R. Ark, Cincinnati, O.  
Third Prize: Minnie C. Childs, Chicago, Ill.  
Fourth Prize: Max N. Fleischer, Collingdale, Pa.  
Fifth Prize: Edith Murray, Battle Creek, Mich.

*Articles of special merit and interest were submitted by:*

G. H. Vega, Washington, D. C.  
W. B. Howell, Tampa, Fla.  
D. W. Chase, Washington, D. C.  
Ira H. Shoemaker, Albany, N. Y.  
Mrs. W. Norman, Monrovia, Cal.



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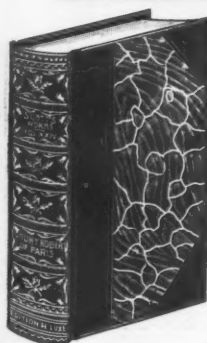
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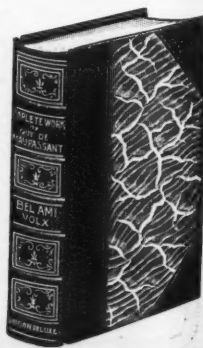
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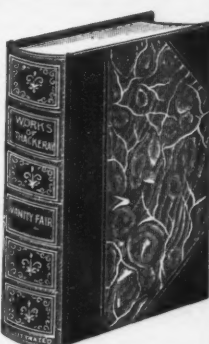
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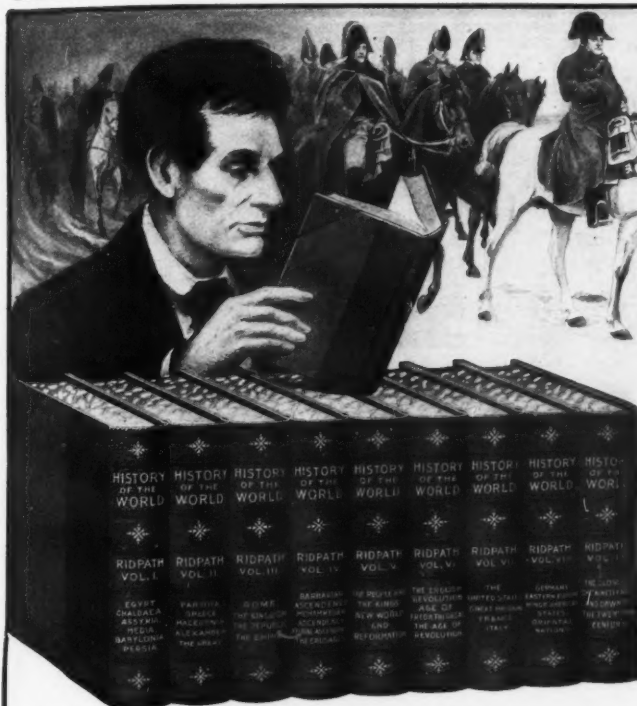
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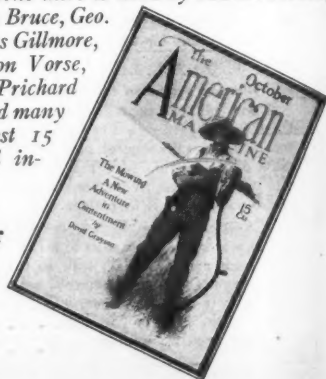
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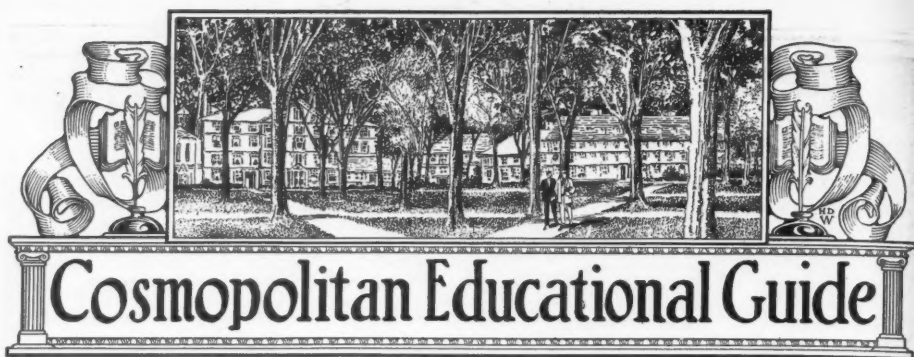
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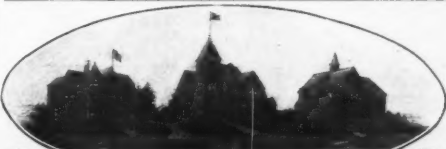
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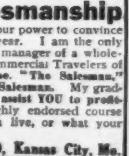
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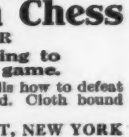
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"The Home Educator" is a very inspiring magazine for both men and women. It is fully illustrated by world-famous illustrators. There is positively no money consideration connected with this Prize Contest. Neither can you buy or subscribe for this magazine—it is awarded only to prize winners in our Contests. Copy this cartoon NOW and mail it to us this very day.

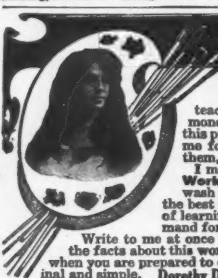
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I make a specialty of Commercial Art Work—pen and ink designs and posters, wash drawings and water colors; in short, the best paid branches of art work. The cost of learning is ridiculously small and the demand for the work is enormous.

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## \$100.00 IN PRIZES

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We wish to ascertain the views and tastes of our readers, both as to our own and other publications, for we believe they should be better judges of what they want than professional readers.

Three prizes are offered for the best suggestions:

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- 1—Letters must relate to fiction only that has been published between October 15th and November 15th, 1910, in any publication, including *Ainslee's*.
- 2—Letters should not exceed two hundred words in length.
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**Address "*Fiction Competition*," AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE,  
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**Vir Publishing Co., 871 Church Bldg., 15th & Race, Phila., Pa.**



## These Thousands of Letters from Employers of Traveling Salesmen and Saleswomen Offer Good Positions to Our Students.

We reproduce here, an actual photograph of Mr. W. W. Dougherty, President of the National Salesmen's Training Association, which shows several thousand letters we now have on file at our Chicago Office alone, from the biggest and best business houses in America which employ Salesmen and Saleswomen, and which offer good positions to the men and women students of our Correspondence Course in Scientific Salesmanship.

These firms each ask us to supply them with from one to 500 Traveling Salesmen and Saleswomen. In addition to the letters shown here, we also have similar letters on file at each of our other five offices—in New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Atlanta and San Francisco. Anyone interested may call at any one of our offices and inspect these letters, which are **positive proof** that we cannot begin to supply the demand from Employers of Salesmen and Saleswomen for our Students. No other Correspondence School in the world can make such a showing, and we challenge any or all of them to attempt it.

During the past three years, we have assisted thousands of men and women who had no former experience in Salesmanship, and who previously were able to earn no more than \$25 to \$75 a month, to obtain positions where they have easily earned from \$100, to as much as \$1,000 a month and all expenses.

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We will teach you to be an expert Salesman or Saleswoman by mail, and assist you to secure a good position while you are learning. No former experience required. Don't be satisfied with hard work, long hours and poor pay. Salesmanship is the best paid, most independent and delightful profession in the world, and by our method, the easiest one to learn. Salesmen and Saleswomen make from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year and all expenses easily, and many of them earn from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year, and the demand always exceeds the supply. What we have done for thousands of others, we can do for you. If you can read and write and think, the Course of Instruction in Scientific Salesmanship we give our Students, will make you successful from the very start and our **Free Employment Bureau** will secure you a good position in which you can earn from two to ten times as much as you can in any other profession. Write to-day for our handsome Free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip," which contains full particulars of the special offer we are now making our Students, enabling them to pay for their tuition out of their earnings. Fill out this coupon and send to-day.

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Frankly, are you fit, ready, prepared to act wisely, to select sanely, to care for self, wife and family? Self preservation, home-making, race culture demand due preparation—heretofore neglected, even taboo—now generally commended. But the average man and woman lack instinct and instruction to select wisely, to mate scientifically, and "improve the breed." To all such this advertisement points the way to "knowledge of most worth" (Spencer) to be found in **Dr. Foote's Home Cyclopedia of Popular Social and Sexual Science**,—a plain readable, truly interesting and always instructive book of 1,200 pages, 400 illustrations (80 in color), and over 1000 helpful hints regarding private, personal and domestic problems that are sure to perplex everybody some day. This great work is, in short, "plain home talk" from a famous author of 50 years' experience; it has helped a million readers, and will help you. Our **Free 32-page circular** proves that every adult should have a copy of this great book. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

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**Would You Earn \$3,000 to \$5,000 a Year? THEN write for this FREE Book TODAY**

No calling is worth while unless it raises one above care and worry—permanently. No calling is a career unless it makes one independent—socially and financially. If you are tired of job-hunting write for this book and learn about **Mechano-Therapy**—the ethical science of bloodless surgery and drugless medicine. It affords people without capital the available opportunity they seek.

Any ordinarily educated man or woman can master this science and become a doctor of **Mechano-Therapy**.

The book *proves* this. It gives the names and photos of a number of \$10.00 and \$15.00 people recent graduates of ours—who now earn \$3,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year. Learn how they accomplished this *seeming miracle* by means of our course.

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**RATES:** \$2 a line, cash with order. Minimum space accepted four lines (about 32 words).

On a definite six time contract the rate is only 50c. a line on the sixth insertion. Example: a four-line advertisement costs \$8 for each five consecutive insertions and \$2 for the last issue.

*Cosmopolitan Classified Directory, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York*

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Grow Apples and grow rich in the glorious fruit district of Southern British Columbia. Our choice lands \$10 cash and \$10 monthly, without interest. Annual profits \$500 to \$1000 per acre. Orchard, garden, poultry, hunting, fishing, boating; grand warm climate; school, church, postoffice, store, big sawmill; daily trains, close to markets; unlimited demand for products. Write quick for maps, photos, free information. West-Kootenay Fruit Lands Company, Dept. W., Nelson, B. C.

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California land, \$1 acre cash payment, balance purchase 90 cents month per acre; close San Francisco; no taxes; no interest; 5-acre tracts; level, rich, clear, ready to plow; irrigated, perpetual water rights; immediate possession; particulars, maps, photographs free. Stevenson Colony, 830 Market, San Francisco.

Readers interested in California oil discoveries, lands, leases, etc., may secure latest and continual information on trial subscription for three months free to Investors' Journal, 617 Delta Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles—California—Where real estate values double in a few years, and fortunes are made from small investments. Beautifully illustrated Booklet, giving facts and figures—together with large double Map of city and vicinity—mailed upon receipt of 10 cents (stamps or silver). A dollar's worth of information for a dime. McClung & McClure Realty Co., 223-C Exchange Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

#### Texas

Buy Land in Central West Texas in the valleys of the Conchos and the Colorado rivers, \$10 to \$15 an acre. Deep rich soil, ample rainfall, big crops, quick markets, low freight rates, fine schools. Write for folder "Concho-Colorado Country." G. O. Dobbin, G. C. A., G. C. & S. F. Ry., Galveston, Texas.

Buy an Irrigated Sugar Cane Farm in the fertile Lower Rio Grande Valley. Excels the world in production of sugar cane. Fine climate, rich soil, pure water, cheap labor—quick returns. Crops certain—profits big. Ten acres or more—easy terms. Low in price now—rapidly increasing in value. Desirable place to live; fine schools and churches. We will plant land at once, also cultivate, harvest and market crop on share basis. Make your crops pay for your land. For free booklet and long list of satisfied Customers—Address San Benito Sugar Co., 262 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

\$10 Texas Map Free. Showing every section of land in Texas orange belt. Would cost \$10 to buy. Free for 4c. postage. Address, O. A. Elmen & Co., Desk C., Houston, Texas.

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#### The Colorado Gold Book

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10% First Mortgage, 10% municipal, paying and sewer bonds, 6% state and school warrants, \$100 or more invested for you. For information write Night and Day Bank, Oklahoma City, Okla.

### GAMES—AMUSEMENTS

Plays, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Materials, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments, Make Up Goods, Large Catalogue Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 24, Chicago.

### YACHTS—MOTOR BOATS

Hopkins sells everything for motor boats and yachts. Send for catalog and save money. 119 Chambers Street New York

### REAL ESTATE

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Alabama Fruit and Chicken Farms—Five Acre Farms \$75.00 Each. Terms, \$7.50 Down and \$2.50 monthly. I also sell 10-20-40 and 80 Acre Farms on small cash payments and easy terms. Here is where you can be your own boss, make money and have a comfortable life in a delightful climate among good neighbors. If you want a home and safe investment write me to-day. Established 1881. Address Frank B. Cleveland, Alabama Land Owner 5601 Adams Express Building, Chicago, Ill.

#### Florida

If a man could buy ten acres of land, pay for it with the first crop and have \$1,000 in the bank, all in 100 days, wouldn't that be worth looking into? We have what is called the best tract of black sandy loam soil in Florida. 1000 farms for sale now at \$25.00 per acre. Seven miles from Sanford where lands are \$100.00 to \$1500.00 per acre. Write to-day. Florida Homeland Company, 409 Atlantic Nat'l Bank Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

Florida—Join a syndicate now developing a 300 acre grapefruit grove near Ft. Myers, Lee Co., South Florida. Grapefruit pays \$500 to \$600 per acre per annum. \$12.50 per month will buy an acre interest of 100 trees. Four years ago we organized a syndicate and planted 400 acres in Grapefruit trees which we expect to yield \$100,000 worth of fruit next season, which would represent 50% profit on the investment. Grapefruit trees live and bear large crops of fruit for 50 years. Write to-day for full particulars. Address Grapefruit Company, Home Life Bldg., Washington, D. C.

De Land, the Athens of Florida. High, dry, healthful; University advantages. For information about De Land, Volusia County or Florida in general, address The Business Men's League, De Land, Florida.

#### New York

Everyone now interested, or about to become interested in real estate, should read Realty Profits, a Magazine of the pocket-book, sent free for free specimen, or 25 cents (postage) for year's subscription. Realty Profits, 1316 Broadway, N. Y.

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Money-Making Farms throughout 17 states; great variety size and price. Stock, tools and crops included with many to settle estates quickly. Mammoth illustrated catalogue "No. 30" free. E. A. Strout, Station 3720, 47 West 34th St., N. Y.

### TYPEWRITERS

Sensational Sale, Visible Underwoods; Olivers, Smiths and others, \$18 to \$35; sent on approval; supply limited; never such bargains. Old reliable. Consolidated Typewriter Exchange, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

Typewriters: Real Remingtons \$12; Caligraphs \$6; Hammonds, Densmores \$10; Smith Premiers \$15; Olivers, Underwoods \$25. 15 days' trial and year's guarantee. Harlem Typewriter Exchange, Dept. X 11, 217 West 125th St., N. Y.

Remington \$18.75. This is your opportunity. Write at once for the most interesting proposition ever made. We are the final word. Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, New York.

Genuine typewriter bargains. No matter what make, will quote you lower prices and easier terms. Write for big bargain list and illustrated catalogue. L. J. Peabody, 64 Minot Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Underwoods, Remingtons and all other machines. We rent them anywhere, and allow six months rental to apply toward the purchase price. Write for catalogue and net prices. Typewriter Sales Co., 171 Broadway, N. Y.

### ADVERTISING SPECIALTIES

Farmers have big money. Reach over 750,000 of them by advertising in Farm Life—30 cents per agate line classified. Minimum ad. \$1.20. Sample copy free. No medical advertising. Dept. 4, Farm Life, Chicago.



## Opportunity Adlets

### AGENTS WANTED

Agents wanted—Resident and traveling salesmen for best lighting proposition out. Everyone a customer. Big Profits. Exclusive Territory. Write for details. Chicago Solar Light Co., 206 Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

At Last! We have a perfect hand Vacuum Cleaner within reach of the humblest home. Our Hand Vacuum Cleaner does the work of the most expensive electric vacuum cleaning plant. Housewives snap it up. Big profits for men and women. Send for information. Utility Import & Export Company, 100 E. 27th Street, New York City.

Live Agents Wanted. \$75 Weekly Salary. Special renewal contract. \$1,000 life; \$150 5 year dividend maturing coupons; \$10 weekly sick, accident policy. Premium 6 cents daily. Particulars. The Brotherhood, Box 855, Denver, Colo.

Agents! here's your chance to make more money and easier money than ever before on a live, quick selling subscription proposition. Ask for "Salary Plan." Address "Von" Sales Mgr., Hampton's Magazine, 61 W. 35th St., New York.

Agents—The biggest money maker ever known. The new Canchester Incandescent Kerosene Lamp revolutionizes old lighting methods. Burns air instead of money. Six times brighter than electricity, gas, or acetylene at 1-10th cost. Burns with or without mantle. Burner fits any lamp. Saves 75c. oil. No trimming wicks. Showing means selling. Territory going fast. Write to-day. Handsome outfit furnished. Canchester Light Co., Dept. C, 26 State St., Chicago.

We have something new for salesmen making small towns. A Neat clean quick selling, pocket side line. If interested write for order book to-day.

20th Century Mfg. Co., 1308 Wells Str., Chicago.

Photo Pillow Top, Portrait, Frame, Photo, China Plate and Sheet Picture proposition best even in market for agents. Samples and Catalog free. 30 days Credit. Reflects credited. James O. Bailey Co., Dept. S., Chicago.

Wanted: High class general agents to organize sales force in cities and country towns on new invention of great merit. Over 250,000 sold already this year. Article is extensively advertised and demand is great. Exceptional money-making opportunity in your territory for the right man. Give full particulars first letter.

E. H. Selemcan, Sales Mgr., 622—210 Monroe St., Chicago.

Sell "Den" Pictures. Immense profits; catchy; sell on sight. Our plan a success. \$2 started us. 3rd year spent \$15,000.00 advertising alone. Will show you how free. Gordon Art Co., Dept. C, New York City.

Agents—Make big money selling "Nalda" Shirtwaist Patterns. Handsomely braided designs on Pure Irish Linen. \$9 per doz., sell for \$2.50 each. Something new. Every woman buys. Sample materials and particulars free. Madison Embroidery & Braiding Co., Dept. 22, Chicago.

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Patents Secured or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and what to Invent with valuable List of Inventions Wanted sent free. One million dollars offered for one invention; \$16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress. Sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

Patents in Cash Demand. Many deals closed by our clients—one recently for \$680,000.00—our proof of Patents that Protect. Send 8c. postage for our 3 books for Inventors R. S. & A. B. Lacey.

Div. 84, Washington, D. C., Estab. 1869.

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Patent Your Ideas. \$100,000 offered for one invention; \$5,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 15 years. Chandiee & Chandiee, Patent Attys., 915 F Street, Washington, D. C.

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Ivers & Pond Pianos. Superlative Quality. Used in over 350 leading educational institutions and 45,000 discriminating homes. Unsurpassed facilities for production and distribution enable us to supply the best piano at no higher price than inferior instruments frequently cost. Wherever in the United States we have no dealer, we will quote lowest prices and ship from factory direct. Easy Payments. Write for new catalogue and letter, explaining our unique "On Approval" plan. Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 111 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

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Agents make big money selling our new gold letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for free sample and full particulars.

Metallic Sign Letter Co., 420 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Agents wanted in every country to sell the transparent handle pocket-knife. Big commission paid. From \$75.00 to \$300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 7 Barr St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents—You can have our illustrated Fall catalogue, containing everything you want to handle, also dress goods samples (both free). Write to-day. Joseph T. Simon & Co., 556 Broadway, New York.

Agents—\$33.30 per week selling forged steel nickel-plated 10 in 1 Combination Tool. \$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Sample free, for examination. Thomas Mfg. Co., 418 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Men Wanted Quickly by big Chicago mail order house to distribute catalogues, advertise. \$21 weekly; liberal expense allowance.

Globe Association, 1241 State Street, Chicago.

Agents: Write for new proposition on our patented match and gum vending machines. Splendid side line, one sale per day makes good salary. Laclede Mfg. Co., 433 Laclede Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

\$100 Monthly and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer. Steady work.

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High Class Agents. We have territory for a few experienced successful representatives to sell a complete line of Pure Aluminum Cooking Utensils and Household Specialties direct to housewives. All our Agents average \$40.00 per week. In replying state experience and success.

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Our Hair Food absolutely restores gray hair to its natural (original) color without dyeing it. It stops falling hair and kills the dandruff germ. Price \$1.00 We want to hear from the sceptical.

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Sample packages of Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year Post Cards. Sent prepaid for ten cents in stamps. Agents wanted everywhere, write at once. Arrow Post Card Co., 1110 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

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**\$125.00 For \$40.00.** I found in a closed case sold at auction by order of Garfield Safe Deposit Co. a lot of furs, consisting mostly of men's fur-lined coats and ladies' long, beautiful Hare Lynx sets. The black Lynx sets consist of a magnificent extra large muff and extra beautiful Russian shawl. They are worth at least \$75.00, will sell for \$30.00 and the men's coats are lined with the finest Australian mink. The shell of imported broadcloth, with collar and cuffs and facing of the very finest Persian lamb, sizes 34 to 48. Its value is above \$125.00, will sell for \$40.00, and will ship at my expense anywhere, with privilege of inspection either or both articles. Write at once to take advantage of this extraordinary offer. Mr. Kay, President of Kays, Inc., 23 West Thirty-Fourth St., New York City.

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## Are you the business manager of the home?

Are you managing that home as your husband manages his business? If not, you are missing something of success—ease—satisfaction.

Your husband has trade journals, financial newspapers, law reports to help him in his business according to what his business is.

Just as your husband buys and studies the best publications he can find on his work so you should buy and study the best publication you can find on yours.

That publication is the **WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION**.

### The November Number

contains seventy features which are seventy reasons why every woman needs it. Seven of them are stories for your entertainment; twelve of them are articles for your instruction, and fifty-one of them are specific departments to help you in your work—the business management of your home.

As the men say: "Business is business." "Do it now."

## WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

15 cents on All News-stands

## SEVEN DIFFERENT DISHES *from* the THANKSGIVING TURKEY

By MARY JANE McCCLURE

**A**FTER the first joyous dinner from the big brown turkey, hot from the oven, there come succeeding days when turkey is apt to become a drag.

Try some of the following dishes and see if they don't make turkey the most popular of meats.

Get a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef when you buy your Thanksgiving dinner supplies. Few American cooks know that the secret of appetizing meat cooking lies in this little white jar. Foreign cooks regard extract of beef as a necessity. They add it to soup, sauces and gravies for the additional richness of flavor. Our housewives should learn this valuable lesson.

Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  spoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef to the water you put in the bottom of the roasting pan for basting. You will be surprised how it improves the flavor.

For the second meal make a sauce with butter, flour and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water. Warm several slices of turkey and left over dressing. Pour your gravy over the whole, and you have a second turkey dinner as good as the first.

A very delicious dish made from cold turkey is a mould of minced turkey and rice.

Line a good sized mould with cold boiled rice, leaving a considerable space in the center. Make a sauce with butter, flour and Armour's Extract of Beef, and mince the turkey. Moisten with the sauce and fill the center of the mould and steam until smoking hot.

Especially nice for luncheon.

The oft ridiculed turkey hash will be a welcome dish if it is moistened with this same rich gravy. Serve with well browned potatoes and a crisp salad.

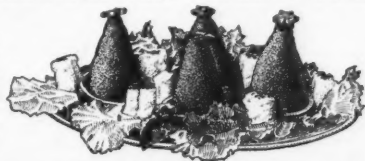
Turkey Soup, with tomatoes and rice, flavored with Armour's Extract of Beef is a delightful dish. Then there are croquettes, well browned, with rice or French fried potatoes, or turkey

pot pie—made exactly like its brother, chicken pot pie, but far better.

Armour's Extract of Beef gives the needed zest. It is the secret of *successful* economical cooking—al-

lowing you to utilize left over meats as well as the cheaper cuts, yet always set an appetizing table.

Armour and Company, Chicago, publish a cook book, called "Popular Recipes," that tells you some new secrets in appetizing cookery. Sent free by them on request; you should secure a copy and keep it for ready reference.



Turkey Croquettes with Rice



Minced Turkey and Rice in Mould

## Armour's EXTRACT OF BEEF



The concentrated extract of the best beef—four times as strong as any other—four times as economical—the touch that gives sauces, gravies and soups an inimitable flavor. Save the metal cap, or the paper certificate under the cap, from every jar you buy, and send either to us with ten cents to pay the cost of carriage and packing and get a handsome silver tea, bouillon or after-dinner coffee spoon or butter spreader free—Wm. Rogers & Sons' AA, the highest grade of extra plate. You can't buy anything like them, and each will bear any initial you wish. Our usual limit is six, but for a time will allow each family to get one dozen. Remember to send ten cents with every certificate or cap. This offer is made only to those living in the United States.

DEPARTMENT B54

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**Fairy Soap is White  
to Stay White**

Other soaps are white in name—stay white for a time—but turn yellow as saffron with age, because of the cheap ingredients and refuse greases used in their making. Fairy Soap is always white, first, last and all the time. It needs no coloring matter or high perfumes to disguise the quality of the edible products from which it is made.

This handy, floating, oval cake of skin comfort costs but 5c.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
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**"Have You  
a little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"**





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Every woman knows how annoying it is to have unsightly spots, water stains, dirt stains, and foot-tracks on her floors, stairs or woodwork. They ruin the beauty of her entire home. Will you test, at our expense,

## Johnson's Kleen Floor

the *only* preparation for immediately removing all these discolorations? With Johnson's Kleen Floor any woman can keep her floors bright and clean—like new. Simply dampen a cloth with Kleen Floor and rub it over the floor. Instantly, all spots, stains and discolorations disappear—without the slightest injury to the finish.

Johnson's Kleen Floor rejuvenates the finish—brings back its original beauty—greatly improves the appearance of all floors, whether finished with Shellac, Varnish or other preparations. Johnson's Kleen Floor is quickly applied, two hours is ample time in which to thoroughly clean the floor, wax it and replace the rugs.

We want to send you, free, sample bottle of Johnson's Kleen Floor and a package of Johnson's Wax to be used after Kleen Floor.

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives the floors that soft, lustrous, artistic polish which does not show heel-marks or scratches and to which dust and dirt do not adhere.

It is ideal for polishing woodwork, furniture, pianos, etc. All that is necessary is to occasionally apply it with a cloth, and then bring to a polish with a dry cloth.

**S. C. Johnson & Son**  
Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"



I accept your FREE offer of samples of Johnson's Kleen Floor and Prepared Wax, also booklet. I agree to test the samples, and if I find them satisfactory, will ask my dealer to supply me.

Please use Coupon—Cut on dotted line.

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*Nellie Melba*

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for the sole purpose of  
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# came to America a week ahead of time

She spent the entire week of August 20-27 in the Victor laboratories at Camden, making a series of records by our new and improved recording process, and was so enthusiastic with the result that she made over her records already listed in the Victor catalogue.

These new Melba records are truly remarkable examples of the famous singer's glorious voice and conclusively demonstrate the great progress of the Victor.

These Melba records will be placed on sale with all Victor dealers in the early future. In the meantime drop in any store where you see the famous Victor trademark and just ask to hear the Victor or Victor-Victrola. You'll be astonished and wonder why you have waited so long.



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“WONDERFUL” is just the word. They range from \$550 upward. But suppose you buy a thousand-dollar Weber PIANOLA Piano. This really means that you appropriate that sum for, say, twenty years. (Weber pianos, of course, last longer than this.) A thousand dollars for twenty years—only fifty dollars a year. Think of it! For the price of two theater tickets a month you have one of the world's leading makes of pianos; which

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The pianist's years of practice yield a repertoire of but a few score selections. The PIANOLA Piano assures you at once a range as wide as music-don, from the latest popular hit to opera, from waltz to symphony.

The PIANOLA Piano is the only player-piano that is equipped with

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These improvements humanize its performance. They give it the personal caress, the mood-echoing touch and tempo of the virtuoso, who thrills, soothes, invigorates, inspires.

That is why the PIANOLA Piano reveals new delights every day. It can never become wearisome, because its music is “soul deep.”

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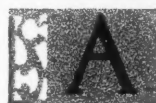
*The PIANOLA Piano is the Personal Messenger of All Your Favorite Composers or Artists, Always at Your Beck and Call.*

They have interpreted for it their own and other compositions. The music rolls are marked by the musical authority best qualified.

\*Of course, if you prefer, the PIANOLA Piano may be used simply as a piano for hand playing or practice.



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**A** CONCERT by Paderewski, Rosenthal, Bloomfield-Zeisler and other masters would cost a fortune. You can have it all in one evening on your PIANOLA Piano. It gives you the priceless privilege of illustrious, congenial musical associations and guidance. Formerly this was possible only for a limited time to a limited few, after much outlay, travel and inconvenience.

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In selecting a PIANOLA Piano you have the satisfaction to know:

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*No one else can play better music, or play music better than you and your loved ones.*

*No other instrument has passed such durability tests. One went twice to the Polar Sea with Peary. Twenty-six of them cruised around the world with the American battle fleet, when vi-*

*brating engines, rolling ships, changing climate, fogs, dampness, gun concussion and hard use by the crews crowded into a brief year the wear of generations.*

*Back of the PIANOLA Piano stands the world's foremost musical business, with agencies almost everywhere, always in touch with the musical authorities, always eager to insure satisfaction to its thousands of patrons.*

Can other returns compare with an investment in a PIANOLA Piano?

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for 1911”  
Licensed under Selden patent

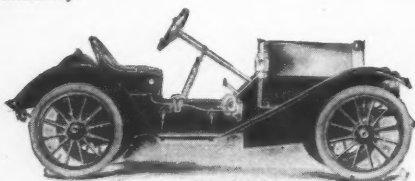
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The Overland—the leader of motordom—announces for 1911 a further saving of 8 per cent in cost, and fore doors free. 22 four-cylinder models, from 20 to 35 horsepower, from \$775 to \$1,675. All prices include magneto and full lamp equipment.

We start this new season with almost 20,000 Overlands in use—with a record of 12,326 cars delivered in the first seven months of this year—with deposits already in hand for more than 18,000 of the new models just coming out.

We start with five factories—with the finest machinery ever employed in making motor cars—a factory capacity of 140 cars daily.

And we start with a record of amazing success such as none ever approached in this industry.



Model 45. 20 h. p.—4 cylinders—96-inch wheel base—  
\$775. A Torpedo Roadster with same  
power sells for \$850

(115)

### Cost Reduced 8%

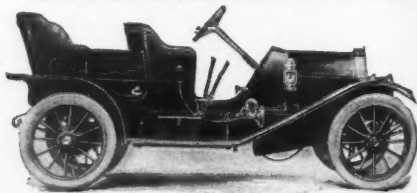
We will continue to manufacture a line of five models, the same as produced in 1910; but, as a result of an investment of \$3,000,000 in new equipment, these five models, as well as all new models, have been reduced in cost to the consumer an average of 8 per cent—making 28 per cent in two years.

We have made this reduction in spite of the advance in materials, the great jump in rubber, the increase in wage. We have done it while other makers of low-profit cars have been forced to advances, in one way or another.

Now the Overland gives the most for the money by a margin much greater than ever.

### Fore Doors Included

The new Overlands are made with fore doors



Model 49. 25 h. p.—4 cylinders—102-inch wheel base  
—\$1,095. Made with 5 styles of bodies,  
including delivery body

All prices include gas

and without—your choice at one price. The fore door models, for which most makers charge an extra price, sell the same as the open front.

We do this because fore doors will be the coming vogue. In Europe, where motor styles are set, 97 per cent of this year's models are shown with fore doors.

Soon or late, every motor car maker must include fore doors at his standard price. So the Overland, in maintaining its lead, is doing just that this year.

## 22 Attractive Designs

The improvements of this year are mainly in refinements of designs. Overland mechanism can hardly be further perfected. It brought this car, in two short years, to the dominant place in this line.

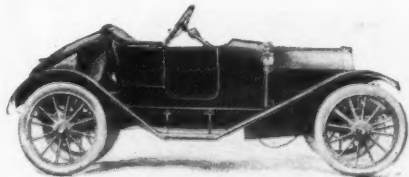
Our master designers have this year created 22 attractive models, largely based on foreign trend. The best of them will take their place among the most attractive cars in the world. No cars are made at any price with better style, or lines, or finish.

## Prices for 1911

The Overland prices for 1911 begin at \$775 for 20-horsepower—4 cylinders—and \$850 for a Torpedo Roadster with 4 cylinders.

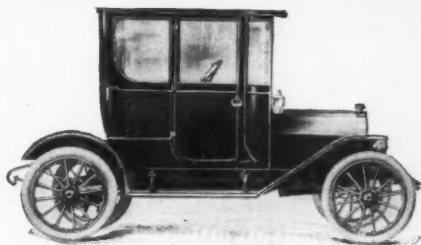
The 25-horsepower Overlands sell at \$1,000 and \$1,075, according to style of transmission. The 30-horse power Overlands sell at \$1,250. So does an inside drive coupe.

The prices run to \$1,600 and \$1,675 for the finest cars possible in 35-horsepower with 118-inch wheel bases. Every price includes a magneto and full lamp equipment.



Model 50. 30 h.p.—110-inch wheel base.  
Made also as 5-passenger car with fore doors or open front. Price, \$1,250

lamps and magneto



Inside Drive Coupe  
An ideal car for winter driving or for ladies.  
Extremely simple—carries four passengers.  
Price, \$1,250

No other make gives so much for the money. No other make gives better than our best, save in excessive power.

## Our 1911 Book Free

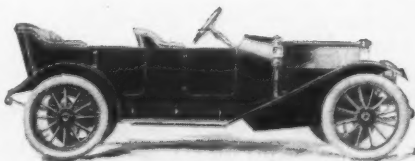
Send us this coupon for our latest book, showing all the new models with complete specifications. It will enable you to make your comparisons. No catalogue published shows so many styles as this. Send for it now before you forget it. The cars are on show by more than 800 dealers.

N 44

**The Willys-Overland Company**  
Licensed under Selden patent  
Toledo, Ohio

*Send me the 1911 Overland book*

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



Model 54. 35 h.p.—118-inch wheel base.  
As attractive a car as was ever produced. Price, \$1,675

## Best by Test

Chemically

Practically



TRY TO MAKE SOAP PASTE OF THE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU'LL GET

## Why Buy Wash Water?

¶ It requires two or more tablespoonfuls of the Big Packages of Fluffy Soap Powder to do the work of one tablespoonful of PEARLINE

### WHY?

¶ Dry the powders by spreading them thinly in the sun or in a warm spot—leave for 24 hours—then weigh them—you'll find the difference is in the bulk, not the weight.

¶ PEARLINE IS CONCENTRATED SOAP POWDER—THESE BIG PACKAGES ARE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS. PEARLINE IS BEST AND CHEAPEST

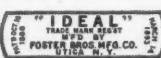
# FOSTER'S IDEAL SPRING

Is the highest standard of excellence in spring bed construction. *Mechanically, hygienically,* it is supreme, and because of our process of tempering the springs, it will last a lifetime *without sagging*. So comfortable that, once tried, always satisfies. Send for free booklet.

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Every Foster Ideal Dealer is authorized to sell it on 30 days' approval and then refund price paid if you prefer it to the Spring.

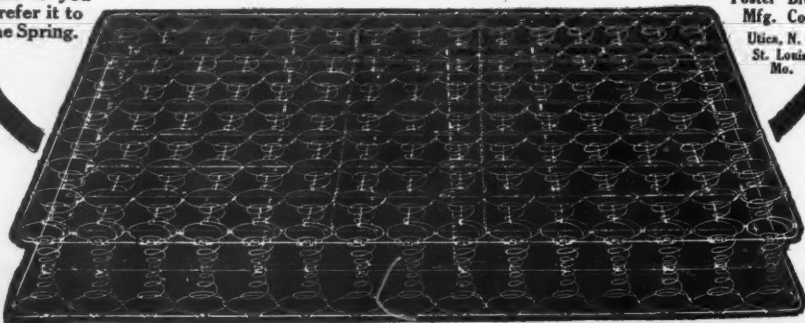
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Name  
Plate



On Each  
Genuine  
IDEAL

The Ideal is so luxuriously restful, it sells itself when tried. Don't buy any Spring until you have tried Foster's IDEAL.

Foster Bros.  
Mfg. Co.  
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Mo.





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B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

**Y**OU can't measure in dollars, the style, worth and service you get in a Kuppenheimer suit or overcoat.

You can't fix a price on the comfort of mind and body these splendid clothes give you.

Yet their price is as low as good clothes can be sold for.

Our name and guarantee protect you—absolutely.

It's real economy to look for our label—and insist.

Kuppenheimer garments are sold by the better clothiers. Send for book, "Styles for Men."

## **The House of Kuppenheimer**

Chicago

New York

Boston

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



# MELVILLE CLARK'S APOLLO

## *The* Player Piano

**That Owns the Exclusive Right of  
Playing *Downward* on the Keys**

¶ Do you know that we were the first manufacturers to make a player piano that covered the whole range of the keyboard?

¶ Do you know that for five years we were the *only* manufacturers making a player that played eighty-eight notes?

¶ We do not expect you to buy an Apollo on the strength of these statements alone, but we do expect that before you invest from five hundred to a thousand dollars in a player piano you will protect your investment by first-hand knowledge of the different instruments offered for sale.

¶ Ask your friend who sells player pianos if there is any way to correctly play a piano except downward on the keys. He knows as well as you do that no man, woman or child, musician or amateur, plays a piano in any other way than by a *downward* touch on the piano key be-

cause that is the way a piano was *made* to be played.

¶ When the manufacturers of ordinary player pianos made a 65-note player they made one after the image of a child who could not reach the full length of the keyboard. When *Melville Clark* made a player piano he made a complete, full-grown musician after the image and with the training and inspiration of a master.

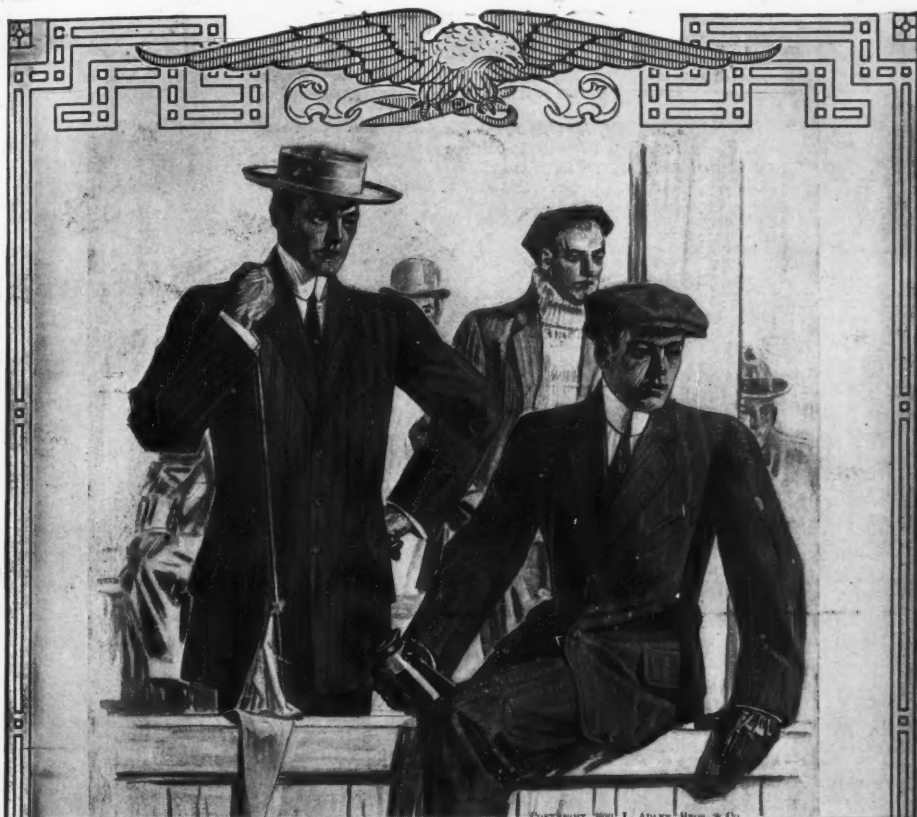
¶ The makers of all player pianos, *except* the Apollo, cut out the downward stroke on the keys, they cut out twenty-three of the most expressive notes, they cut out centuries of progress in piano building.

¶ Melville Clark's Apollo *restores* to humanity its heritage of perfect harmony and puts into the grasp of every American, of every person in the world, a musical education heretofore beyond the reach of any except a talented few.

Send us your name and address. We will give you a fuller description of this marvel of Music and tell you a sure method by which you can settle the player piano question for yourself.

**MELVILLE CLARK PIANO CO., 411 Steinway Hall, Chicago**





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Around the shoulders and neck—and in parts unseen, where shape is made substantial—lies the strength of Adler-Rochester Clothes.

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durability. In Adler-Rochesters, too, you get fit and workmanship that are *pre-eminently the finest*—style that is the *most authoritative*—satisfaction such as clothes rarely give.

## ADLER-ROCHESTER CLOTHES

There is a merchant in your town who sells Adler-Rochester Clothes.

His stock is made up of garments of the latest cut, in the season's most fashionable patterns and shades.

You should know this merchant. One visit to his store—a single inspection of his stock—will prove to you the wisdom of wearing Adler-Rochester Clothes. They sell at the prices of the *ordinarily good*.

The *difference* in clothes, is shown in our

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You can't help but profit from it. Your appearance deserves that you know its facts.

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**Price Includes Blue Prints, Architect's Specifications, Full Details, Working Plans and Itemized List of Material**

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We have everything needed in Building Material for a building of any sort. Lumber, Sash, Doors, Millwork, Structural Iron, Pipe, Valves and Fittings, Steel and Prepared Roofing. Our stock includes Dry Goods, Clothing, Furniture, Rugs, Groceries, etc., Machinery, Hardware, Wire Fencing—in fact, anything required to build or equip. Everything for the Home, the Office, the Factory or the Field, besides everything to wear or to eat. Send us your carpenter's or contractor's bill for our low estimate. We will prove our ability to save you money. WRITE US TODAY, giving a complete list of everything you need.

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We publish a handsome, illustrated book containing designs of Houses, Cottages, Bungalows, Barns, etc. We can furnish the material complete for any of these designs. This book is mailed free to those who correctly fill in the coupon below. Even if you have no immediate intention of building, we advise that you obtain a copy of our FREE BOOK OF PLANS. It's a valuable book.

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OFFICE: 1 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK

New York, August 10th, 1920.

William Dinwiddie, Esq.  
63 Wall Street,  
New York, N.Y.

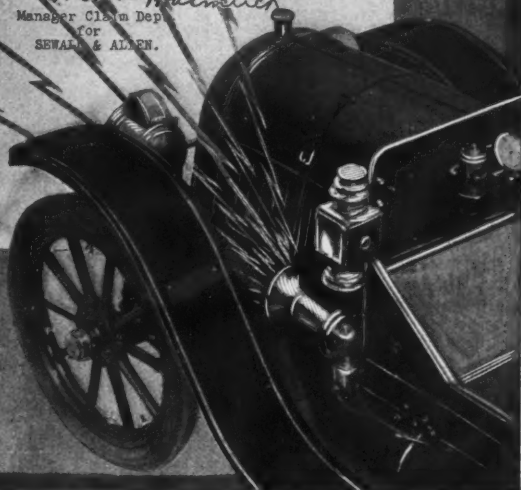
Dear Sir:—

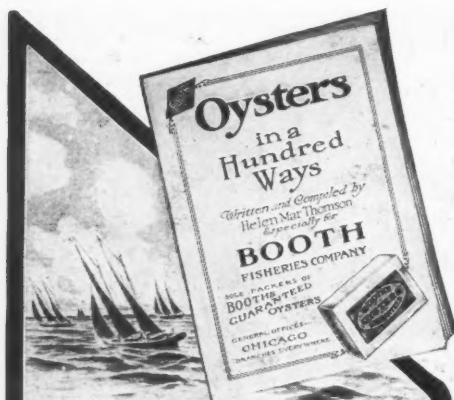
Replying to your letter of even date, I wish to say that in my experience of the last three years in the handling of about five thousand automobile cases, I cannot at the present time recall any injury to a pedestrian where a Klaxon Horn was used.

I sincerely believe that if automobiles were universally equipped with Klaxons, there would be fewer injuries on the part of pedestrians and motorists alike.

Very truly yours,

*Fred A. Grammer*  
Manager Claims Dept.  
for  
SEWALL & ALLEN.





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## BOOTH'S Guaranteed Oysters

(Full Measure—Solid Meats)

should be a good book. It is—the best, most complete ever compiled about oysters.

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Recipes for breakfast, luncheon, dinner by famous chefs and leading American authorities are here brought together in a clear, interesting way. Every housekeeper will be glad to have this book, every bachelor and all lovers of good things to eat will find it a treasure house.

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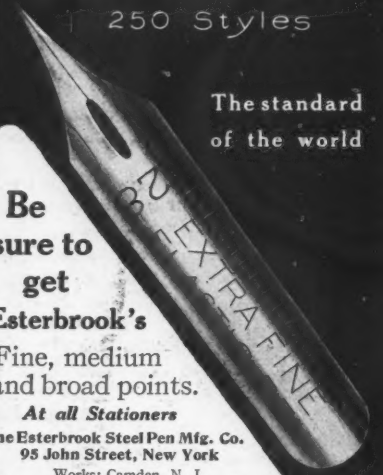
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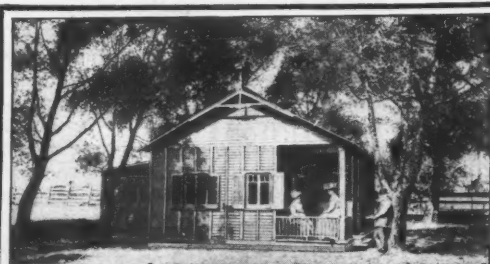
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So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapelessness speedily returning I know you will buy it. Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

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Substantial, beautiful summer and winter Cottages and Bungalows. Inexpensive, complete in every detail. Save labor, worry and material. Wind and weatherproof. Built on Unit Plan, no nails, no carpenter. Everything fits. Anyone can set up.

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If your business involves the use of delivery wagons averaging daily runs of from ten to fifty miles, write us today.

Tell us enough about your delivery conditions to enable us to answer intelligently.

If you *can* use a motor truck, we will give you detailed facts and figures showing cost, maintenance and saving over horse-deliveries.

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## ELECTRIC MOTOR TRUCKS

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The figures we give you as to the cost of running a Waverley Electric truck will not be estimates which you may or may not be able to duplicate.

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Then use your own judgment.

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We can refer you to hundreds of delighted users of Waverley Electric Trucks.

We can supplement our estimate of the saving with their actual figures.

But what you most want to know is just how you're going to come out—and that's what our figures, *with the contract*, will tell you.

We make the Waverley Electric in styles and bodies to suit any business.

Write now.

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THE WAVERLEY COMPANY

Indianapolis, Ind.

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—the new Karo (Extra Quality)—with the red label. Clear as strained honey—a more delicate flavor.

You will surely want some for griddle cakes and to spread on bread for the children's lunch.

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Large Cans, 10c. & 15c.

Karo Cook-Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post card, today, to

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## THE DAY'S WORK

The old saw has it that "man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." And that has been true for centuries. But here at last is the means of reducing woman's work, saving her time and strength, to such an extent that each day is more than long enough for the work it requires.

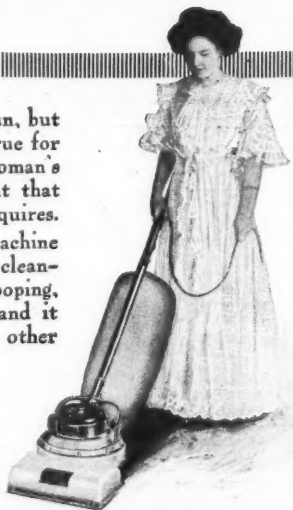
The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper is the only machine which a woman can and will use for daily and weekly cleaning. That is because it requires no exertion, no stooping, no downward pressure, no rubbing back and forth; and it cleans clean, in a fraction of the time required by any other machine and without damage to fabrics.

This is the cleaner which combines the revolving brush with suction, the cleaner which lifts floor-coverings to the suction opening instead of crushing them against the floor.

It has suction attachments for every sort of cleaning above the floor level.

Sooner or later you will have an electric cleaner. When the time comes you'll want to know about the Hoover. Find out now by sending for "that little book."

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER CO.  
211 Maple Street New Berlin, O.



"However Clean—Hoover Cleaner"

# HOOVER

ELECTRIC  
SUCTION SWEEPER



## As Like as Two Peas.

The butler gives an *air* to the service, and that is all. The Jell-O dessert which the charming young housekeeper makes, and the one that is prepared by the chef and served by the solemn butler, are as "like as two peas."

There are so many easy ways to make delicious and beautiful

# JELL-O

desserts that any woman can make them without any practice at all.

Pure, sparkling, delicious, beautiful Jell-O desserts can be made in a minute.

At a dime a package Jell-O is the world's greatest bargain.

**Seven delightful flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange, Peach, Chocolate.**

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**"Desserts of the World," the new Recipe Book, splendidly illustrated in ten colors and gold will be sent FREE on request. Address,**

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Latest Model.

## PRINCESS GRAND

Newest and most charming of the small grands now so popular. Write for our new catalogue showing the *Princess Grand* and other delightful new Grands and Uprights now ready for fall delivery.

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combine the finest traditions of old-time Boston piano-building with the most advanced ideas of to-day. Used in over 350 critical musical and educational institutions and nearly 50,000 discriminating homes.

### Our "No Risk" Mail-Order Plan,

a unique proposition for buying "on approval," is available wherever in the United States no dealer sells IVERS & POND Pianos. We pay railway freights both ways if piano fails to please. Old instruments taken in exchange. Attractive Easy Payment plans available wherever you may live.

Fill Out and Send This Coupon to

**IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,**  
111 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name .....  
Address .....



**Vapo-Cresolene**

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough,  
Croup, Asthma,  
Sore Throat, Coughs,  
Bronchitis, Colds,  
Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep"

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

### For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

**THE VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York**  
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

## Good-Bye to Superfluous Hair

A Lady Will Send Free to Any Sufferer the Secret Which Cured Her.

A well-known lady asks us to announce that she will tell free to any reader of this magazine how to secure permanent relief from all traces of superfluous hair by the same means that destroyed hers after every other known remedy had failed. "It was just as successful with her friend, whose picture is printed herewith. She states that the means used is harmless, simple and painless, and makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary. She will send, entirely free, full particulars to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results, privately at home. All she asks is a 2-cent stamp for reply. Address.



**Mrs. Caroline Osgood**  
640 RF Custom House Street, Providence, R. I.

**IF IT LEAKS**

**Get MENDETS**

2 MINUTE PATCH

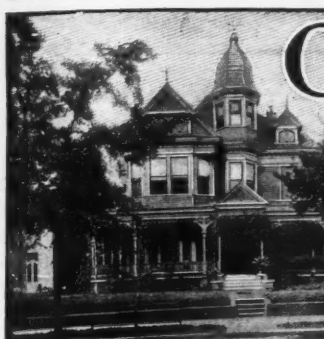
**They mend all leaks instantly**  
in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful Invention Household necessity. Millions in use. Send for sample package, 10c. Complete pkg. astd sizes, 25c. postpaid. Agts wanted. COLLETTE MFG. CO., Box 145 Amsterdam, N. Y.

## FUEL OIL NEWS

103 Cedar St., N. Y.

Contains latest reliable news monthly from all the oil fields. Sept. feature—"The California Billion Dollar Oil Industry: how tens of thousands of investors are making large profits." How you may share in them. Subscription 50 cents year. Write for sample copy.





# Ostermoor \$15.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.,  
June 24, 1910.

Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.

I have been sleeping on the celebrated Ostermoor Mattress for the past eight years, and am so very much pleased I would certainly not have anything else but Ostermoor in my house.

Yours very truly,  
H. C. DAVIDSON.

## 8 Years here

You must get below the surface to discover mattress quality; you must go farther back than mere claims to learn mattress service. Imitations of the Ostermoor Mattress resemble the original in appearance; that and cheapness (which means inferiority inside) are their principal virtues. They are sold on mere claim—Ostermoor is sold on *proof of service*, and where a life time's bed-time comfort is involved, you cannot afford to buy on any other basis.

Over a million Ostermoors have gone into the best homes in America. The above letter (one of the thousands we have received) indicates the service they give. No other mattress can offer proof like this.

### 144-Page Book with Samples, FREE

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us and we'll give you his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, when we have no dealer in your town or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days—money back if you want it. Be sure of the genuine Ostermoor by seeing the trade-mark label, also the name Ostermoor woven continuously in the binding.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 111 Elizabeth St., New York Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

**Mattresses Cost**  
Ex. Prepaid. Best blue and white ticking.  
4'6" wide, 45 lbs., \$15.  
In two parts 50c extra.  
Dust-proof, satin finish ticking \$1.50 more.  
French, mercerized Art Twill, \$2 more.



# CREX

Grass Carpets and Rugs

TRADE MARK



## Embody Four Essential Features In Household Necessities

THE four most important requisites to be considered in housefurnishing—**Economy**—**Cleanliness**—**Durability**—and **Appearance**—are responsible for the widespread popularity and ever increasing demand for

### CREX GRASS CARPETS AND RUGS

Long wear and economical service are attributes of CREX and the natural toughness combined with artistic designs warrants its general acceptance as the typical, everyday, all year round floor covering.

CREX is serving as the only floor covering in thousands of homes and is daily adding to its list of enthusiastic users. It is big value all through—made for long wear—to fill every requirement—and suit every home.

**Rugs:** In all sizes of exclusive designs and beautiful colors.

**Carpets:** Solid colors—plain and striped effects—in all widths.

**Caution:** Avoid Imitations—the genuine bears the **CREX** label.

Sold by all up-to-date Carpet and Department Stores. Send for free Booklet C., beautifully illustrated.

### CREX CARPET COMPANY

377 Broadway

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**You pay no more**  
for a pound package of Kingsford's Corn Starch—made by an exclusive process for over sixty years. Ordinary corn starch can be made in a few days, while it takes as many weeks to produce

## KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO CORN STARCH

You are asked just as much for the low-grade corn starches that cannot give you the result in your cooking—because they lack Kingsford's delicacy and purity.

Don't you think it would pay to insist upon Kingsford's?

The Cook Book "M" tells "What a Cook Ought to Know about Corn Starch," 168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *It's free*—just send your name on a post card.

**T. KINGSFORD & SON**  
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National Starch Co., Successors

WATERPROOFED LINEN

# LITHOLIN

COLLARS & CUFFS

STYLE  
ECONOMY  
FIT  
COMFORT

ECLIPSES  
ALL OTHERS

The ordinary linen collar is quite overshadowed, for utility, by the **Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collar**—the reasons are plain. It doesn't need laundering,—you just wipe it, white as new, with a damp cloth. It has **the correct, dull linen finish**, and does not wilt or fray. Made in all styles,—the kind you have always worn, or any other. Four collars will last a year,—the cost \$1.00. With **Litholin** you are neat all the time, and save daily. All "turn-downs" have a slip-easy space for the tie.

**COLLARS 25 CENTS CUFFS 50 CENTS**

**Avoid imitations and substitutes**

*If not at your dealer's send, giving styles, size, how many with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Styles Booklet free on request.*

**THE FIBERLOID COMPANY**

**7 Waverly Place, New York**

## Be Fair To Your Property

Give it every possible chance to last long and to look its best. If you build well, paint well.

If it is important to carefully select the building materials for your house, it is just as important to use all care in getting the paint which will best protect those materials.

Pure white lead ("Dutch Boy Painter" trade-mark) is the standard paint. Pure white lead earned that term "standard" because it proved itself the greatest known protector of wood against weather, and because as a decorative paint it proved to give the smoothest finish.

That is why good painters like to use it. The painter mixes it with pure linseed oil at the time of painting, and makes any color, shade or tint you want.

The house that is "white-leaded" is the house that's painted right.

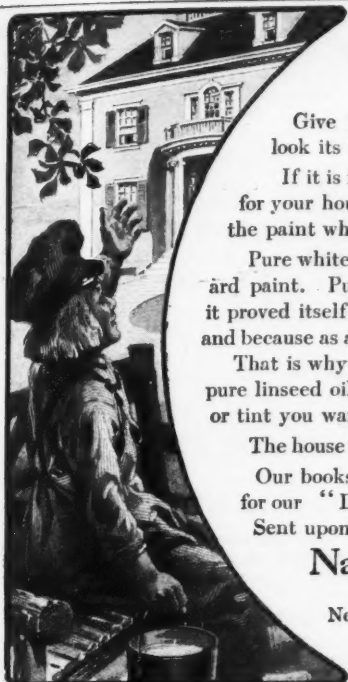
Our books on decoration are valuable to property owners. Ask for our "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. Z."

Sent upon request.

### National Lead Company

An office in each of the following cities:

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Chicago Cleveland St. Louis  
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)  
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## The Most Artistic and Permanent Building Material in the World

Carrère & Hastings  
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TRADE MARK

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Tapestry" brick has met with unqualified success from Maine to California. We find in some minds, however, the idea that it is too expensive for usual house construction. This is entirely wrong.

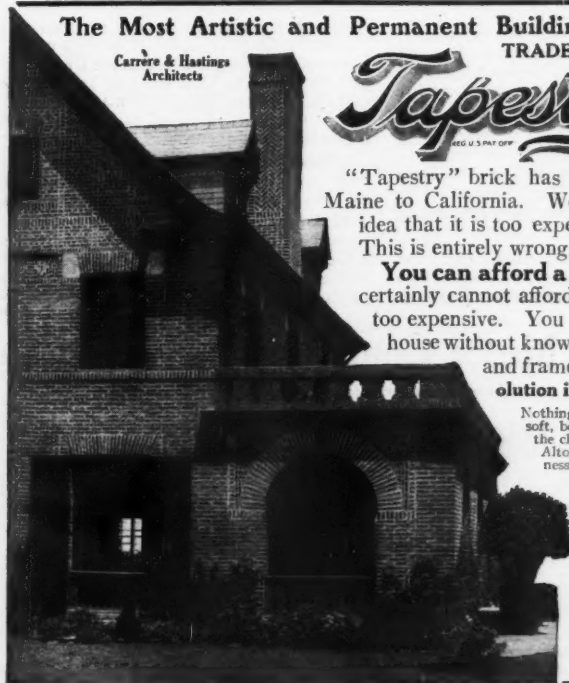
**You can afford a "Tapestry" Brick House**—you certainly cannot afford one of wood. Lumber has grown too expensive. You cannot afford to build even a modest house without knowledge of the comparative cost of brick and frame. Our valuable little book, "**A Revolution in Building Materials**," sent free.

Nothing else for the building of a wall can produce the soft, beautiful blending colors of "Tapestry" Brick and the charm of contrasting designs which its use affords. Altogether different in coloring, texture and hardness from ordinary face brick. The most distinctive brick in America.

Our valuable book, "Tapestry Brickwork," giving comparative costs of wood, concrete and brick constructions, forty-eight pages, eight in colors, describing the brick architecture of all ages, full of interest to architect and home-builder, sent on receipt of acc. Write for information describing the work you have in mind.

**FISKE & COMPANY, Incorporated,**  
1755 FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK

Mfrs. of High Grade Face Brick for over 30 years.  
Sole Mfrs. of "Tapestry" Brick. Promoters and  
Designers of Artistic Brickwork.





# Chalmers

## MOTOR CARS

**THE Chalmers "30" is the only medium priced car that was ever awarded the Glidden Trophy.**

Of all the Glidden Tours, that of 1910 was the longest, and by far the hardest. It lasted for sixteen running days and covered 2,851 miles. It started at Cincinnati and went "by way of Dallas, Texas," through thirteen states to Chicago.

It is the opinion of experts who made this tour that no car in the world could have completed it with a perfect score. Yet, from Cincinnati to Louisville—to Nashville—to Sheffield, Ala.—to Memphis—to Little Rock—to Hot Springs—to Texarkana—to Dallas—to Lawton, Oklahoma—to Oklahoma City—to Wichita, Kansas—eleven consecutive days out of the sixteen, through the hardest part of the trip—and for five days after every other car on the tour had been penalized, not a single point could be assessed against the Chalmers "30"—the \$1500 car.

In all the history of motoring, there is no performance like this. The Glidden Trophy had never been won before by a car costing less than \$4,000.

If you are thinking of buying a car, what better proof could you ask of reliable performance under all conditions than you have

in the Glidden Tour record of the winning Chalmers "30"?

**The Chalmers "30" has never been defeated in any important motoring event by any car of its price and power class.**

In addition to perfect mechanical performance, you get in the Chalmers all the beauty of line and finish that you can find in any car.

What more could you ask in any car at any price than you get in the medium-priced Chalmers.

We have never had so large a volume of business as we have now. There has never been so satisfying a demand for Chalmers cars as there has been since we announced our 1911 models. Yet this demand will not affect the Chalmers' policy of building cars for quality, not quantity.

We suggest, therefore, that you place your order now, in order to be sure of getting the car that is your **first choice**.

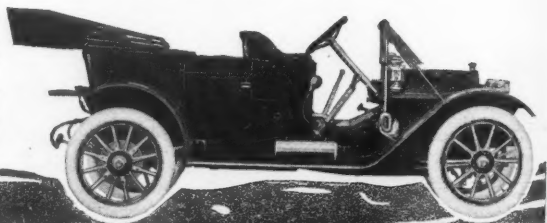
1911 cars will be delivered in order of purchase. All of our dealers have delivery schedules and will be able to tell you when delivery can be made. Write for our new catalog "B" and name of the nearest dealer.

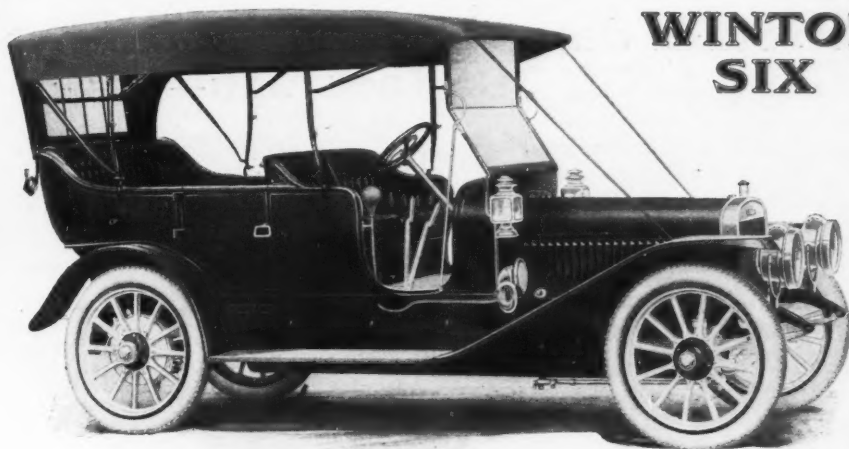
## Chalmers Motor Company Detroit, Mich.

*Licensed under Selden Patent.*

Chalmers "30"	
Touring Car,	\$1500
Pony Tonneau,	\$1600
Roadster,	\$1500
Limousine,	\$3000
Landaulet,	\$3000
Coupe,	\$2400

Chalmers "Forty"	
Touring Car,	\$2750
Torpedo Body,	\$3000
Roadster,	\$2750





## WINTON SIX

### Alters the Whole Question

“We had our first experience of the pleasure of owning an automobile with a . . . . . Thirty, but this new proposition of six-cylinders *alters the whole question*. It is so finished, so restful, so satisfying that it appeals to me through and through. I do indeed thank you for making so complete a car.”

— This letter from a lady in California tells a big story briefly.

The Six *does* alter the whole automobile question.

It accomplishes previously impossible results in quietness, comfort, flexibility, hill-climbing, and economy.

Money spent lavishly to perfect a car of four-cylinders can only add to the price you pay. It can never add that finishing touch of continuous power, which is found only in the Six.

The Winton Six is high-grade in design, materials, workmanship, and classy finish.

It is superior in the beauty of its performance.

And supreme in low cost of upkeep. Its world's record of 77 cents per 1000 miles is the direct result of its six-cylinders, its continuous power, and its beautiful operation.

The Winton Six has the only self-cranking motor. Air does it. No clock springs: no complicated mechanism. Just one single moving part.

The 1911 48 H. P. Winton Six sells at \$3000. To find its value compare it with cars that cost \$4000 to \$6000.

Our catalog tells a plain, forceful, easily-understood story. Send coupon for copy.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. COMPANY  
Licensed Under Selden Patent  
CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

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THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. COMPANY.  
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## The other day a Hupmobile fell over a cliff 500 feet high—read about it



**\$750**

4 cylinders, 20-H.P. Sliding gears, Bosch magneto.

# Hupmobile

**\$750**

F.O.B. Detroit, including three oil lamps, tools and horn. Top, gas lamps, tank or generator, speedometer and trunk rack extra.

Buying an automobile is no longer a game of "Blind Man's Buff."

There are just three things to consider in the Hupmobile or any other car:

- First cost;
- After cost;
- Quality of service.

The Hupmobile is ready for your investigation on all three points.

In first cost it has the field to itself.

No other plant in America could produce as good a car as the Hupmobile to sell for \$750 without losing money.

They might build a car of the same size and design—but it would be a manufacturing impossibility to build it as well; of materials as fine; without duplicating the Hupp equipment and going through the progressive Hupp experience of three years.

The other day a Hupmobile in California fell over a cliff 500 feet high. It cost the owner just \$45 to put it back into perfect condition.

That's how good and strong and sound the Hupmobile is. In that respect—on the basis of soundness—you could not buy better value if you paid four times \$750.

Now, how about the after cost?

Well, the vast majority of Hupmobile owners—practically all those who take care of their own cars—have an all-the-year-around expense account of about 25c a day.

Look around you. Consider any other car from the standpoint of upkeep. Do you know—have you ever even heard—of a record of economy that compares with the Hupmobile record?

Twenty-five cents a day—\$7 to \$10 a month—cheaper than street car or horse, bearing in mind the service rendered and the ground covered.

And as for service—there isn't a crippled Hupmobile in America, unless it's been crushed in an accident.

There isn't even a "second-hand" Hupmobile. Year-old Hupmobiles command pretty nearly full list price. The "Hups" that started going three years ago are still going—every blessed one of them.

Last November, for instance, a Hupmobile went into service at Atlanta as a demonstrator. It ran over 16,000 miles; then entered the Atlanta-New York run (a terribly trying contest) and calmly skimmed over the finish-line with a perfect score.

Look all around you in your home town—you'll see them everywhere. Where will you find a happier owner than the Hupmobile owner? What car has such an overwhelming proportion of delighted owners?

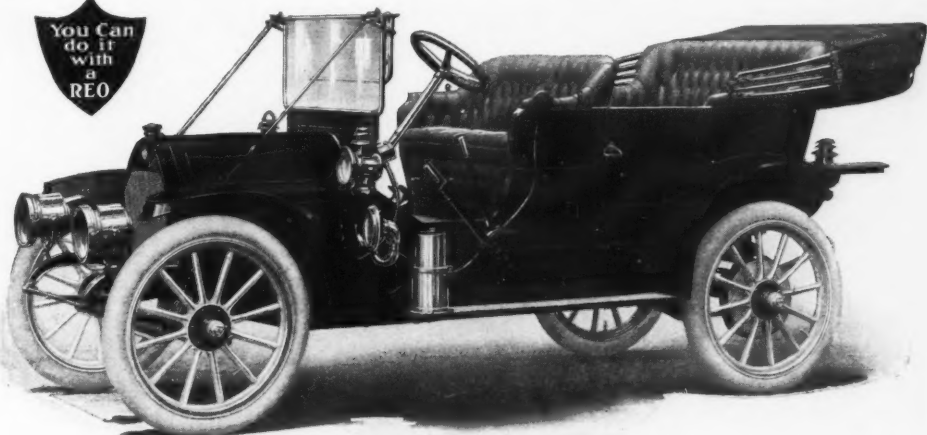
Think about these things. First cost; after cost; service—study these three points in any car you consider.

You'll end by buying a Hupmobile.

## HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Licensed under Selden Patent.

Desk 16, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Reo Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1250. Top and Mezger Automatic Windshield extra.

## Reo Breaks the Record

**New York to San Francisco in 10 days, 15 hours, 13 minutes.**

The severest test ever made of the strength, endurance, reliability, and other things that really count in motoring, is this phenomenal run of 3557 miles.

Think of a car that keeps on going 10½ days, day and night, over all the kinds of roads there are between New York and San Francisco—good roads, bad roads, awful roads, no roads at all but only deserts and mountain tracks, through mud, through sand, fords and all that—and gets there 4 days and 11 hours quicker than a \$4000 car, and 14 days quicker than any other car that tried it!

The Reo did this and more. A schedule was made out in advance; and the Reo kept just a little ahead of that schedule every day. No big days, no small days. A thoroughly consistent performance from start to finish.

The Reo did it open and above board. Announced the start in the newspapers on Sunday, August 7, one day ahead, had the arrival and departure of the car checked and affidavits made by interested and responsible people at every important point, and kept the newspapers informed all the way until it reached San Francisco on Thursday, August 18.

This record proves that the Reo has the power, strength and endurance to meet every emergency of year-in-and-year-out motoring. It is just one more emphatic proof of the well-known get-there-and-back ability for which the Reo has always been famous.

It proves that the Reo light-weight construction is sound and right—that light weight is not at the expense of strength and that its combination of light weight and resiliency permit full use of power on rough roads with perfect safety to the car and comfort to the passengers; for otherwise neither car nor passengers could possibly have stood the strain.

Do you want a car with a fancy racing record that proves nothing, or with no record at all? Or do you want a car whose private record is backed and proved by an absolute public test which shows that this car has all the qualities that count in comfortable and satisfactory motoring?

1911 Four-cylinder Reo Runabout \$850.

*Send for Reo catalogue which tells plain facts—also “Coast to Coast in Ten Days.”*

**R M Owen & Co Lansing Michigan General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co**

*Licensed under Selden Patent*

When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*

# OVER 50,000 MILES WITHOUT A BROKEN SPRING



"I have driven my Apperson over 50,000 miles without breaking a spring and ascribe this remarkable showing to the fact that my car has never been without Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers."

(Former President Chicago Automobile Club,  
Publisher Automobile Blue Book.)

*M. N. Van Dicken*

Deeds, not words! This is but one of innumerable instances where

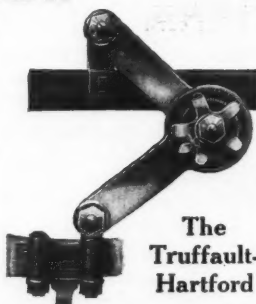
THE

## TRUFFAULT - HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

has made good with a vengeance.

Interposed between frame and axle of the automobile, the Truffault-Hartford acts harmoniously with the spring, so regulating it that its action never becomes violent. Results—Spring breakage is impossible; Wheels cannot skid or bounce; there's no jolt, jar or vibration; Car always rides easy and is subjected to less wear and tear.

You become both comfortable and economical as soon as your car is Truffault-Hartford-equipped. It can be done easily and quickly.



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Hartford



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New York: 212-214 West 88th Street  
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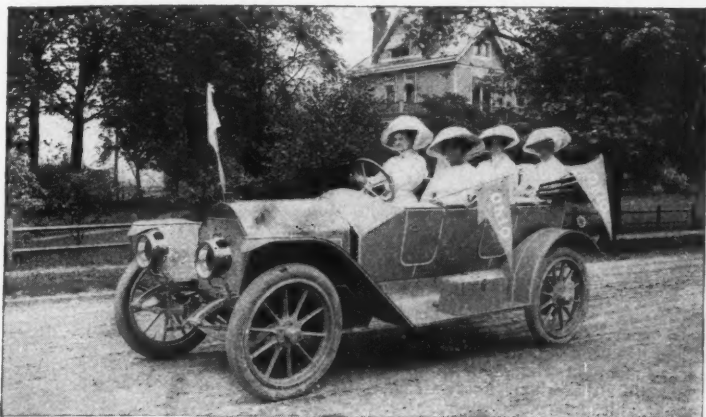
*We can fit any car and make any car fit for any road.*

**HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY**  
155 BAY STREET JERSEY CITY, N. J.

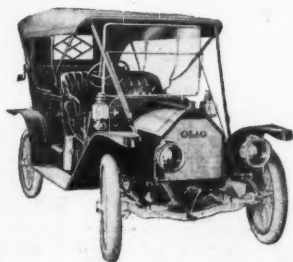
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## Only Two Ohio Cars a Day but Tested on Hills *and* Straight-Away



### Ohio Forty:

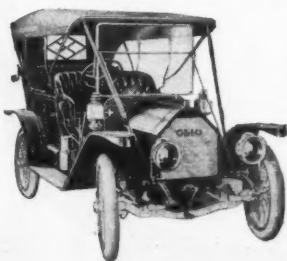
Touring Body, \$2150

Close-Coupled Tonneau, \$2150

Roadster, \$2150

Torpedo Body, \$2450

### Fully Equipped



**E**VERY Ohio car is given a thorough road-test on the hills around Cincinnati, where ruts and broken stone and sharp turns subject it to every strain it is likely to encounter; and no Ohio car is delivered until it has successfully withstood the strain of at least 150 miles of such rough usage—first the chassis and engine, and then the complete equipped car.

That's the only way to be sure a car will stand the strain of ordinary touring. But you can't give such a test on a track around a factory, or even on the roads of a flat country; and you can't give such a test to a big output.

The Ohio has power and strength in excess of any probable requirement. Because of the thorough tests, it is ready to run and keep on running. Study the specifications and note the careful planning of little details as well as big.

Write today for Catalog "I6" giving Complete Specifications



### The Ohio Motor Car Company

Licensed under Selden Patent

Elmwood Station

Cincinnati, Ohio

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For the next thirty days, to everyone sending us \$1.00 for an eight-months' subscription to **Physical Culture** we're going to give a complete course in body-building, specially designed for home use by Bernarr Macfadden, the world's greatest authority on health and strength-building. This course calls for no apparatus, and is adapted for use by both men and women. Each lesson is illustrated by a handsome chart, in colors, accompanied by plain and thorough printed description.



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October Issue on news-stands NOW.

PHYSICAL  
CULTURE



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## Grabowsky The Master Commercial Car

Supreme in  
Quality—Efficiency—Durability

### MR. BUSINESS MAN!

Investigate the world's only car with a Removable Power Plant, Hardened Steel Bushings, Emergency Condensing Chamber in Radiator, Positive Mechanical Oiling System

These amazing exclusive features absolutely insure better, quicker and cheaper delivery service than any other power wagon in the world, which facts we stand ready to prove

"We  
Guarantee  
Service"

(26)

Grabowsky  
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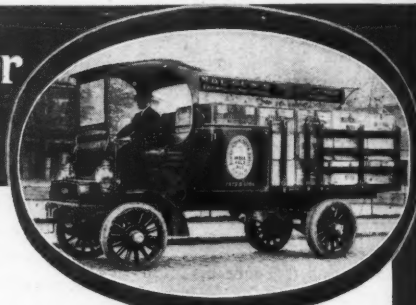
111 Champlain St., Detroit, Mich.

### ATTENTION, DEALER!

Being proved money makers, the demand for "**The Grabowsky**" is enormous. Selling this quality car you can talk facts and show them

Its seen-at-a-glance superiority makes it a quick selling, satisfactory, promoting line.

Investigation convinces it is the commercial power wagon that fills every requirement of the business world.







*“Stoddard-Dayton”*

NONE can go further—none faster—none ride with greater ease and comfort—none have ever given better service.

The Dayton Motor Car Co.  
Dayton, Ohio

*Ask for*



“Booklet 5”



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The world's masterpiece of watch manufacture now sold direct!

The most amazing offer ever made in the whole history of the watch industry—an offer which has absolutely PARALYZED competition—the offer of the genuine Burlington Special direct to the public at the rock bottom INDEPENDENT PRICE, without the middlemen's profits.

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We will not be bound by any system of price-boosting contracts with dealers. We will not submit to any "high profit" selling scheme. We will not be dictated to on our independent watch. NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS, we are determined to push our independent line even if we should have to fight a combination of all the Watch manufacturers of the country!

And so we are making this offer—the most sweeping, astounding offer ever made on a high-grade watch. The famous Burlington Special direct and at the same price WHOLESALERS must pay. And in order to make the proposition doubly easy for the public we will even allow this rock-bottom price, if desired, on terms of **\$2.50 a Month**. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer. Sign and mail coupon now. Rock-bottom, independent price, whether you buy for cash or time.

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Be sure to get posted on watches and watch values, "contract" prices and independent prices before you buy a watch. Learn to judge watch values!

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Dept. 1048  
19th & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.**

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1048, 19th and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Please send me without obligation and please your free book on watches and explain to you the \$1,000.00 challenge and how you can get it. I will not pay for it. I will not pay for it. I will not pay for it.

Name

Address

No letter necessary. I will not pay for it.

## Better than Fire Insurance

Actual protection from fire in your garage—instead of partial replacement after the fire—is assured if you keep your gasoline in the



## WAYNE Storage System

Tank buried in the ground; pump to convey the gasoline from tank to car. Protection—and saving of gasoline—at every step.

The Wayne System is more widely used than any other because of its higher efficiency

and longer life.

Guaranteed by us for two years.

Complete information—plans, prices, etc.—may be had by writing us

**WAYNE OIL TANK & PUMP CO.  
Dept. B, Fort Wayne, Ind.**

177 B'dway New York 146 Summer Street Boston 45 Lake Street Chicago 1201 Ford Bldg. Detroit

## CLASSIC JEWELRY

Frederic's Artificial Pearl Collars and Necklaces, with plain or fancy diamond bars, mounted with genuine or artificial diamonds. Dainty Artificial Diamond Pendants, Brooches and Slides for Velvet. Genuine and Artificial Amethyst, Turquoise, Topaz, Opal, Lapis Lazuli, Garnet, Jade, Coral, or any other stone mounted in Pendants, Necklaces, Rings, Bracelets, Earrings, in 14 kt. gold or sterling silver. Brooches, Horseshoes, Circles. Chains of fresh water pearls in gold or silver. Special—limited number of this two dollar rope of Pearls at \$1, postage prepaid.

1911 Illustrated Catalogue of unusual Jewelry sent free upon receipt of 10c postage

*Frederic's*  
Classic Jeweler

Three  
New York  
Stores

Mail Order  
Offices  
23 East 20th  
St., N. Y.

## Rite-Lite ADJUSTABLE SHAVING AND DRESSING GLASS

"NO SHADOWS SHAVING"

Raises and lowers 8 in. Slides 14 inches in front of window. Nicked fixtures. Bevel plate mirror. Turns on swivel.

Excellent Xmas Gift. Dealers write for terms.

Rite-Lite Shaving Glass Co., 249 N. Saline St., Syracuse, N.Y.



Price Delivered  
6 in. Diam. \$2  
7 in. Diam. \$3  
7 in. Dble. \$3  
(1 side magnifying, 1 side flat)

Money back if not satisfied



Many a boy has gained a cool head and steady nerve by looking over the sights of a King Air-Rifle.

**T**HE KING is a real gun for real boys. It will develop sturdy manliness that every real boy wants to have—that every mother wants him to have.

It isn't a gun to kill things, nor a dangerous powder-rifle. It shoots air-rifle shot\* by compressed air; it carries far and shoots straight.

It's a gun for real marksmanship but it will teach you things that are worth even more than the ability to hit the bull's-eye.



#### It's the "Learning How" that Counts

Accurate marksmanship is a fine accomplishment, but the discipline and training of "learning how" is even finer. It means the joy of another clean, wholesome, out-door sport, and the development of a strong, fearless American manhood.

#### Get the Right Gun to Learn With

Don't waste time on "second best" when it's just as easy to get the best. Start right by making sure that you get the genuine KING, with the trade-mark "KING" on the side-plate. That is the only way to be sure of having the handsomest, strongest and most accurate air-rifle ever made. It holds the same supremacy in air-rifles that the Winchester does in powder-rifles.

#### The KING of all Air-Rifles

The King 1000-shot (No. 5) is the famous "Thousand-shoot-in' Air-gun," the finest air-rifle in the world. It's a hammerless repeater with lever-action; magazine holds 1000 shot, and loads automatically. It has polished nickel-steel or gun-metal finish barrel, accurate sights, and black walnut stock. The barrel and frame are made in one piece so that the constant lever-action cannot weaken or break the gun. 36 inches long; weighs  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; price \$2.00 (gun-metal finish \$2.50).

#### Send for the KING Catalog today

and see all the KING styles, handsomely illustrated. Then go to the nearest sporting-goods, hardware or toy-store and see the guns themselves. If you can't find the KING in your town, send the money direct to us and we'll ship the one you select, express prepaid.

KING No. 4, 500-shot is like No. 5 in style and appearance, but a little smaller. There are many other handsome KING models from 50c. to \$1.25, and the KING pop-gun for the little fellows, 25c.

\*BB Shot can be used with KING Air-Rifle but is not as satisfactory as air-rifle shot, being less uniform in size.

#### The Markham Air-Rifle Company

The Original and largest Air-Rifle Factory in the World

PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

Pacific Coast Office: 717 Market Street  
San Francisco, Phil B. Bekeart Co., Mgrs.

150

Little  
Round  
Red  
Rubber  
Fingers  
Beat  
Your  
Own



One  
Cent  
a Shave  
For a Year  
Pays for a  
Luxury Lather Brush

Softens the toughest beard quicker and better than the hand—works the lather in around and between the hairs, right down where the razor cuts. No pulling—no mistakes.  
The velvety, refined Para rubber cannot irritate the tenderest skin. Massages while lathering; prevents blackheads. Stops Ingrowing Beards.  
Strengthens the skin. Removes the face-faults that often make a daily shave painfully disagreeable.

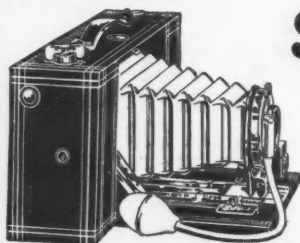
## LUXURY Lather Brush

Lathers better than your old brush. Made of choicest French Bristles and PURE Badger Hair, vulcanized in hard rubber—Can't pull out. Handy Horizontal Hang-up Handle.

**Book "Well Lathered" Free**

If your dealer hasn't the LUXURY, send us his name and \$3 and we will mail one prepaid. If you are willing to part with it after a month's use, return it and get your money back.

LUXURY SALES CO., 402 River St., Troy, N. Y.



**\$10**

The Biggest Little Cousin  
of the Kodaks—

## No. 3A FOLDING BROWNIE

Takes the full size post card pictures,  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Equipped with meniscus achromatic lens, F. P. K. automatic shutter with bulb release, automatic focusing lock and reversible finder. Has all the Kodak advantages of daylight loading and unloading, and is made and tested by Kodak workmen.

Price with meniscus achromatic lens, \$10.00; with Rapid Rectilinear lens, \$12.00; other Brownie Cameras, \$1.00 to \$11.00.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Catalogue of Kodaks and Brownies free at the dealers or by mail. The Kodak City.



Here is the Finest Catalog  
ever issued about  
Photographic  
Lenses



We want every photographer, who is interested in making better pictures to have a copy. It is well arranged, excellently printed and filled with attractive illustrations. It is a real work of art. It is instructive, too, because it tells you all about lenses in general and Goerz Lenses in particular; makes plain the photographic terms that have bothered you before; by means of over sixty striking illustrations, it shows you wherein

## GOERZ LENSES

**Are Superior to Others**

This book in itself is abundant proof of their superiority. Get a copy and you will see why. It will be sent on receipt of six cents, or may be had free at dealers.

A Goerz Lens on your camera makes photographic success sure. Goerz Lenses can be fitted to any and all Cameras, Kodaks, etc. Insist on getting a Goerz. C. P. GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY  
Makers of Goerz Lenses, Cameras and Binoculars  
79C East 130th Street, New York

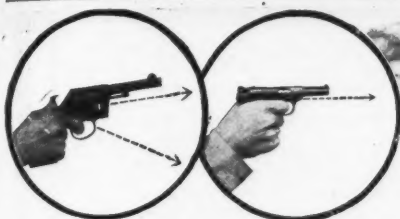


## PREMO CAMERAS—

include 15 models of daylight loading film cameras—the smallest, lightest, easiest to load and operate of all cameras. There are also 19 models which take daylight loading films or plates with equal facility, permitting ground glass focusing and tank development with either.

Get our complete catalogue to-day. It describes fifty different styles and sizes of Premos at prices from \$2.00 to \$200.00. It explains the wonderful Premo Film Pack System and the Premo Film Pack Developing Tank. Free at the dealer's, or prepaid to you on request. **IMPORTANT—In writing, be sure to specify Premo Catalogue.**

**ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION, Eastman Kodak Co., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**



## Cold Steel vs. Cold Sweat

SOME night, in the middle of the night, you will know to a certainty that a burglar is present. You will hear him moving about. You will be wide awake, very—chill in your scalp—cold trickling sweat.

You have to think quickly and act.

Will the possession of a revolver steady your nerve? The revolver whose sights you can't see in the dark? The revolver you can't make a score with when out of practice?

The man or woman whose fingers close upon a Savage Automatic knows he can rely on instinct to shoot straight in the dark. As surely as he can point his index finger, just so unerringly he knows he can put 10 steel-jacketed bullets where he wants them. He has no fear, because every chance is in his favor. Faith in cold steel, and Savage quickness, makes him literally master of the situation.

Some night it will come—the burglar reality. Go today or 'phone to your dealer. Don't put it off. Provide yourself with a weapon *today* that will make you a real home defender.

"The Tenderfoot's Turn," a fascinating book by "Bat" Mastersen, sent free if you mention your dealer. You can also get a book about the new Savage rifles (the .22 Repeater, \$10.00, Featherweight Takedown, \$25.00) beautifully illustrated.

Savage Arms Company,  
1611 Savage Avenue,  
Utica, N. Y.

10  
Shots  
Quick

## THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



## Marlin Big Game REPEATING RIFLES Model 1893

The Special Smokeless Steel barrel, rifled deep on the Ballard system, creates perfect combustion, develops highest velocity and hurls the bullet with utmost accuracy and mightiest killing impact.

The mechanism is direct-acting, strong, simple and perfectly adjusted. It never clogs. The protecting wall of solid steel between your head and cartridge keeps rain, sleet, snow and all foreign matter from getting into the action. The side ejection throws shells away from line of sight and allows instant repeat shots, always.

Built in perfect proportion throughout, in many high power calibers, it is a quick handling, powerful, accurate gun for all big game.

Every hunter should know all the *Marlin* characteristics. Send for our free catalog. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.

*The Marlin Firearms Co.*

20 Willow Street, - - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*



Dear Sir:—

**E**LLIOTT-FISHER the Standard Writing-Adding Machine was the original writing-adding unit placed on the market. Elliott-Fisher is not a typewriter and an adding attachment but a combined writing-adding machine, and the only one on the market today.

Elliott-Fisher the Standard Writing-Adding Machine was designed to write and add at one operation and is wholly built in the Elliott-Fisher factory, the only factory in the world building writing-adding machines complete. It is sold and installed by the Elliott-Fisher Sales organization and guaranteed by Elliott-Fisher Company.

Elliott-Fisher the Standard Writing-Adding Machine is practice proved and time tested. It has been in daily use on actual work in purchasers' offices for the past five years. The sale of Elliott-Fisher the Standard Writing-Adding Machine is growing rapidly. It is used all over the world.

Now there are typewriters with adding attachments and adding machines with typewriter attachments that are offered as substitutes for Elliott-Fisher the Standard Writing-Adding Machine.

95% of the machines used for writing and adding are Elliott-Fisher the Standard Writing Machines. 5% only of all others are typewriters with attachments or adding machines with typewriter attachments.

Elliott-Fisher the Standard Writing-Adding Machine costs more than combinations of attachments, but it's worth more—it gives satisfaction.

Which will you have; the Standard Writing-Adding Machine unit (Elliott-Fisher) or the one made up of attachments (the Imitation)?

We believe you want the best, that's why we ask you to let us send Elliott-Fisher "make toil easier" literature.

1118 Cedar Street  
Harrisburg, Pa.

**ELLIOTT-FISHER CO.**

## PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES



Do not expect *one* varnish to give perfect satisfaction on everything. If this were possible there would not be over 300 Pratt & Lambert Varnishes made for every conceivable use—each for a special purpose; each the *best* for that purpose. For example, for

**Interior Work**—"38" *Preservative Varnish* is best except for floors. Never blisters, cracks nor turns white. Water will not affect it.

**Exterior Work**—"P & L" *Spar Finishing Varnish* is the most durable protection for all outdoor woodwork and marine use. Weather-proof, temperature-proof and salt-water-proof.

**White Enamel Work** calls for *Vitalite*, which is moisture-proof, easy to apply on any surface inside or outside; never turns yellow and lasts almost indefinitely.

## FLOOR VARNISH

is the varnish the heel cannot crack nor mar. It becomes part of the floor. *That's why you can dent the wood but can't crack the varnish.* It's tough, elastic, water-proof.

**Send for Free Sample Panel Finished with "61"**

Test it with hammer or heel. It will prove that "61" is the only varnish you will want on your floors. Get our booklet, "The Finished Floor," which tells how to finish and care for floors. Dealers everywhere carry "P & L" Varnishes. If yours hasn't the kind you need, send to us for it.

**Our new book, "Decorative Interior Finishing," besides telling about "P & L" Varnishes, gives many valuable pointers. It is sent free, on request.**

**PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 61 YEARS**

Address inquiries to 99 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 41 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario  
**FACTORIES: NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO BRIDGEBURG, CANADA LONDON PARIS HAMBURG**

Branch Offices and Warehouses: St. Louis, San Francisco

The keyboard with a key  
for every character **Ⓐ ⓐ**  
and the keys arranged in  
straight lines — 

<b>Ⓒ</b>	<b>Ⓥ</b>	<b>Ⓑ</b>
<b>ⓔ</b>	<b>Ⓡ</b>	<b>Ⓣ</b>

  
makes the

## Smith Premier Typewriter

the one logical typewriter to use. There is a close relation between the thought of the operator and the movement of her fingers. She thinks one thing and does one thing, and the result is better than it can be with divided attention.

Write for folders describing this and fourteen other exclusive Smith Premier advantages.

We manufacture ten different models of billing and bookkeeping machines to take care of all the known up-to-date business systems.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.  
Syracuse, N. Y., U.S.A. Branches everywhere



JAP-A-LAC is made  
in seventeen beautiful  
colors and Natural  
or clear.

For sale by  
Drug, Hardware  
and Paint Dealers

**RENEW**  
WITH  
**JAP-A-LAC**

It stains and varnishes  
in one operation, and  
can be used on anything  
of wood or metal  
from cellar  
to garret.  
Newness  
and quality  
follow the  
brush.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

5108 GLIDDEN BUILDING

CLEVELAND, OHIO

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

"Every Dog Has His Day"—Continued



"Wow! Maria! Help! Murder!"



"Gee whiz, but I'm ripped up a bit."

*Concluded on page 110, advertising section*

# Howard Brushes

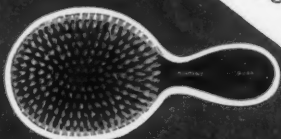
Best Brushes Made

GODIVA    AJAX    SAMSON

## Brushing is Life to the Hair

Every stroke of a Howard Brush reaches through and brushes each layer of hair, keeping it clean and vigorous and makes the scalp tingle with a healthy glow, exciting vitality and encouraging a luxuriant growth.

Howard Brushes are scientifically constructed. Their stiff, penetrating bristles and beautifully finished backs of Turtle Ebony, or other precious woods, combine elegance, utility and durability to a surpassing degree.



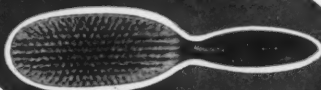
*Howard AJAX*  
The Handy Traveller  
\$2<sup>00</sup> to \$3<sup>00</sup> each

Write  
for this  
booklet

The ease with which the hair may be kept luxuriant and beautiful will be fully appreciated by any person reading our interesting, instructive booklet entitled

### THE HAIR. ITS GROWTH AND HYGIENE

This book contains simply stated, scientific facts about the life and growth of the Hair. It will be sent free to anyone addressing Dept. B.



*Howard GODIVA*  
The Brush Dainty  
\$1<sup>25</sup> to \$3<sup>50</sup> each



*Howard SAMSON*  
Military De Lux  
\$3<sup>25</sup> to \$6<sup>00</sup>  
per pair



### GODIVA BRUSH POWDER

is a specially prepared powder with which a Hair Brush may be thoroughly cleansed without the slightest injury to the Bristles. If your merchant cannot supply you with "Godiva Brush Powder," we will send a sample tube on receipt of five cents, or box of six tubes, for a quarter.

The name "Howard" is on the handle of every Howard Brush

The Howard Brush Co., 15 West 24th St., New York

# STANDARDIZED—with the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

(ALL THE WRITING ALWAYS IN SIGHT)

The DuPont Powder Company of Wilmington, Del., the most prominent manufacturers of explosives for Government and private use in the world, lately purchased on a single order



521

## L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriters

To Standardize their equipment, *acting on unanimous recommendation of a board of five of their mechanical engineers*, to whom all competing makes were submitted.

It will pay you to standardize your typewriter equipment with the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter for the same reason that decided this shrewd, hard-headed business corporation—superior merit of the machine! And the reason holds good whether you use one typewriter or five hundred.

Write Today for the Free Book.

**L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY,**  
Branches in all Large Cities.

**Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.**  
Head office for Europe, Asia and Africa: 19 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.



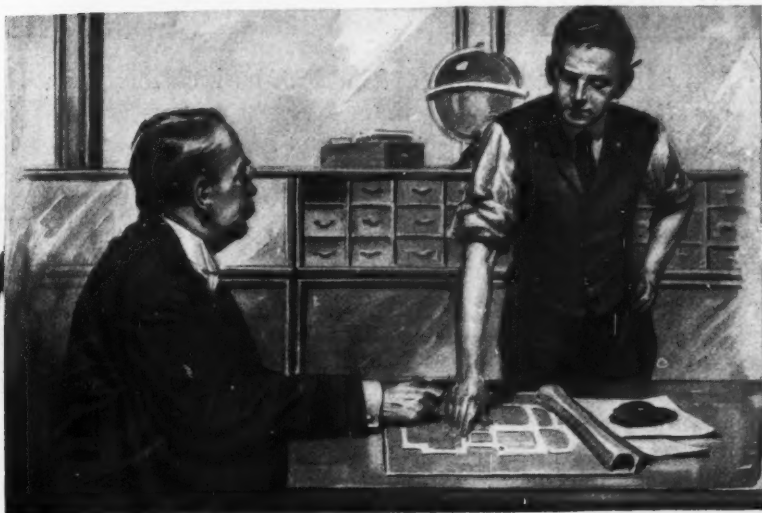
One of 100 Uses—for Cuts and Wounds

## Dioxogen

Dioxogen is the most talked about and the most essential of all toilet and household articles. It prevents infection, it promotes good health and good looks through the medium of hygienic cleanliness. Dioxogen is made exclusively for the personal use of intelligent people; it should not be confused with ordinary "peroxide"—the kind so closely associated with bleaching hair, etc. Send for free 2-oz. trial bottle.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 70 Front Street, New York





## Have YOU A Salary-Raising ABILITY?

**In other words, does your ability, your training, your special knowledge put you in DEMAND when knotty work-problems are to be solved?**

That's the kind of ability that raises your salary, brings you promotion, keeps your position safe in times of trouble and wins you success. That's the kind of ability the International Correspondence Schools can give to you—whether you're young or old, well schooled or not, office man or outside man, day worker or night worker, no matter where you live or what little spare time you have.

To find out how the I. C. S. can help you win success in your chosen line of work costs you nothing—places you under no obligation. Simply mark and mail the attached coupon. With a way so easy, in a matter of such vital importance to you, surely you can afford time to ask for free advice and information that will exert so tremendous an influence on your earning capacity and your entire career.

Mark the coupon and so take the first step toward joining the thousands who have won permanent success through I. C. S. help. On an average 300 VOLUNTARILY report advancement every month. During July the number was 302. Mark the coupon.

### EMPLOYERS

**in need of men and women who have shown their ability along special lines of work should write the Students' Aid Department of the I. C. S.**

**There is no charge for this service.**

#### International Correspondence Schools,

Box 841, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Automobile Running  
Mine Superintendent  
Mining Foreman  
Plumbing, Steam Fitting  
Concrete Construction  
Civil Engineer  
Textile Manufacturing  
Stationary Engineer  
Telephone Expert  
Mechan. Engineer  
Mechanical Draftsman  
Electrical Engineer  
Elec. Lighting Supt.  
Electric Wireman

Civil Service  
Banking  
Languages—  
Chemist  
Architect  
Building Contractor  
Architectural Draftsman  
Industrial Designing  
Commercial Illustrating  
Window Trimming  
Show Card Writing  
Advertising Man  
Stenographer  
Bookkeeper

Spanish  
French  
German  
Italian

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Our Confidence in the American business man has been justified. Knowing that

# Old Hampshire Bond

is "made a little better than seems necessary," we believed that business men who appreciate quality would require it for their stationery—regardless of incidental influences. Its steadily increasing sale proves we were right.

Let us send you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of specimens. It contains specimens of letterheads and business forms printed, lithographed and engraved on white and on fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond.

Write for it on your present letterhead. Address

**Hampshire Paper Company**  
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript covers.



## WE WANT MEN

TO REPRESENT US

Big opportunity to make money. No competition, exclusive territory, on low-priced, quick-selling office specialty that saves licking envelopes.



## SAUNDERS SEALER

with Automatic Moisture-Feed seals 40 to 50 envelopes a minute with one operation; 2000 envelopes without retooling. Always ready—requires fitting only once a week for ordinary mail. Made of brass—polished nickel finish. No rubber bulb to press to feed the water—nothing to get out of order. Guaranteed for one year. Price \$2, post-paid—money back if not satisfied after 10 days use. Territory going fast; write to-day for particulars.

**THE SAUNDERS SEALER CO.**

1825 East 40th Street

Cleveland, Ohio

I will send as long as they last my 25c Book

## Strong Arms

For 10c in stamps or coin

Illustrated with 20 full page halftone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify, and gain great strength in shoulders, arms, and hands without any apparatus.

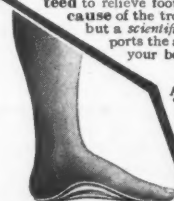
**PROF. ANTHONY BARKER**

98 Barker Bldg., 110 W. 42d St., New York



## "Wear Foot-Eazers" 10 Days FREE

THE Scholl "Foot Eazers" will stop your foot troubles quick. Absolute relief from tired, aching feet, weak ankles, flat foot, "rheumatism" of the feet and limbs, bunions, corns and calluses right off. Guaranteed to relieve foot ailments because they remove the cause of the trouble instantly. Not a medicine, but a scientific foot arch cushion which firmly supports the arch of the foot where the weight of your body is carried.



Try them FREE

Any first-class shoe dealer will place Scholl's "Foot-Eazers" in old or new shoes, for men and women, on 10 Days trial—then your money back if you want it. Or direct, prepaid, on the same terms upon receipt of \$2, your shoe dealer's name and size of shoes. Send for illustrated book free. **THE V. SCHOLL MFG. CO.** 285 E. Madison St., Chicago, U. S. A.

## ME-GRIM-INE

FOR ALL FORMS OF HEADACHE and NEURALGIA

Write for a Free Trial Box.

The **DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO.**

(Sold by Druggists)

**SOUTH BEND, IND.**

ESTAB. 1889

## THE Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 32 years.



For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

## Cancer

Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

For complete information address **BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM** North Adams, Massachusetts

**Karpen**  
GUARANTEED  
UPHOLSTERED  
FURNITURE  
CHICAGO-NEW YORK  
TRADE-MARK



No. 3161—Modern English Lounging Sofa.  
Most luxuriously upholstered in finest white hair  
drawings. Covered in English Morocco leather or in  
suitable fabrics.

## Utmost in Quality at the Cost of the Commonplace

See what you get when you buy Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture—the utmost in comfort, style, beauty and service, ALL at the price you pay for commonplace furniture, that bears neither the maker's name nor the guaranty that protects you from cheapening frauds and unskilled workmanship.

Investigate Karpen quality and price before you buy upholstered furniture. Send for the Karpen Free Style Book AS, which completely solves the problem of furnishing any room in the house attractively and economically. See the original Karpen designs, so suitable for American homes; see the color pictures of desirable woods and leathers; see the 500 or more photographic reproductions of Karpen pieces. This handsome, copyrighted book—as large as the Ladies' Home Journal—is the most complete and dependable guide ever placed before home furniture buyers. It is authentic. Write for it today.



No. 3161  
Modern English  
Arm Chair to match  
Sofa shown above.

## KARPEN—the Only Trade-Marked, Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture!

Karpen Furniture is trade-marked—and guaranteed. If any Karpen piece develops a defect in material or workmanship, we will promptly replace it free.

We are the only manufacturers who can make such a guaranty, because we use only seasoned woods—only genuine Karpen leather (no split stock)—only steel springs, such as specified by the U. S. Government—only curled hair (no excelsior or other cheap substitute)—only master workmen. And at every step in the making Karpen Furniture is searchingly inspected. These extra precautions have made the Karpen line the recognized standard of quality. Our output is so great that we are able to maintain moderate prices.

### Special First-Purchase Prices

Write for the Free Style Book AS at once and we will send the name of a local dealer whom we authorize to give you a special introductory price on Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture. Address our office which is most convenient to you. (58)

**S. KARPEN & BROS.**

Karpen Bldg., Chicago; Karpen Bldg., New York  
20 Sudbury Street, Boston



No. 4355  
Georgian  
Arm Chair.

English oak, walnut or solid mahogany. A stately chair for hall, living room or study. Covered in antique tapestry or Spanish leather.



## Fun-making Games for Winter Evenings

Here is the Game Board that will satisfy every boy's love of sport and fun during the long winter evenings and rainy Saturdays. Carroms, 25 other games and real base ball, all played on the

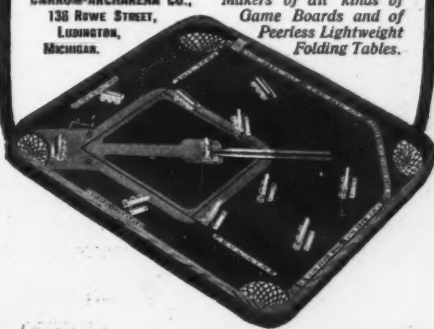
## Ideal Baseball Combination Game Board

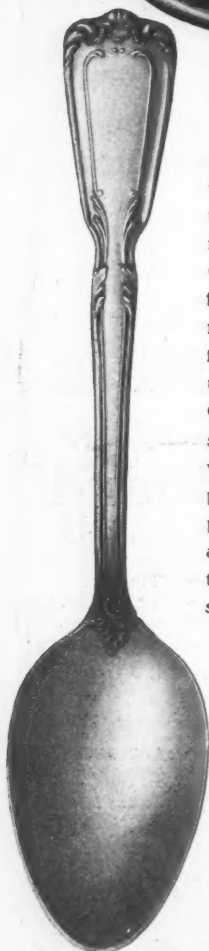
Carroms and 25 other games on one side—base ball on the other. From two to eighteen can play base ball at once. The ball is pitched with in or outshoot, fast or slow. Fielding and baserunning as in outdoor game. The score depends on skill—not on luck.

Get one of these Boards for your youngster and give him the treat of his boyhood. For sale at dealers, or, if you cannot find it, write to us. Full description on request.

CARROM-ARCHAENA CO.,  
136 ROWE STREET,  
LUDINGTON,  
MICHIGAN.

Makers of all kinds of  
Game Boards and of  
Peerless Lightweight  
Folding Tables.





## Chambord

(Design Patented)

Built for Francis I., the vast and audacious Chateau Chambord outwardly reflects the transition from Gothic and feudal ideals to those of the early Renaissance. But it received its interior embellishments under the influence of the Great Louis. Here the arts sprang into new life; here were displayed the choicest products of successive periods, of which the last and best is symbolized in this new design in sterling silver.

With its restrained yet easy grace, this delicate modeling breathes the very spirit of the cultured period following the completion of the Chateau. Your jeweler will show it to you.

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IN CONVENIENT, SANITARY  
PURE TIN TUBES

(Contain No Lead)

Warm a little in a tea-spoon. Let the child swallow this quantity at intervals till the congestion is relieved. So tasteless, it is readily taken. So pure, it is safest, most effective and best.

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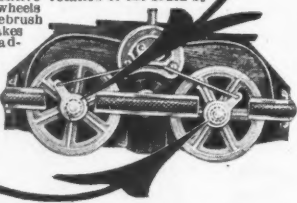
FOR thirty-four years the Bissell Sweeper has been constantly improved, always maintaining the leadership throughout the world until today the name BISSELL typifies all that's best and most advanced in carpet sweeper mechanism. Our latest improvements, including BALL BEARINGS and superior brush propelling device, constitute the greatest advance in the sweeper art that has been made up to this time, and elevates the character and quality of the Bissell Sweeper far beyond anything offered on the market.

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End view of sweeper showing method of applying Ball Bearings to driving wheels. This feature not only insures a positive rotation of the brush by forcing driving wheels tightly against the brush pulleys, but makes the sweeper self-adjusting to all grades of carpets. (2)



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is the bug-bear of every house-wife and half the servant problem.

### The Sanitary Dishwasher For Family Use

Washes, rinses, dries and polishes in 3 to 5 minutes. Cleanses and sterilizes dishes with scalding soapuds and rinses them, completely removing all traces of food, grease, etc. Hands do not touch water. Saves labor, time, towels, breakage. All metal—compact—strong—lasts a lifetime.

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will make a stove of your round wick lamp, gas-jet or mantle burner. Requires no more gas or oil than for light; does not lessen the volume of light; utilizes the waste heat. Heat and light at one cost.

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On Round Wick Lamp

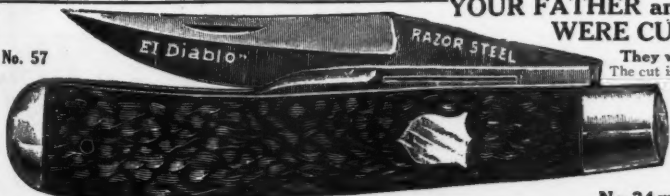
**PRICE**, Polished Brass Complete, \$1.50 Nickel Plated on Brass, \$2.00

Send to-day for a heater—we will send it by first mail or express, all charges prepaid. Use it in your room, if not satisfied, return it in 10 days and get money back. Send for free book anyway.

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A study of foot-comfort—how to secure it—with practical instruction in the care of the feet, the kind of stocking and style of shoe to wear. It covers the treatment of Ingrowing Toenails, Bunions, Corns, Callosities of the Sole and Distortions of the Feet.

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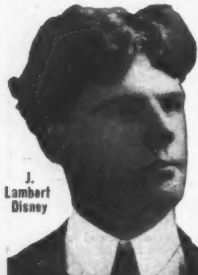
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It also allows a wonderful bit of medication to rest on the corn and go to work.

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Safe, simple and neat, yet immensely effective.

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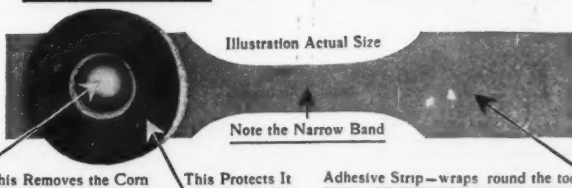
Every day more than ten thousand buy it.

Try a package. All druggists everywhere sell it.

If you wish to be further convinced before spending even fifteen cents, ask us to mail you a sample—free.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

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(66)

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The remedy for over-indulgence in liquor does not lie in treating its effects.

Combative poisons do not remove the cause of drinking.

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Your *greatest* resource is health and the conservation of your health includes the preservation of your teeth by the regular use of such a dentifrice as—

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Moore's eliminates all fountain pen troubles.

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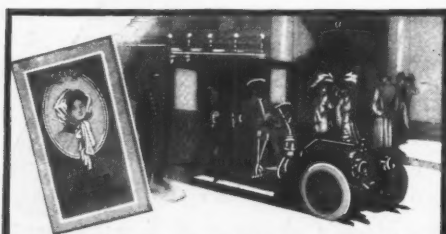
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as baby's skin—as sure in its work as a strong man's arm—makes the oldest Silver glow like the memory of childhood days.

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You cannot be comfortable with damp shoes — "drawing" shoes.

You cannot be clean and carry about the accumulated impurities of the body in your shoes — no need to demonstrate the truth of an eminent foot specialist that all feet enclosed in modern footwear are uncleanly.

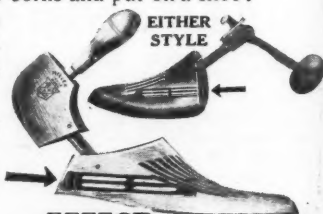
You know your share of his truth.

Aside from cleanliness, why is it dangerous to cut your corns and put on a shoe?

The contents of the cartridge in this tree will absorb 170 times its volume of dry ammonia gas — never has to be renewed. Each day your shoes are cleaner and dryer than a new pair, and cannot smell.

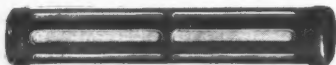
**THE MILLER CARBO TREE**, only remedy ever presented for purpose.

The best we have, and we make 90% of all trees used.



### CAUSE

PERMANENT  
ACTION OF CONDENSED  
OXYGEN CARTRIDGE



### EFFECT

Absolutely prevents odor.  
Absorbs natural moisture.  
Insures absolute cleanliness.  
Eliminates danger of blood poison and re-absorption of poisonous fluids and gases.  
Prevents shoes from rotting.  
Saves stockings from rotting.  
Prevents corns, no friction from dampness.  
Stops burning or drawing sensation.  
Obviates use of injurious foot powders, which stop the pores and keep poisons in the system.  
Trees the shoes permanently as it dries them at the same time.

*All first-class shoe dealers carry Miller Shoe Trees. Be sure to ask for the MILLER CARBO TREE. If your dealer does not carry this wonderful new tree, write for our interesting booklet.*

**O. A. MILLER TREEING MACHINE COMPANY**

128 Cherry Street  
BROCKTON, MASS.



SCOTLAND

ENGLAND

## A King may make style but You may wear it.

The Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes, in their Fall and Winter styles, are ready.

They bring to you *in your own home town* perfect parallels of London's and New York's best styles.

Style originates in those two world centers. It is not created by a proclamation of tailors.

A millionaire clubman's whim may start a style wave rolling.

The death of a King changed style over night.

Style that does not trace back to London and New York is false style.

### Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

are the only American clothes that have been popularly accepted by three great nations: America, England and Scotland. They are the only American ready-to-wear clothes that derive their style straight from the world's style centers.

Go to your Stein-Bloch dealer and try on these clothes before his mirror. They fit better, they are tailored better. The Stein-Bloch dealer knows you personally. His interests are bound up in you. He will fit you safely, economically. Fix in your mind the Stein-Bloch label. Buy no clothes that do not bear it. It guarantees you the best style of the world.

This is the  
Stein-Bloch  
Label

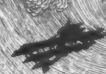


It Means  
Fifty-Six Years  
of Knowing How

"Smartness," full of style photographs, will tell you when and how and where. Write for it.

**THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY**  
Wholesale Tailors for Men.  
NEW YORK. FIFTH AVENUE BLDG.  
ROCHESTER, N.Y.  
CHICAGO.  
1422 REPUBLIC BLDG.





BIPLANE  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in.  
MONOPLANE  $2\frac{1}{4}$  in.

## The Uppermost Thing

in the wear, fit and set of a collar is the soundness of the buttonholes. Style is but fleeting in a collar with buttonholes that stretch and tear. Linocord Buttonholes, found only in

2  
for  
25¢

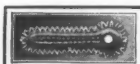
# Silver

BRAND

## Collars

$\frac{1}{4}$   
Sizes

are stout eyelet buttonholes reinforced all around with a strong linen cord. These buttonholes will outlast the collar itself. The Biplane is the smart style for Fall.



**LINOCORD Buttonholes**  
are easy-to-button and unbutton, and they don't tear out.  
Our styles can be copied, but not our Buttonholes.

Write for our booklet "AVIATION," and for "What's What"—the encyclopedia of correct dress.

IDE Shirts—\$1.50 and upwards

**GEO. P. IDE & CO., 489 River St. Troy, N. Y.**  
In Canada Silver Brand Collars are 3 for 50c.

TRADE MARK

# EVERSTICK

PAT. AUG. 15, 1910; NOV. 26, 1913

INVISIBLE RUBBERS

Can be worn all day long, without discomfort, they protect where protection is needed, the sole of the shoe.

**EVERYBODY NEEDS EVERSTICKS.**

Always for sale where good shoes are sold.

**ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.**

**THE ADAMS & FORD CO.**  
CLEVELAND, O.



*None genuine without THIS cord.*

## Stern's Make Willow Ostrich Plumes

From Your Old Feathers

Write for Prices

Send us your old Ostrich feathers and from them we will make a magnificent Willow Plume, faultlessly cured and dyed your favorite shade—guaranteed to look as well and to hold its shape and color, and wear as long as any Willow Plume you can buy from a dealer at three or four times the cost.

If prices are not satisfactory feathers will be returned at our expense. References Dun's, Bradstreet's or Mo. Saving Bank. The work of our Dyeing, Cleaning and Curling departments cannot be equaled. Write for prices

**H. S. Stern Ostrich Feather Co.**  
315 Altman Building, Kansas City, Mo.





# Hawes, von Gal HATS

## The Fashionable Fall Styles

Because the hat is the most conspicuous article of man's attire, its selection should receive the most careful attention. To wear one of the new Hawes, von Gal Fall Styles—either soft hat or derby—is to rest assured that no one can be better hatted, for Hawes, von Gal Hats are the utmost in quality, in style, in finish, workmanship and perfect fit. Best of all your dealer will guarantee them—so do we. Prices, \$3, \$4, \$5.

We are Makers of the *Hawes* Celebrated \$3 Hat

*If not at your dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "D." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.*

## Hawes, von Gal

INCORPORATED

Factories:  
DANBURY, Connecticut

1178 Broadway, New York

Wholesale Offices  
Chicago Boston



# CHENEY SILKS

INCLUDE "SHOWER-PROOF" FOULARDS, FLORENTINES, DECORATIVE SILKS, UPHOLSTERY GOODS, VELOURS, VELVETS, RIBBONS, CRAVATS, VELVET RIBBONS, SPUN SILK YARNS, REELED SILKS, ETC.

CHENEY BROTHERS, SILK MANUFACTURERS.



**YOUR** chief concern with Winter Underwear is Comfort—Warmth—Durability. These are the essentials of the satisfactory underwear. They are combined in

## *Lambsdown*

**Fleece-Lined Underwear**

LAMBSDOWN is comfortable because its soft fleece is grateful to the skin—because it is elastic, fits smoothly and easily.

Warm, because its thick fleece protects the body from cold and draughts—it keeps the body dry and promotes good health.

Durable, because both fabric and making are up to Bodygard standards. The fleece cannot wash away, mat or knot. LAMBSDOWN is good for two seasons' wear.

### **MADE FOR MEN AND BOYS**

In separate garments and union suits, 50c., 75c. and up. At your dealer's. Write for Bodygard Underwear Book No. 28

**UTICA KNITTING CO., UTICA, N. Y.**

Makers of Bodygard Underwear—including Vellastic, Twolayr and Springtex. Look for the Bodygard Shield when buying underwear. It is your safeguard.



Ask the shoe-salesman, this fall, if the shoes he offers you are **GOODYEAR WELTS**—and remember that no matter where they are sold, or under what name, every really good Welt shoe for man or woman is a

# GOODYEAR WELT

The Goodyear method duplicates on machines the process of sewing shoes by hand. A thin and narrow strip of leather, called a welt, is sewed to the insole and upper, and the outsole is sewed to this welt, thus leaving the heavy stitches outside, where they cannot tantalize the foot.

The Goodyear system has been brought to its present high state of perfection within

the past ten years by the United Shoe Machinery Company. It consists of a series of more than fifty machines, each as intricate as a watch, as true in beat and rhythm, delicate as eyesight, through which every shoe must pass in making. *They are used by every manufacturer who makes a good welt shoe, no matter under what trade-name it may be sold.*

*The United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass., has prepared an alphabetical list of all Welt shoes sold under a special name or trade-mark. It will be mailed on request, without charge, and with it a book that describes the "Goodyear Welt" process in detail and pictures the marvelous machines employed.*

# Finest Thing Ever

## Lyons Lock Link Cuff Buttons

\$1.00 A PAIR EVERYWHERE



FINE GOLD FILLED AND GUARANTEED TO WEAR A LIFETIME

They will save their price in laundry bills because you can turn up your sleeves without removing buttons or soiling cuffs. You put them in once and they remain until cuffs or shirt need laundering. They keep your cuffs in perfect form and cannot wrench, stretch or fray the buttonholes. They are simple in construction; nothing to get out of order. A finger's motion turns the lever and locks the button. Made in fifty styles for men and women from fine gold-filled stock. If you can't get them through your local dealer, order by number direct from us, specifying bright or dull finish, as you prefer. We know they give entire satisfaction, and we guarantee to refund the money to any purchaser if a ten days' trial proves unsatisfactory. Reputable dealers should write at once for sample-cards holding six and twelve pairs.

DEALERS: THESE GOODS ARE DESTINED TO BECOME STAPLE.

C. D. LYONS CO.,

G Street,

Mansfield, Mass.

**\$1.00 A PAIR EVERYWHERE**

## They Can't Wear Brassy



There is a great difference between Fast Color Eyelets and all other kinds of shoe eyelets.

## DIAMOND FAST COLOR EYELETS

have nickel barrels with tops of solid color which cannot wear brassy. The imitations have nothing but the roll top of brass with a thin coating of enamel to protect it. There are two features of Diamond Fast Color Eyelets that cannot be imitated. First, the wear; and, second, the Diamond Trade Mark that appears on the tops of Fast Color Eyelets. It is the distinguishing mark of the only kind of Shoe Eyelets that never wear brassy. Be sure and look for the Diamond Trade Mark. Only the genuine Fast Color Eyelets have it.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET CO. - Boston, Mass.





LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

**More Men** learn true comfort each season by trying The Florsheim "Natural Shape" Shoe. "Dapper" styles for the young man; conservative, genteel styles for those who prefer them.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will fill your order.

**Most Styles \$5.00 and \$6.00**

Our booklet, "The Shoeman," shows "A style for any taste"—"A fit for every foot."

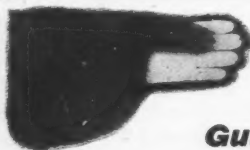
## The Scoop

High Arch and Heel

DULL CALF



The Florsheim Shoe Company  
Chicago, U. S. A.



**\$5.00**  
by mail,  
**Delivery**  
**Guaranteed,**

Above carries linings of little lamb skins. Price with mohair fleece linings \$4.50. For comfort, appearance and durability you cannot find their equal for the price. Our illustrated catalog gives measure directions and a whole lot of other information about custom tanning of hides and skins with hair or fur on; coat, robe, and rug making; taxidermy and head mounting; also prices of fur goods and big mounted game heads we sell.

**THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,**  
581 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



## Triangle 5-PLY Collars

**NOTE** the construction of TRIANGLE Collars. They are made with five layers of material instead of the usual three or four. That's one of the many reasons for the permanent shape—perfect fit and greater wear of TRIANGLE Collars.

If you are tired of the annoyance and expense of collars which go into the discard after three or four laynderings, switch to TRIANGLE—"The Collar of Quality."

**FITZHUGH**—a close-front style with slightly rounded corners—2½ inches high. Popular with most men.

If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, send us his name and 50c. for 4, postage paid. Write for "Key to Correct Dress"—it tells the how, why and when of dress.

**VAN ZANDT, JACOBS & CO.,** 604 River St., Troy, N. Y.

15¢ each

2 for 25¢



Quarter  
Sizes

**BARODA** Flash Like Genuine **DIAMONDS**

ANY STYLE

at 1/40 the cost—IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first—then pay.

**Special Offer** — 14k Tiffany ring 1 ct. \$3.00. Gents ring 1 ct. \$6.98. 14k Stud 1 ct. \$4.86. Send C.O.D. for inspection. Catalog FREE, shows full line. Patent ring came included. 10c. The Baroda Co., Dept. A14, 325 N. State St., Chicago.

**LEARN TO Mount Birds**

**ANIMALS and GAME HEADS**

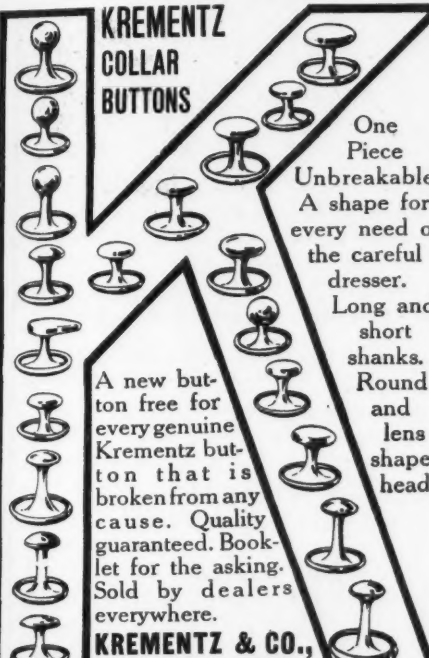
We teach you by mail to prepare and mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Heads, Fish; Tan Skins and make Rugs, etc. Our school teaches the latest and best methods. Easily, quickly learned at home by men, women and boys. Taxidermy is a necessity for hunters, trappers and Nature lovers.

**Big Profits** You can earn from \$25 to \$50 a month, in spare time, by mounting for others and selling your own specimens, or \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year as a profession. Low rate of tuition, expert instructors. **Success Guaranteed or no cost.** Write today for full particulars.

**FREE** We send splendid book on Taxidermy for a short time free, also free Taxidermy Magazine and sample Diploma. Don't delay, but write today. Learn all about our unique school. **WRITE TODAY.**

**Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 1048 Elwood Building, Omaha, Neb.**





**KREMENTZ  
COLLAR  
BUTTONS**

One Piece Unbreakable. A shape for every need of the careful dresser. Long and short shanks. Round and lens shape heads.

A new button free for every genuine Krementz button that is broken from any cause. Quality guaranteed. Booklet for the asking. Sold by dealers everywhere.

**KREMENTZ & CO.,**  
92 Chestnut St., NEWARK, N. J.

One Piece Unbreakable. A shape for every need of the careful dresser. Long and short shanks. Round and lens shape heads.

# Boston Garter

*Velvet Grip*


Boston Garters are made of best materials in a clean factory, by well-paid help. Every pair warranted—penalty, a new pair or your money back.

**BOSTON GARTERS**  
RECOGNIZED THE STANDARD, AND WORN THE WORLD OVER BY WELL DRESSED MEN.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c. Silk, 50c.  
Mailed on receipt of Price.

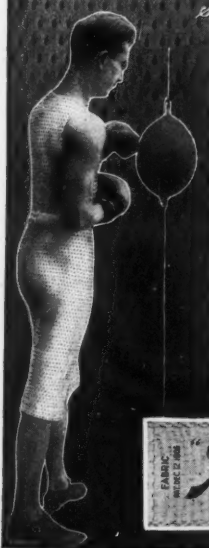
**GEORGE FROST CO. MAKERS**  
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

See that BOSTON GARTER is stamped on the clasp.



# "Porosknit"

*Summer Underwear*  
For Men For Boys




If any one says to you "This is Porosknit," and it has not this label, that man is grinding his axe (not yours.)

**Shirts and Drawers**  
Per Garment

<b>For Men</b>	<b>For Boys</b>
<b>50c</b>	<b>25c</b>
<b>Union Suits</b>	<b>Union Suits</b>
<b>\$1.00</b>	<b>50c</b>

Illustrated Porosknit Booklet sent on request.

All "Porosknit" has the label  
**Chalmers Knitting Co.**  
Amsterdam, N. Y.



# COOPER'S

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## Spring Needle Knit UNDERWEAR

is without a peer in the Underwear world. It is original, exclusive, distinctively grade deluxe. The famous Spring Needle fabric is knitted on machines invented, patented (in nine countries) owned and controlled by the Company. Wear the genuine Cooper's and you will experience absolute next-to-the-skin comfort. No other Underwear as near perfection. The superbly knitted Spring Needle fabric is very elastic and durable and in addition each garment is thoroughly tailored, stayed at points of strain and made to give several seasons' wear. Write to us for generous sample of fabric and illustrated booklet showing styles and prices.

**COOPER MFG. CO.**  
6 Main Street Bennington, Vt.  
Manufacturers of a famous "Gauzrib" Spring Needle fabric for Women's wear. Tell your wife







Copyright 1908 By A. Stein & Co.

# PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL  
can touch you

## YEAR ROUND COMFORT

25¢ 50¢ and \$1.00  
Dealers or direct  
upon receipt of price

A. STEIN & Co. Makers  
Congress St. and Center Ave. Chicago

# Wanamaker's

New York Fall & Winter Catalog  
is now being mailed, free.

It is an excellent Guide Book  
of New York and Paris wearing  
apparel, and other merchandise,  
for Women, Children and Men.


We pay postage, anywhere, on  
mail shipments of \$5 or more.

See Catalog for Freight and  
Express Free Delivery Terms  
throughout the United States.

Just write us, TO-DAY: "Please  
send FREE CATALOG No. 14."

# John Wanamaker

NEW YORK




# SANITOL

## TOOTH POWDER

is a positive safeguard against tooth decay. Keeps the teeth white, the gums healthy and the mouth clean and wholesome.

*Powder or paste*  
**25c Everywhere**

# Rémoh Gems



Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliance guaranteed forever—stands filing like a diamond—stands heat like a diamond—has no taste, foil or artificial backing. Set only in solid gold mountings. 1/10th the cost of diamonds. A marvellously reconstructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for catalog, it's free. Rémoh Jewelry Co., 419 N. Broadway, St. Louis

## THIS NEW HAIR BRUSH COMBS AND BRUSHES THE HAIR AND MASSAGES THE SCALP

The greatest modern invention for keeping the hair beautiful and fluffy and the scalp clean, healthful and free from dandruff or dirt. Keep the scalp clean and properly massaged and nature will grow the hair.

AGENTS WANTED  
DR. GEORGE LYMAN,  
212 Mill St., Peoria, Ill.



# Serpentine Crêpe

Ready for wear  
as soon as dry—  
no ironing necessary

Every leading retailer should be showing at this time the 15 new printed patterns of the ever-to-be-worn, never-to-be-ironed Serpentine Crêpe. The little reproductions shown hardly suggest the beauty of this delightful crinkly cotton fabric.

Look for the "Pacific" trade mark when buying.

If your dealer does not show you satisfactory styles and colorings, write us for free sample book.

**PACIFIC  
MILLS**

BOSTON,  
MASS.



## "Onyx"



## Hosiery

**"ONYX" STAMPED ON A  
HOSE MEANS . . . . .**



For the best ending of this sentence three prizes will be offered.

1st PRIZE,	. .	\$100.00
2nd "	. .	50.00
3rd "	. .	25.00

Contest to end December 1st.  
Three competent judges will award the prizes to the winners about December 15th. Send all communications to **CONTEST DEPT. 5**

## Lord & Taylor

80-86 Ninth Avenue  
P. O. Station C  
New York City

# Brighton Garters

Other garters are heavily padded to keep the metal from the skin. The shape of the Brighton metal prevents it touching the leg. See how a pencil slips beneath. 25 cents everywhere—or we mail them.



Flat as this sheet of paper; stronger but lighter than any other garter; fitted to prevent binding, chafing, or tiring the leg; so secure that the sock can neither slip nor tear; pure silk webs—any color.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.

ESTABLISHED 1877

PHILADELPHIA

## Korrek Shape Shoes For Men



Style Number 23

We own our tanneries. We tan Oak Sole leather for our exclusive use, and use it in every pair of shoes we manufacture. Instead of opening the fibres, as in ordinary sole leather, and filling the leather with substances which are detrimental to its wear and cause it to easily absorb moisture, we knit the fibres more closely, knit fore and aft, and make our Oak Sole leather practically moisture and wear proof.

**GUARANTEED.** If the "Burrolaps" upper breaks through before the first sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair FREE. **THE STYLE** will please the most exacting taste of young or old.

**THE FIT.** Perfect conformity with every curve and joint.

**PRICES \$4, \$4.50, \$5**

If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and we will mail you our FREE illustrated catalogue in color, from which you can order direct.

BURT & PACKARD CO., Makers  
71 Field Street, Brockton, Mass.



**I**GNORANCE of the laws of self and sex will not excuse infraction of Nature's decree. The knowledge vital to

## A Happy Marriage

has been collected from the experience of the ages, in

## SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

By William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.

It contains in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

"Sexology" is endorsed and is in the libraries of the heads of our government and the most eminent physicians, preachers, professors and lawyers throughout the country.

**All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2 postpaid**

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents  
**Puritan Pub. Co., 704 Perry Building, PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

**W**HAT you wear during the night is just as important as what you wear during the day.

Discriminating men who value their comfort and want to get the most out of their night's rest, wear "Faultless" nightwear—the world's standard for nearly thirty years.

**Faultless**  
Regd. Since 1881  
**Pajamas and Night Shirts**

### Your Dealer knows about "Faultless" Garments



Tell your dealer that you would like to look at some "Faultless" nightwear. Ask about "Faultless" Day Shirts too, and then judge for yourself.

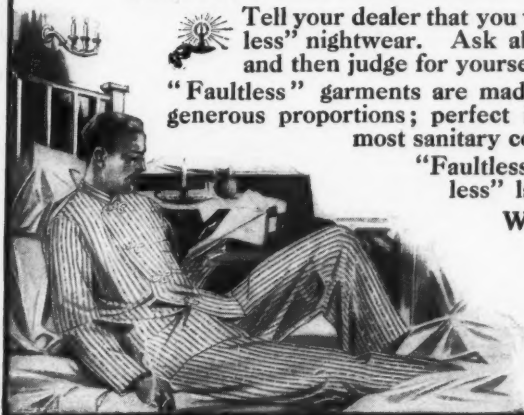
"Faultless" garments are made of tested materials cut with generous proportions; perfect in detail; and made under the most sanitary conditions.

"Faultless" Garments all bear the "Faultless" label for your protection.

Write for our "Bed-Time Book" and the "Day Shirt Book."

If your dealer cannot supply you with "Faultless" garments, write for a free copy of our books and make your own selection. We will see that you are supplied. There is a wide range of prices depending on the style and fabric.

**E. Rosenfeld & Company**  
Dept. B. Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



### Take Your Choice

Twisted thread makes the Turkish towel—untwisted rolls of *rubbed* cotton make the Rubdry. Take your choice.

There are two to choose from.



### Two to Choose From

There's no doubt of the greater absorbency of the Rubdry—no doubt of its greater cleansing power.

If you want it, choose it.

COTTON

**RUBDRY**  
BATH TOWELS

#### The Man's Bath Towel

A finer glow—a cleaner, livelier feeling comes after the bath, where the Rubdry Towel is used. And you can get it after every bath. It makes you feel fit.

One Rubdry Washcloth for 4c postage. Additional Washcloths 10c.

**RUBDRY TOWEL COMPANY.**

**177 South Angell Street**

**Providence, R. I.**

### Cotton Sponge Bath Towels

Prices: (each) 39c, 53c, 73c. Rubdry Extra 85c, Rubdry De Luxe \$1.25.



Each towel guaranteed 1½ years.  
Each towel guaranteed not to shed lint.

Try a pair of the 53c or 85c Rubdry Towels—now. Get them from your dry goods or men's furnishing dealer or your druggist, if possible—or if not from us.





## Learn this little kink and your collar troubles are over

Once you learn the simple Notch way you'll never bother with button holes. Wear a flat head button like this  and get a Notch collar with an end that looks like this  Then cut out the illustrations below and put them on your dresser where you can see them when you do this:



Put the outer fold under head of button.



Press button out with finger, bring notch end over and notch it on.



Then raise outer fold, bend long end of band inward and shove it under.



And you get this

It is easy to put on, but even easier to take off. The buttonhole that rips out has been eliminated. It is the only close-fitting collar that stays closed, and it has ample tie space. To take it off, just put finger under long end and flip off.

It is made in all the most fashionable models in the famous

# ARROW COLLARS



GLASGOW



BELMONT



CHESTER



CLIFTON



BEDFORD

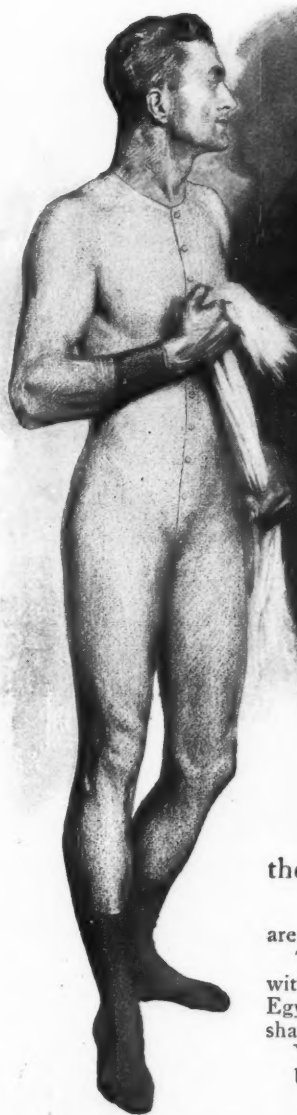


CONCORD

At your dealer's—15c each, 2 for 25c.

In Canada 20c each, 3 for 50c.

Cleett, Peabody & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



The time to buy your  
winter underwear is  
*now.*



Duo-Lastic is the final word in  
underwear manufacture. It is  
the perfection of the famous Inter-Lock stitch.

#### **Duo-Lastic Union Suits**

are very light and elastic, yet very warm and comfortable.

There is remarkable warmth in every garment, combined with lightness of weight. Knitted from the finest combed Egyptian yarns. There is no shrinking or stretching out of shape. No binding at the crotch or around the arms.

Your dealer sells Duo-Lastic Inter-Lock Rib. Ask for it. Union Suits, \$2. Two piece suits, \$1 a garment.

*We are also the manufacturers of the famous High Rock Fleece Underwear—50 cents a garment.*

If your dealer does not carry Duo-Lastic Inter-Lock Rib, write to us. We will see that you are quickly and conveniently supplied.

Write for our interesting book, "Modern Underwear."  
It tells the history of the Duo-Lastic Inter-Lock Rib stitch.

**HIGH ROCK KNITTING CO.      Dept. 6      Philmont, N. Y.**

# Fur Tendencies of Nineteen Ten

By

WILL LIVINGSTON AGNEW

**Q**UEEN of the winter! Ultimate cold weather purchase of every woman, rich and poor alike—fur is supreme from October to March. It adds an indefinable touch of *chic* and elegance to every costume. Alike it enhances the Parisian gowns and wraps of the daughter of fortune, and brightens into renewed life the made-over hat and last winter's frock of her less favored sister.

Happily the warmth and comfort of fur is by no means dependent on its price. As a matter of fact some of the cheaper furs are handsomer and more durable than Fashion's fickle choice. So that every woman, young and old, rich and poor, princess or peasant, may share in the delight and protection of woman's original dress-goods—the "coat of skins" that Adam made for his wife Eve.

Fur pieces were high last year and the year before. There is no change to chronicle, and there is not likely to be any—in a downward direction—in the near future, if ever. Increasing population, increasing wealth, wider use, all have contributed to the ever-growing demand for fur, and yet more fur. The gradual removal of the forested areas and the filling up of the West and Northwest with farms, railways, and cities has had its effect in reducing the happy hunting grounds

of the wild animals. In the United States they are becoming fewer each year. The almost untrodden wilds of Northwestern Canada now offer almost the last available source of supply for North American furs, the finest in the world. But this is insufficient to supply a world's demand. Fur "farming" is foolishness. In spite of magazine and newspaper writers who profess knowledge of the subject, no such thing exists in all the world as the successful artificial raising of fur-bearing animals of any kind. And even if it were possible, what avails the paltry hundreds or thousands of skins that could be artificially raised, when they are called for in millions, and garnered from a natural preserve covering tens of thousands of square miles. Fur buyers may as well make up their minds to the situation that furs are *not* going to be any cheaper, and that the tendency is for even higher prices in seasons to come.

All furs are fashionable. The supply of all kinds is so limited, and the demand so universal and insistent that anything that is fur is correct style. So that when "milady" is told by a salesman who wants to sell sealskin that "They are not wearing Persian lamb this year," she may serenely smile in superior wisdom knowing that "they" are wear-

*Continued on page 102*



*Courtesy of Plymouth Fur Co.*



**C.C. Shayne & Co.**  
Importers and Manufacturers of  
**Strictly Reliable Furs**  
126 West 42d Street  
New York

Invite inspection of their late imported novelties for the season of 1910-1911 also of many original and stylish designs of their own in coats, wraps and neckwear, embracing every fashionable fur.

Especial care has been taken to provide motorists with a large and varied assortment of coats and wraps. These garments are made in the best manner from furs which experience has proved to be most desirable.

Mail Orders Especially Cared For



# PLYMOUTH FURS

*Trade Mark*

Designed by artists and fashioned by expert and experienced furriers, "Plymouth Furs" are the standard furs of America.

The Plymouth Fur Company offers a larger assortment of high-grade furs than can be obtained anywhere else. Situated in the center of the fur bearing country we have natural advantages in securing the richest of prime pelts. Our constant effort is to offer fine grade furs which combine novelty of design with the best workmanship and to sell them at a price usually demanded for ordinary furs.

**Style Book S Free on Request**

Our new Style Book "S" is the best hand book of furs published. It contains hundreds of new and original copyrighted styles for Men, Women and Children, at prices varying from \$5 to \$8000. When writing state the kind of furs that interest you, so that we can send detailed descriptions and information.

**Repairing and renovating of furs at reasonable prices**

**PLYMOUTH FUR CO. Dept. S Minneapolis, Minn.**



## FINEST QUALITY FURS AT MAKER'S REDUCED PRICES

Really good furs are higher in price than ever before. To save money without sacrificing quality, you should buy your furs from the *maker* at *summer prices*.

Our location for over half a century at Saint Paul, the gateway to the great American fur country, and one of the largest fur markets of the world, enables us to buy finest raw skins direct from the trappers. These selected skins are made up in our own clean, airy workrooms. Our designers are the best; our styles the latest. Furs are sent on approval to responsible persons. Fit and satisfaction positively guaranteed, or money refunded.

To attract early orders, and avoid usual rush later we offer, until November 1st,

**10% DISCOUNT OFF  
1910 Catalogue Prices of  
ALBRECHT FURS**

Albrecht Furs are genuine furs, true to name, made from whole skins by workmen of lifelong experience, in the best possible manner. We do not make or sell cheap unreliable furs.

Illustration, reduced from catalog, shows 1910 Model 52 inch Russian Pony Boulevard Coat.

**REDUCED PRICE ONLY \$63.00**

(Send bust measure, waist length, height and weight)

Catalog quotes equally low prices in other kinds of fur.

Hundreds of styles of Fur Garments, Neckwear and Muffs; photographs in colors, from actual furs; valuable information about all furs; directions for home measurement, etc., given in our

**60 PAGE CATALOG No. 23**  
Sent for Four Cents in Stamps

Buy now; take advantage of advance season discounts; have your pick of complete assortments; and avoid delay in getting your furs.

We refer to any bank or business house in Saint Paul or Minneapolis.

**E. ALBRECHT & SON**

ESTABLISHED 1855

6th & Minnesota Sts., Station N, Saint Paul, Minn.

## Fur Tendencies of Nineteen Ten

*Continued from page 100*

ing everything that grows in the way of fur. And there need be no fear that because of the tendency toward black furs the handsome set of mink or fox is too "old-fashioned" to be used. Long black furs and long white furs are in high favor it is true. But sables and minks are better suited for some hair and complexions, and fox and marten will be in vogue as long as cold is cold and fur is fur.

There are of course favored furs. For the season's garments it happens this year, as last, to be seal and seal substitutes. Genuine Alaska seal is a costly skin, especially since the recent

action of Congress in discontinuing for an indefinite period the killing of the seals on the islands in the Alaskan seas. Prices show a

stiff upward tendency, and any woman who intends to wear sealskin the coming season has no time to lose in placing her order if she wishes to take advantage of present prices. In substitutes for sealskin the best is probably sheared and colored "musquash," or muskrat, which furnishes an almost perfect imitation, with good wearing qualities and excellent appearance. This fur, though an imitation, is really in itself a high-grade fur and is by no means cheap in either appearance or price. Coney is also used, as always, and furnishes fair results



*Courtesy of C. C. Shayne & Co.  
Photo by Joel Feder*

at correspondingly lower prices.

*To be concluded in December Cosmopolitan*



## The Week of Destiny

November						
Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

For those who desire a warm, comfortable house during the cold weather without heating troubles and inconvenience—November 7th to 12th—will be a "Week of Destiny."

During that week, a dealer in nearly every town in the United States will display and demonstrate

## THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

He will show you how the JEWELL will do away with all your heating worries. How it will automatically adjust the drafts and always keep your home at just the temperature you desire.

He will demonstrate to you how, by means of the simple time-clock attachment, the JEWELL will give you a cool house to sleep in—yet start the fire for you before you awake, giving you a warm house to dress in.

You will see how the JEWELL will pay for itself by greatly decreasing your coal bills—because it never wastes a pound of fuel.

The dealer will install the JEWELL in your home on 30 days' free trial, and we guarantee it *permanently free of mechanical defects*. If you don't know the name of the dealer in your town, write us. We will tell you, and send you our illustrated booklet, "The House Comfortable" for your trouble.

THE JEWELL MANUFACTURING CO., 91 N. Auburn, N. Y.



## EYEGLASSES NOT NECESSARY

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina."

Write for Free Trial Offer and Free Booklet.

ACTINA APPLIANCE CO., 8N Curtice Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## HUDSON BAY CO.

Special for \$37.<sup>50</sup>

We will sell this Gentlemen's Australian Mink Lined Coat with Persian Lamb Collar and Facings; Extra fine Black Broadcloth Shell, sizes 34 to 46. Retail Value \$100.

Special for \$37.<sup>50</sup>

NOTICE: When writing for this coat, state size of your suit and we will use our judgment as to size of coat.

We Pay Express Charges and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

We undoubtedly carry the largest assortment of Men's Fur and Fur Lined Coats in the World. Send for folder of our November Specials—free upon request.



## Hudson Bay Imp. Co.

26 West 23d St., New York

An opportunity must be taken now—or lost, perhaps forever.

See the Business Opportunities on Page 28 in this issue of Cosmopolitan Magazine—NOW.

All The Rage



## THE NEW CARD GAME "Chantecler"

Trade Mark Registered

Copyright 1910. B. C. Hawken

### The Sensation of the Year

Unmistakably eclipses everything in the game line and means a pronounced sensation in your community. Anybody can play it—successfully played at progressive parties as well as individual tables.

The whole world is talking about Chantecler, but it remained for us to put Chantecler into amusement form by making of it a card game that contains every fascinating element of your present favorite card game, plus a new interest—a seductiveness that makes this the best of all games.

Chantecler card parties permit the use of the new and novel ideas that are so pleasing to the up to date hostess. Therefore, surprise your friends by being the first to have a progressive Chantecler card party. It is fun galore.

Your dealer sells Chantecler for 50c, or you can order it direct from us for 50c, postage paid. Don't delay, as it means a sensation in your community.

American Game Co., (Distributors)

Dept. F, 346 W. Michigan St., Chicago, Ill.

Get It Now



## Are Your Glasses Up-to-Date?

*They aren't if they haven't Kryptok Lenses*

Kryptok Lenses are the latest achievement of optical science. There is no ugly joining of two lenses, because the two are coalesced into one with intense heat. No edges—no catching of dust. No cement—no clouding of vision.

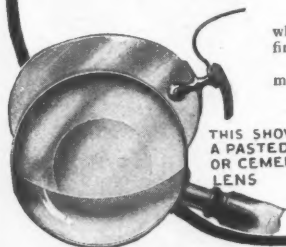
## KRYPTOK LENSES

are absolutely smooth on both sides. Try the Candle Test. If the reading wafer of your glasses separates from the lens when subjected to gentle heat, your glasses are not Kryptoks. Your optician will fit you with genuine Kryptoks.

### Avoid the Old-Style Pasted Lens

which becomes chipped and frayed in cleaning. Delicate glass, when ground to a fine or a razor edge, can't withstand even the slight pressure of cleaning.

Kryptok Lenses last indefinitely, barring accidental breakage. A pasted lens may separate at any time and become useless. Why put up with old-style pasted lenses, when Kryptoks are perfect from a vision standpoint and overcome all the old defects?

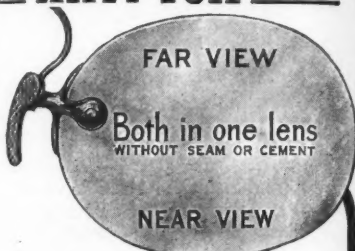


THIS SHOWS  
A PASTED  
OR CEMENTED  
LENS

Write Us for Descriptive Literature

**THE KRYPTOK COMPANY**  
100 East 23d Street  
New York

## A KRYPTOK LENS



Look through the upper part of a Kryptok (far view).

Read through the lower part of a Kryptok (near view).



## A LIVING FROM POULTRY

*\$1,500.00 from 60  
hens in ten months on a  
city lot forty ft. square.*

To the average poultry man that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by

**The Philo System**

### SPECIAL OFFER

Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the *Poultry Review*, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the *Philo System Book*.

**E. R. PHILO, Publisher,**  
2553 Lake St., Elmhurst, N. Y.



Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute, Poultry Plant Where There Are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land

**The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry** and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

**The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success**

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

**Two-Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks**

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing, here, 5 cents a pound above the highest market price.

**Our Six-months-old Pullets Are Laying at the Rate of 24 Eggs Each per Month**

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut-bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, **THE PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY**

**KEEPING**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

**Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell**

One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

**Chicken Feed At 15 Cents a Bushel**

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

**Our New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken**

No lamps required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*

# "Sampeck"

What Do Your Clothes  
Say About You?

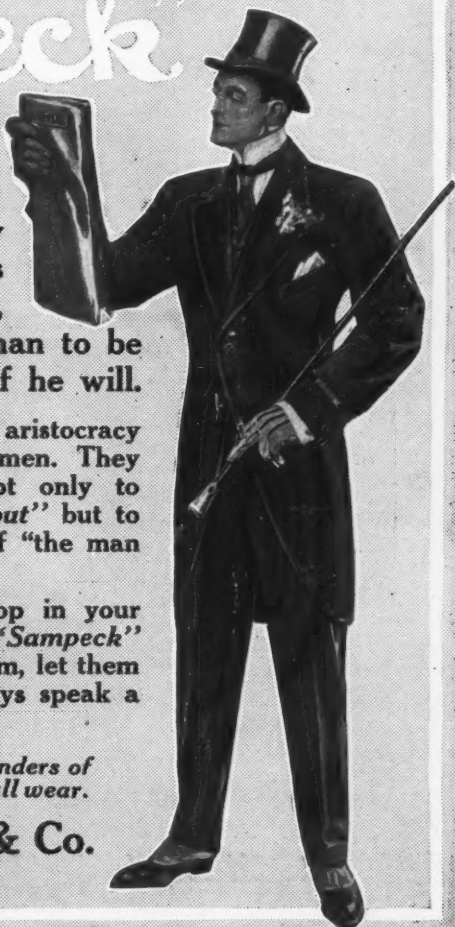
**I**N OLDEN days only  
the Aristocrat was  
well dressed. Today,  
it is possible for every man to be  
an aristocrat in dress -- if he will.

"Sampeck" Clothes are the aristocracy  
of ready-to-wear garments for men. They  
are modeled and tailored not only to  
becomingly fit "the man *without*" but to  
proclaim the personality of "the man  
*within*".

Go to the best Clothes shop in your  
locality. There you'll find "Sampeck"  
Clothes---and having found them, let them  
"find" you. They will always speak a  
good word for you.

Write to us for "The Seven Wonders of  
the World"--our new book for Fall wear.

**Samuel W. Peck & Co.**  
New York



Pedestal Table  
with leaves,  
\$20.75

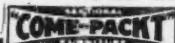
## Buy from the Factory—Save Over Half

Come-Packt Sectional Furniture is sold direct from our factory to  
you—only. The prices are far less than dealers must charge  
to cover store rents, clerk hire, other expenses and profits.  
Besides this, our sectional plan saves half the freight and  
much expensive packing. These examples prove this econ-  
omy. 180 other splendid bargains in our big catalog of

### Bungalow, Mission and Flanders Furniture

As to quality, we guarantee every piece of Come-Packt Furniture to  
please you—or your money back for the asking. Quarter Sawn White  
Oak—not red oak—not plain sawn oak—is used throughout. Choice of  
eight finishes—we send you actual samples free. Write for our book  
of Mission, Flanders, and Bungalow Furniture for Bed Room, Dining  
Room, Den, and Hall—mailed free.

COME-PACKT FURNITURE CO., 1187 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.



Buffet, \$19.25



## Unless Your Dentifrice Overcomes "Acid Mouth," It Doesn't Save Teeth

You use a dentifrice to cleanse and *preserve* the teeth—and by preserving the teeth is meant *saving them from decay*. The only truly efficacious dentifrice, therefore, is the one that gets at the *cause of decay*. This, dentists agree, is mostly "acid mouth," which breaks through the enamel and leaves the tooth structure vulnerable.

Do not be lured into a feeling of false security through pleasant odor or flavor—or by lather which only *seems* to clean. Use the dentifrice whose sole *reason for its long existence* is the fact that it scientifically and surely removes destructive acid conditions in the mouth and that it cleans and SAVES TEETH. This is

# PEBECO Tooth Paste

*We invite you to try it at our expense. See below.*

The use of this wonderful, efficient dentifrice has long been strongly urged by leading dentists, for it not only overcomes acidity thoroughly and completely, but is a positive antiseptic, destroying all harmful bacteria.

Pebeco is also a perfect *cleansing* agent, polishing and whitening the teeth and preventing the decomposition of food particles, thus insuring a sweet, wholesome breath.

It leaves a refreshed, revitalized sensation in the mouth and entire oral cavity. Prove for yourself, at our expense, the truth of these extraordinary claims.

### Trial Tube and Acid-Test Papers Sent on Request

which enable you to determine scientifically whether you have acid mouth, and demonstrate how Pebeco will overcome it. Send your address.

Pebeco Tooth Paste originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Biersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and has been sold all over the world for many years in large 50c tubes, or mailed on receipt of price. So small a quantity is used each time that Pebeco is very economical.

**LEHN & FINK**

112 William St., New York

Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum Powder

### TEST PAPERS

For Diagnosing the Mouth Condition

LEHN & FINK, Sole U.S. Licensees, PEBECO  
112 William Street New York City

**Equal Efficiency  
at ½ the Cost**

**You Can Save \$25 to \$50**

on any make of machine by letting us supply your typewriter needs. Our "Factory Rebuilt Typewriters" are perfect in quality condition and looks. Serviceable and efficient in every way. Durable and reliable in construction. At a big saving to you.

### Factory Rebuilt Typewriters

Bearing our "Trade Mark" are guaranteed for one year against any defect in workmanship or material. It is your protection.

Write for illustrated catalogue and address of nearest branch office.

**American Writing Machine Co.**

345 Broadway

New York



"On the Work"



## Will You Try One— if we send it FREE?

We want every merchant, dealer, book-keeper and clerk who requires quick, accurate footings to prove for himself the worth and economy of the "little magician"—the

### Rapid Computer Adding Machine

We'll send it to you on **Five Days' Free Trial**—if it pleases you, pay our price of only \$25.00—If it doesn't, send it back at our expense. It does its work perfectly at any angle—can rest on any desk or on book alongside figures you wish to add. A wonder as a saver of time and errors. Capacity 9,999,999.99. Save time and money—write us today if you'd like to try one. Catalogue free. (1)

Rapid Computer Co., 1953 Tribune Bldg., Chicago



**E**xpression is to clothes  
—what flavor is to food  
—the *spice* and piquancy. It is  
*more* than style—*more* than fit.  
It is *personality-in-cloth*, which  
can only be conferred by  
*tailored-to-measure* garments.

The expression that we put into "KAHN-TAILORED-CLOTHES"—will put into *your* clothes—is the *spirit of the wearer*—the *spice of your personality*—your *second self*. We not only *promise* this—we *do* it. And,—we back every stitch of our tailoring on your back with a *quibbleless, questionless guaranty*.



## Kahn Tailored-Clothes

**G**O today to the authorized representative of KAHN-TAILORED-CLOTHES in your town. Our seal reproduced above identifies him. Consult him and let him counsel you.

**H**E will show you hundreds of Autumn and Winter fabrics that are *pure-wool* and *sure-wool* in every flake and fibre—he will show you our binding *Guaranty*.

**I**f you do not know our representative, write to us for "The Drift of Fashion," edition No. 7, a *Tailor-Shop-in-Print*—that will give you a *grasp* of the fashions that are and are to be.

## Kahn Tailoring Company of Indianapolis



# SOIESETTE

REGISTERED

**Takes the Place of Silk  
For Men's Ready-to-wear Garments**

Garments made of SOIESETTE possess the rich, lustrous, luxurious appearance of silk pongee. SOIESETTE looks like silk. Feels like silk. Outwears silk.

Look  
for this  
label

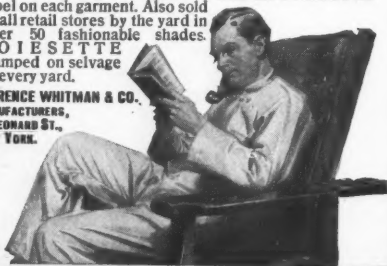


on  
each  
garment

The ideal fabric for Men's Office Coats and Athletic Underwear For Men's Negligee and Outing Shirts. Men's and Women's Pajamas. Women's Shirt Waists.

Be sure you get the genuine with the SOIESETTE label on each garment. Also sold at all retail stores by the yard in over 50 fashionable shades. SOIESETTE stamped on selvege of every yard.

CLARENCE WHITMAN & CO.  
MANUFACTURERS,  
39 LEONARD ST.,  
NEW YORK.



Captain Scott,  
who heads the present  
British expedition to the South Pole,  
was asked how one keeps warm in  
those frigid regions. His answer:  
"To wrap up in wool is the only way."  
In proof, he is taking enormous quanti-  
ties of Jaeger Woolens along. Another  
splendid tribute to the warmth-giving  
qualities of the Jaeger goods!

**Physicians Everywhere  
Recommend It.**

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores  
New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane  
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St. Boston: 228 Boylston St.  
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Agents in all Principal Cities

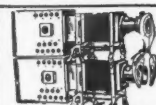
**WEAR THE SHIRLEY PRESIDENT AND  
YOU HAVE SUSPENDERS ON  
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.**

**SHIRLEY, MASS.  
705 MAIN STREET**



**TOYS OF STONE.** Marvelous Toys.  
Beautiful Toys that last forever.  
Fascinate, educate young and old. Wonderful  
Dr. Richter's Anchor Blocks. The toy that teaches.  
Learn how to educate your child while it plays.

Get our Beautiful Free Book of color designs and all particulars Free.  
Inquire of dealer, or send today for Free Book of designs to  
F. AD. RICHTER & CO. (of Rudolstadt Germany.)  
American office, 215 Pearl St., Dept. 1048, New York City.



## STEREOPTICONS

With approved equipment for Amuse-  
ment, instruction, the Lecture Hall,  
School, Church and Lodge. Views cov-  
ering all subjects. Profits assured in  
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MEALLISTER MFG. OPTICIANS, Dept. 22, 49 Nassau St., New York

Made  
by the  
origi-  
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GOKEY  
MOCCASIN

# Gokey Boots and Moccasins

**Hand Made—Waterproof**

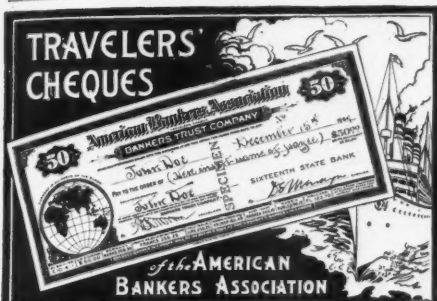
For Camping, Hunting, Sports. Uppers made of best  
"Moose" calf leather; soles genuine "Rock Oak." Skill-  
fully hand made throughout. Anatomical lasts, classy  
styles and patterns.

Catalog 32, Golf,  
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Street Shoes.

**Wm. N. Gokey  
Shoe Co.  
12th Street  
Jamestown, N. Y.**



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**When Traveling  
Carry "A.B.A." Cheques**  
and thus avoid all travel-fund annoyances. They are safe, self-identifying and good everywhere—Abroad and At Home.

Take a book of assorted denominations (\$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100) on your next trip.

*Descriptive Booklet Free on Request*

**BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER**

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BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, 7 WALL ST., NEW YORK CITY



## I Can Increase Your Earnings

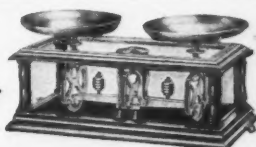
If you want an independent business of your own requiring no capital, mail your name and address and let me send you our **Big Free 62-Page Book** showing how you may earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year in the

### Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance Business

Our system is a positive success. It equips you to conduct these money making branches, and gives you a valuable Commercial Law Course Free. Clerks, Book Keepers, Salesmen, Agents, Solicitors and others should investigate this. Send no money, simply your name and address and I will mail you our **Big 62-Page Book**, absolutely free. Write today.

**International Realty Corp., 4350 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago**

Successors to The Cross Co. and H. W. Cross & Co.



## DO YOU USE THEM

in your store or factory? We make scales and balances for every class of wholesale and retail trade. **Baby scales** also—are you interested? Get rid of your old-fashioned, unreliable scales and buy

### Torsion Balance Scales

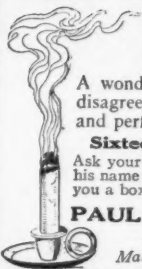
They are best—adopted by U. S. Government and are the only scales constructed so that friction or wear is impossible. They have no knife-edge bearings to dull. They combine permanent accuracy with extreme sensitiveness and are handsomely finished. Their accuracy is never destroyed with usage. Inaccurate scales are wasteful and lose customers. Prices from \$17.50 up. Write today for interesting general catalog or Special Baby Scale Booklet.

We make special scales to order—send us your requirements.

**The Torsion Balance Co.**  
92 Reade St., New York

# SCALES

## Should Be In Every House, Office and Public Building



### EGYPTIAN DEODORIZER

A wonderful preparation which destroys disagreeable odors, from whatever source, and perfumes the entire house.

**Sixteen Pastilles in box, 25 cents**

Ask your dealer—if he cannot supply you, send his name with 25 cents in stamps, we will mail you a box.

**PAUL MANUFACTURING CO.**

**42 Fulton St., Boston**

Makers of Cando, the celebrated silver polish.

## A Brick Mantel in Your Living Room

Greatly increases its beauty and coziness. However effective your modern heating system may be, you need the good old fashioned chimney piece



for its comfort, sociability and charm.

When planning this important feature of your home, be sure you get the best.

### THE P. & B. BRICK MANTEL

Made in a great variety of styles suitable for any room or type of interior decoration. Designed by a leading architect, and embody the best ideas of Continental and English brick work. Choice of six colors of brick insures proper harmony or contrast with any color scheme.

**Philadelphia & Boston Face Brick Co., Dept. 5, 165 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.**  
N. Y. Sales Office, 112 W. 44th St.

## "Every Dog Has His Day"—Concluded



"You need a lesson this time, an' yer goin' ter git it."



"Keep it up, ye old fool, an' maybe I'll send ye out a dog-biscuit."

# The Man Who Made a Million From Nothing

Remarkable Career of a Real Estate Wizard Who Seems to Know Just When and Where New York's Next Growth Will Occur

By Walter Binner

A MAN who has made a cool million in a few years without a dollar of original capital can tell you some extremely interesting things.

Good luck had seated me in the suburban train next to John W. Paris, president of the Real Estate Exchange of Long Island, and I got him talking.

"I began in real estate on my own account a little less than five years ago with a capital just a few hundreds less than nothing!" he said with a broad smile.

"You newspaper men sometimes apply a month's hard study to some murder mystery. I decided to be a Sherlock Holmes to the real estate question.

"I studied the growth of the city for the past century and made tables showing the steady increase in values. I found out *why* growth occurred, and *where* it would be quickest.

"When I mastered my subject I soon found men with capital who were glad to have me operate for a half interest in the profits. I have never made a dollar in my life without at the same time making a dollar for someone else."

"Are there still some good opportunities left?" I ventured.

"There are more now than ever! For more than nine years the city was building the Queensboro Bridge, just now opened. For six years the Pennsylvania Railroad has been tunneling the rivers, and was opened on September eighth. That means opportunities by the hundreds!

"New York's growth goes forward as inevitably as the fall of the rain or the rise of the sun. It is the legacy of civilization to the largest city in the grandest country on the globe."

"What are the best profits you have made?"

"In active markets I have made for myself and my friends 500 per cent per annum. My first operation was to buy with only \$7,000 cash a small acreage tract which we improved and retailed within one year for a net profit of \$112,000. That is \$16 to \$1.

"Next I bought 33 acres at Woodside, L. I., to which another tract was added later. This was only five years ago. We organized a company which has now sold most of the land. *Above one million in dividends has already been divided by this company.* Our profits for four years were fully 250% per annum."

"But how are these enormous profits possible?" I exclaimed. "Are they not exceptional and do you not at times make losses on some purchases?"

"Not only have I never made a loss on New York City property, but I have never made a purchase which did not show a substantial advance the first year. *Unless I am sure it will do that I will not buy.*

"The Woodside Heights Realty and Development Company gained and paid in five years *profits equal to 43 times its capital stock.* It has now been liquidated.

"The Queensboro Corporation paid 300% profits the first year, then increased its capital stock purely out of profits from \$3,000 to \$100,000. After that it paid 28% on the increased capitalization.

"The Paris-McDougall Company operated on a capital of \$10,000 during four years' time. It has paid out in dividends *twenty times its capital stock* and has now been wound up.

"The awkwardness of beginning and liquidating so many companies suggested to me about two years ago the wisdom of creating a *permanent holding company*, capable of paying for, developing and handling a great many different purchases.

With this in mind I organized, with a number of my associates, the Mutual Profit Realty Company, under a charter giving it the widest privileges.

"This company put up a cash capital of \$100,000 as a guaranty fund, investing it in first-class free and clear real estate at the first station on the new Pennsylvania Tunnel lines, eight minutes from the heart of New York. To provide further capital for purchasing and handling desirable properties it issues Profit-Sharing Bonds which guarantee and pay 5% interest and in addition share in one-half the profits of all the company's operations.

"This company closed a fiscal year on May 31, 1910, and, in addition to paying its operating expenses and 5% interest to bondholders, it has made splendid profits, the bondholders' share of which were 38% per annum on all they had invested."

"Such a profit as that in addition to a sure 5% interest, certainly makes these bonds a very attractive investment. Do you accept small sums?"

"Our bonds are sold at par in sizes of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 for spot cash; or on easy installments of \$5 monthly, \$14.85 quarterly, \$29.49 semi-annually, or \$58.14 annually. I confidently believe this company will be able to repeat the big profit successes which I have shown in the past."

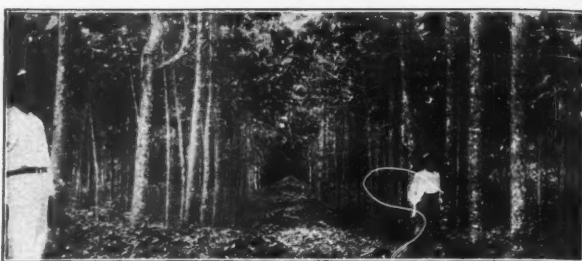
Soon after this interview, at my request, Mr. Paris sent me his book, "A Safe 5%, plus Half Profits." Readers of THE COSMOPOLITAN are entitled to one free copy of this interesting book, and the report of the Bondholders' Committee which recently examined the company's books and determined its profits. Simply address Mutual Profit Realty Company, Room 422, 1328 Broadway, New York City.



JOHN W. PARIS

President Real Estate Exchange of Long Island

# \$1,500 A Year For Life



Photograph of Rubber Trees on Our Plantation

With \$5 a month, paid for twenty-six months, you can buy an undivided interest in the great rubber plantation we are developing in tropical Mexico. Anyone who can save or spare that amount can assure himself an income every year which should equal his investment. With fifty dollars a month paid in during the next twenty-six months you should have an income of \$1,500 a year as long as you live and leave an annuity of that amount for your heirs from the dividends of this plantation.

We have been advertising this fact for some time and over one thousand people have associated themselves with us in this enterprise. We are happy to state that our plantation is beginning to bear—the rubber produced being of the very best quality and of a generous amount per tree, giving promise that our plantation will be very successful. Within a few seasons our entire plantation will be in bearing and we believe that every assertion we have made regarding the profits of our plantation will be more than made good.

We are the absolute owners of over 15,000 acres, a large portion of which is planted. We have sold most of our stock and will accept further subscriptions only to complete our planting and the development of our entire acreage.

There is nothing speculative about crude rubber. For a quarter of a century the world's supply has been spoken for months before it reached the markets. In the last decade the price has risen from 60 cents a pound to \$3.00 a pound. So there will be no trouble in marketing all that can be produced for many years to come, and at 60 cents a pound rubber shows a nice profit to the grower.

We are engaged in this very profitable business on an extensive scale, having more than one million rubber trees under cultivation: soon we will have 1,500,000 rubber trees and many thousand coconut trees growing.

We have and will gladly send you full and complete literature showing facts and figures, proving beyond doubt that our proposition is certain and profitable. We give the best of bank references as to our standing and character, and proving that our proposition is a bona fide one.

Write for our booklet, *A Safe and Profitable Investment*, and satisfy yourself that our statements are correct.

You owe it to yourself and to those dependent on you to make provision against old age when your earning powers will be impaired. Investigate this opportunity at once, it will solve the problem for you.

**CONSERVATIVE RUBBER PRODUCTION CO., 971 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.**

## For Every Member of the Family

**ABILENA**, America's Natural Cathartic Water. It eliminates from the system in a natural, normal way, the waste secretions which all body activity creates, and the unappropriated products retained from each day's food and drink. But it does *more*. While other cathartics temporarily deaden the cell activity of liver and bowels, **ABILENA** stimulates these, bringing about speedily a normal systemic condition. Ninety-five per cent of **ABILENA** is sodium sulphate—the ideal laxative and eliminant.

### ABILENA

#### America's Natural Cathartic Water

Not a medicine nor a chemical preparation—it is drawn from the famous **ABILENA** Wells. Chemical analysis proves it far superior to all other cathartics of any kind. It's as harmless as pure drinking water. The dose is small, and it's not bad to take. Ask your physician about it. All druggists have it.

**The ABILENA Company :: Abilene, Kansas**

"The Natural Method," interesting booklet on Perfect Elimination, mailed free on request to Frank M. Gier, M. D., President

**Druggists:** If not prepared for the enormous demand this advertising is creating, stock up at once through your jobber. (1)



**"Don't  
Forget  
Your  
ABILENA"**



# FREE Magazine "Land" and "Road to Wealth" Bank



**T**O encourage earnest, thrifty men and women to save, invest and get ahead, we will mail our valuable publication "Land" and our "Road to Wealth" bank absolutely free.

We make this unusually liberal offer to quickly increase the circulation of our real estate magazine.

This offer is just exactly as represented. The bank and publication are both free to you **NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE**. There are no strings attached to the offer and in accepting it you put yourself under no obligations whatsoever.

## "LAND" TELLS

—how people have put their earnings into New York Real Estate and seen them grow into substantial fortunes.

—how you, no matter where you live, can invest your savings—be they little or much—so as to get your share of the enormous profits that are accruing with the wonderful growth of the great City of New York.

—how our \$10 monthly payment plan is helping thousands.

## THE BANK IS

- cleverly designed to represent a book.
- finished in gun metal.
- fitted with substantial Yale lock and key.
- ornamental as well as useful, and will last a lifetime.
- regularly retailed at \$1 each.

## FILL OUT THE COUPON

If you are in earnest and want to profit by reading our publication, put your name, address and occupation on the coupon and send it to us now.

We are glad to aid those who realize the wisdom of having a definite plan for saving **SMALL SUMS** where they will grow into **LARGE SUMS** that will make their future free from financial worry.

Fill in the coupon, writing plainly, and we will send you "Land" and "The Road to Wealth" bank with our compliments and good wishes.

*W. M. Ostrander*



## FILL IN, CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

W. M. Ostrander, Inc., 12 West 31st Street, New York City.

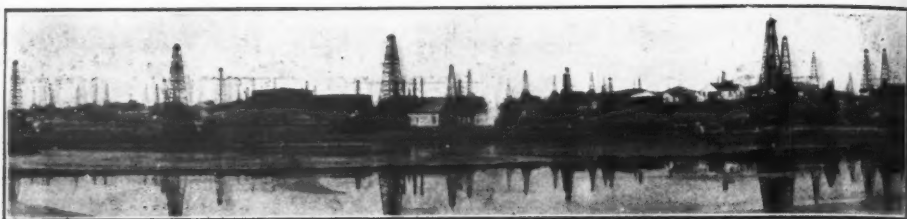
Gentlemen:

I am desirous of reading your magazine "Land." I would like to save a few dollars a month where they will grow into more dollars, and I would like to know what a few cents a day in the "Road to Wealth" bank will do for my financial future.

My name is \_\_\_\_\_

My occupation is \_\_\_\_\_

My address is \_\_\_\_\_



Typical California Oil Fields showing Derricks, Boiler Plants, Steel Tanks, Pumping Stations, Earthen Reservoirs, Pipe Lines, Living Quarters, etc. It is conservatively estimated that the Oil Industry in California represents \$500,000,000

# California Oil

**Pays Millions in Monthly Dividends**  
**Many Opportunities for Safe and Profitable Investment**

The American investor to-day is not satisfied with 6% interest. He wants a greater return, he insists upon absolute safety of principal, he demands an investment which increases in value and in return—a hard combination to find. When standard industrials pay only between 5% and 7%, when bonds pay on the average 6%, where is this safe and profitable investment which the American investor seeks? Answer: California Oil Investments, California Oil is safe, because the industry is stable and permanent. It now represents an aggregate investment of \$500,000,000 and is growing by leaps and bounds. California Oil is profitable because many of the listed Exchange securities pay 12% and more per annum; and because with rapid development, the securities advance steadily in value.

Outside of the three big companies, the Standard, the Union and the Associated, whose holdings aggregate at least \$200,000,000, there are scores of the smaller (million dollar) companies, which form the Independent Producers' Agency with their own pipe lines, tanks, storage and marketing facilities, representing in the aggregate at least \$250,000,000. These companies have stockholders in every quarter of the globe, but principally in California, where the investor has been quick to see and seize his opportunity. Many of these stockholders are receiving regularly every month, dividends ranging from 14 to 40 per cent. per annum on their investment. A few instances of these big profits:

AMERICAN PETROLEUM:—\$1,000 invested two years ago has been returning \$1,600 a year in dividends. LUCILE:—\$1,000 invested a few years ago is returning \$3,000 a year in dividends. ILLINOIS CRUDE:—\$1,000 invested a little over a year ago has been returning \$960 a year in dividends. MONTE CRISTO:—\$1,000 invested returns in dividends \$3,600 a year. STERLING:—\$1,000 invested is returning \$3,333 per year in dividends. PREMIER:—\$1,000 invested about two years ago is returning \$1,200 per year in dividends. FULLERTON:—\$1,000 invested is returning \$3,333 per year in dividends. MASCO:—\$1,000 invested about two years ago is returning \$1,200 per year in dividends. CLAREMONT:—\$1,000 invested is returning \$1,600 per year in dividends.

And so on in scores and scores of instances. The stockholders of these companies were either on the ground or were advised by responsible oil investment brokers. Their small investments have been returned to them in dividends many times over. Many have made independent fortunes

from their investments, and knowing the vast possibilities are investing more in California oil stocks. Eastern and foreign investors are now seizing these opportunities. Millions of dollars are pouring into California to share in the dividends and profits. Oil is now California's biggest and most profitable industry; the industry is only in its infancy. Shares of reputable companies (and by reputable companies we mean those listed on the Exchanges and producing oil) are now selling really below their intrinsic value. It is universally acknowledged that these stocks will never again sell as low and before long will probably go so high that they will be beyond the reach of the small investor.

We offer no stock for sale in this announcement. We want you to know about California oil. We are the largest dealers in California listed Exchange oil stocks. For two years we have been advising the purchase of the better class of money making California oil securities. No Stocks we have recommended have failed to make good. Our friends and clients have made thousands of dollars in oil stocks by investing upon our advice. We have made a reputation of knowing what's what in the oil business. We have followed the oil business of California for many years. If there is anything worth knowing or having in any California oil field, we know it and have it. We have clients in every State of the Union and in many foreign countries. Many of our clients are receiving from twelve to forty per cent. per annum on their oil stock investments. These dividends are generally paid monthly. It will cost you nothing to learn about this great California industry. We publish the "Weekly Oil Book" which goes out every Monday morning. The "Oil Book" constantly presents these opportunities to its readers. For the last two years the "Oil Book" has been pointing them out, and for two years its readers have been making money by taking advantage of them. With special writers, photographers, experts, etc., we get all the news from all the oil fields. The California oil industry develops very rapidly—every twenty-four hours brings forth something new—a new pipe line started, another dividend payer, a big contract for oil signed, another gusher, etc. It costs you nothing to keep in touch with this activity and with the money making opportunities. Fill in and mail the coupon and we will send you the "Weekly Oil Book" for six months without charge or obligation.

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in the Western World by the

### GRAND ORIENTAL CRUISE

of the new twin-screw *S. S. Cleveland* (17,000 tons), of the Hamburg-American Line, leaving New York, January 28, 1911, for Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean and the Orient. Duration of voyage, 80 days, with all possible comforts on board, and all arrangements ashore under the twenty-year-old experienced management of the Hamburg-American Line. Cost from \$325 up.

Places visited on the cruise are Madeira (Funchal), Cadiz, Gibraltar (Granada, Alhambra), Port Said (Cairo, Pyramids of Gizeh, Sakkarah, Luxor, Assouan), Jaffa (Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, the Jordan, the Dead Sea), Beyrouth (Damascus, Baa'k), Piraeus (Athens), Kalamaki, Smyrna, Constantinople, Messina, Palermo, Naples (Rome, Pompeii, Vesuvius).

### GRAND CRUISE TO SOUTH AMERICA

by the well-known *S. S. Bluecher*, leaving New York January 21, 1911, for the East Coast of South America, as far South as the Straits of Magellan, and up the Pacific Coast as far as Valparaiso, Chile. Duration of voyage 74 days. Cost from \$350 up.

### THREE WEST INDIES CRUISES

by *S. S. Moltke* leaving New York on January 24 and February 25 1911, for cruises of 28 days' duration \$150 and up, and on March 28 for a cruise of 16 days' duration, \$85 and up; also regular Caribbean cruises by the *Atlas Service*—24 and 25 days—visiting the West Indies Islands, Panama, Central and South America.

### TWO GRAND CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

by the new twin-screw *S. S. Cleveland*, leaving New York on November 1, 1911, and San Francisco, February 17, 1912. Cost from \$650 up.

*Many other splendid vacation cruises to the Mediterranean, the Caribbean, the Adriatic, and elsewhere. Write for special booklets and further information regarding any of the above cruises. Guide and Travel Books on Sale.*

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# YAZOO VALLEY Paper Shell Pecan ORCHARDS

**A Conservative Business Proposition to Investors, Which Will Yield Large Returns, Yet Combines Every Element of Safety and Permanency.**

Our Pecan Orchards are located at Hushpuckena, Bolivar County, Mississippi, right in the heart of the famous Yazoo Valley, where the finest Paper Shell Pecans in the world are grown. The best grades now sell at \$1.00 to \$1.50 per pound, with a steadily increasing demand, which makes their cultivation enormously profitable.

We own and offer to investors or actual settlers 5 acre tracts of this marvelously fertile soil, transplanted in 5 year old, root-grafted Paper Shell Pecan Trees. Small monthly payments. No taxes, no interest, no commissions or extra charges of any kind. Title guaranteed perfect.

## Reasons Why This Offer Should Appeal To You

- 1—It is an opportunity to invest in land on which all kinds of truck-garden products can be grown between the rows of Pecan trees, and sold at fancy figures in the Northern markets. The income from this source, alone, will pay a good per cent. on the investment.
- 2—Every acre is planted with high-bred, root-grafted five year old (before transplanted) Pecan Trees, whose value will increase year by year at an enormous ratio.
- 3—You have the option of moving on the land and making a home there, leading it under the best lien law in the country, or allowing the company to operate it under conditions that are very favorable to you.
- 4—Terms of purchase are easy, title perfect, and every statement made is backed by a company of the highest standing. In the event of death, the land will be taken back and purchase money returned, plus 5%.

## To Parents and Guardians

As a means of providing a fund for the education of children, or Capital for starting them in business later in life, these Paper Shell Pecan Orchards offer peculiar advantages. The sure return of an annual income of \$600.00 the fifth year, increasing up to \$6000.00 on and after the twentieth year, on five acres of ground, something that no other investment has ever offered.

## "Acres of Diamonds" FREE

We have prepared a Book, "ACRES OF DIAMONDS," fully describing these 5-acre tracts. It is the handsomest Book ever published on a land proposition. Also, "The Documents in Evidence," containing facts, figures and facsimiles that will convince you. BOTH BOOKS FREE TO EVERY ONE WHO IS INTERESTED. MAIL COUPON TODAY.



R. L. BILES & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Suite 609, New Bank of Commerce Bldg.

Please send free, your illustrated books, "Acres of Diamonds" and "The Documents in Evidence," with prices, terms, etc., describing your 5-acre, Paper Shell Pecan Tracts.

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Address .....

# Irrigated Land

## In the Best Fruit and Alfalfa Valley in America

Is now open for settlement at Fort Stockton, Tex. Richest soil in Pecos Valley, limestone formation, (no gyp) natural flow of pure spring water exceeding 55,000,000 gallons per day for irrigation and domestic use; irrigation system completed and in full operation now; no waiting for water; assured profits of from \$100 to \$1,000 per acre; no drought; no crop failures; finest all year 'round climate in the United States; altitude 3,650 feet above sea level.

## Natural Location for Largest City of Southwest Texas

Fort Stockton is county seat of Pecos County and important division point on the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, now building into Fort Stockton. Has 36,000 acres of the finest irrigated land the sun shines on; adjacent to town. Population now 1,000, will soon be a city of from 10,000 to 15,000. Greater opportunities for homeseekers and investors than were offered in the older irrigated districts, where orchards are valued at from \$2,000 to \$5,000 per acre. Those who have investigated irrigated districts of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, etc., say this is the finest body of irrigated land they ever saw.

This is one irrigation project where the water supply has not varied in 50 years; where every drop of water used for irrigation is good to drink and where there is water in abundance for every acre of land that is irrigable. Choice locations open to those who investigate now. You cannot afford to buy land anywhere without seeing Fort Stockton. Low rate excursions the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Write for full particulars today.

REFERENCES: First National Bank, Kansas City, Mo., First State Bank, Fort Stockton, Texas.

Prospectus, map and illustrated folder describing these lands free to all who address Fort Stockton Irrigated Land Company 600 Fidelity Trust Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## NEW BOOKLET ON WALL STREET

WE have just issued a new Pocket Manual for the trader in Stocks and Bonds. Among many interesting subjects described are: "Small Lot Trading"—"Short Sales"—"Commission and Interest"—"Mating and Settling the Odd Point"—"How to Open an Account"—"Know Your Broker"—"Turning a Loss into Profit"—"How to Select Securities"—"Right and Wrong Service." All these features reviewed from a successful Wall Street Man's view point.

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makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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**MoToR, 381 Fourth Ave., New York**



## "That Coupon Gave Me MY Start"

"It's only a little while ago that I was just where you are now. My work was unpleasant; my pay was small. I had my mother to take care of, and it was tough sledding trying to make ends meet. I hadn't had much schooling. I didn't *know enough* to fill any better job than the one I had.

"One day I saw an advertisement of the American School. It told how other men got better positions and bigger salaries by taking their courses. I didn't see how a correspondence course could benefit me, but as long as it didn't *cost* anything to mark the coupon I thought it was worth investigating at least. I marked the coupon and sent it in on the next mail.

"That was two years ago last April, and now I'm drawing more every week than I used to get in a month."

If YOU want a better position, if YOU want to get into congenial work, if YOU want a salary that's worth while—

Sign the Coupon NOW

**American School of Correspondence**  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

## Opportunity Coupon

**American School of Correspondence**

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for the position marked "X."

- |                            |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| ..... Book-keeper          | ..... Draftsman            |
| ..... Stenographer         | ..... Architect            |
| ..... Accountant           | ..... Civil Engineer       |
| ..... Cost Accountant      | ..... Automobile Engineer  |
| ..... Systematizer         | ..... Electrical Engineer  |
| ..... Cert'd Public Acc't  | ..... Mechanical Engineer  |
| ..... Auditor              | ..... Sanitary Engineer    |
| ..... Business Manager     | ..... Steam Engineer       |
| ..... Commercial Law       | ..... Fire Insurance Eng'r |
| ..... Reclamation Engineer | ..... College Preparatory  |

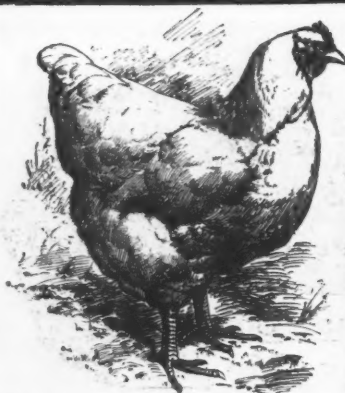
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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

OCCUPATION \_\_\_\_\_

Cosmopolitan, 11-10.





## \$11,347.13 on the Side.

Mr. F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., in the past twenty-two years has cleared \$11,347.13 from hens. This is a remarkable record, when it is known that Mr. Dunlap is employed ten hours a day in a store and all the time he has to put in with his hens is what he can get morning, noon and night. This \$11,347.13 was all made on the side. Nor does Mr. Dunlap get fancy prices for what he has to sell. He ships to Boston, and takes current quotations from the commission men there. Mr. Dunlap began in 1887 with twenty hens. Last year his poultry profits figured out \$553.69—and this is all on the side. Mr. Dunlap's hens have bought him a beautiful home, purchased a horse and carriage, are sending three boys to school and college, besides giving something for a rainy day. Can others do equally as well? "Sure thing," says Mr. Dunlap, "if they will wear out the soles of their shoes faster than they do the seat of their pants." The story of Mr. Dunlap's success and his methods is told in the book, "\$2.00 a Day from Poultry and Eggs!" and it is only one out of a score of things to set the blood tingling and make one resolve to get next to the \$600,000,000 spent in the United States each year for poultry and eggs.

## \$2.00 a Day from Poultry and Eggs

Is the name of a new book by the author of "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," the most popular poultry book ever printed. "\$2.00 a Day from Poultry and Eggs" deals with the business side of poultry keeping as the other deal with egg production. It tells how to make poultry keeping pay. It describes the methods by which O. P. Barton of Seabrook, N. H., cleared \$734.59 from 90 pullets in 1907; tells how F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., makes \$1000 a year from eggs, devoting not over two hours a day to his hens; how a motorman, at \$16.28 a week, built up a business at \$10,000 a year; how the author earned \$928.75 the first year he went on his farm. Not a detail left out.

The book tells how to make a start, what breeds pay, how, when and where to buy a farm, how to make a living from the first, describes the most wonderful brooding system in the world, tells how to build the most economical poultry houses, how to feed for best results, describes a feed that can be made for 15 cents a bushel and is without a peer for producing eggs, how to make money with pigeons, how to buy and sell to advantage, how to pick out the laying hens, how to put down eggs so that they will keep a year, etc.

Invaluable to every man who wishes to make money on the side, and indispensable to the man who is looking forward to the free, independent, healthful life of the poultry farm. Ninety-six pages; illustrated. Price 50 cents, or with the American Poultry Advocate one year 75 cents, two years' subscription and book for \$1.00, or given as a premium for two yearly subscriptions at 50 cents each. Our paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 92 pages, 50 cents per year. 3 months' trial, 10 cts. Sample free. Catalogue of poultry books free.

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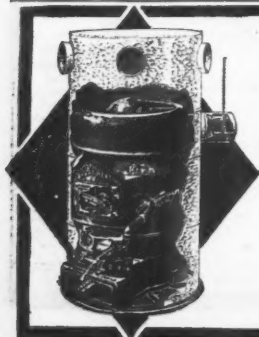
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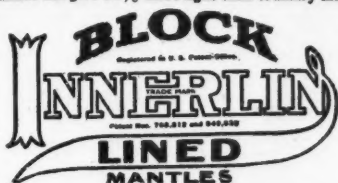
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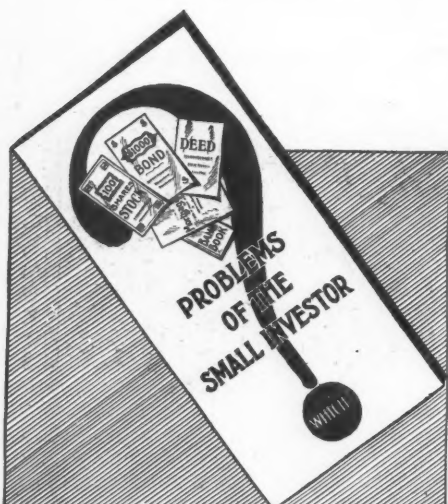
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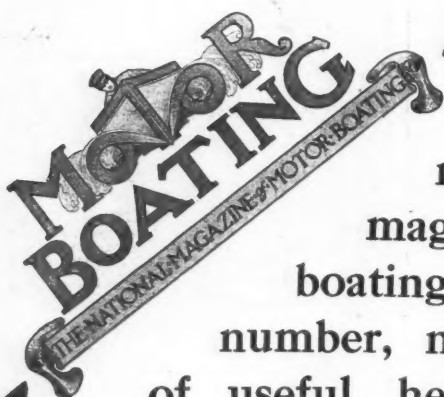
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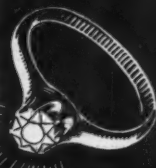
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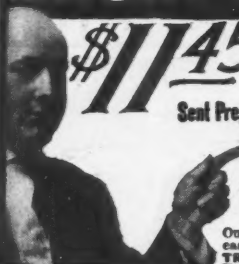
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**4 HP STATIONARY GASOLINE ENGINE**

For Farmwork, Irrigation or Pumping, Factory use and Electric Lighting.

3 to 20 h.p.—perfectly governed—guaranteed by a responsible firm. Write for full description.

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Culture is the "Only Way" to make Big Money on Little Capital. One acre is worth \$25,000, and yields more revenue than a 100-acre farm with much less work and worry. Let me show you how to increase your annual income from \$500 to \$5000, and live in ease and comfort. Write now.

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## FULL JEWEL WALTHAM \$10<sup>65</sup>

In Fine 20-Year Gold-filled Case. Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time  
**SENT ON FREE TRIAL. ALL CHARGES PREPAID.**

You do not pay one penny until you have seen and examined this High-Grade, Full Jeweled Waltham Watch, with Patent Hairspring; in any style hand-engraved Case, right in your own hands.

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**LOFTIS** THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE  
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BROS & CO. 1858 Branches: Pittsburgh, Pa., St. Louis, Mo.

Easy Payment Plan—the "Loftis System"—and how we send Waltham, Elgin and Illinois Watches, 18, 16, 12, and "O" sizes, 19, 21, and 23 Jewel, anywhere without security or one cent deposit. Send for the Loftis Magazine. It is Free.



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You save one-half the regular price on standard visible typewriters and get the identical article for which others pay the full price. Perfect machines only—not abot worn, damaged—or in any way inferior. Protected by standard guarantee.

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Shrewd buyers will send now for the particulars of this great price-reducing and free-trial typewriter offer.

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**4** Entrancing, Full-Length "Stage Beauty" Poses in Colors, 12 inches High only **25c**

**Also 4 Catchy Athletic Girl Poses, 25c.**

All in sparkling colors, showing rich, warm beauty, delicate coloring and graceful poses of originals exactly as they are—most entrancing series of "real beauties" we ever published.

**Just the Thing for Your "Den"**

**FREE** Send 50c. at once, for full set of Eight Poses in colors, 12 inches high and we include extra, a richly-colored, full-length "French Nothing Girl" Poster on fancy mount, 14 inches high, absolutely free. (This one picture alone is worth 50c.) Send today.

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AND BADGES FOR COLLEGE, SCHOOL, SOCIETY OR LODGE.

Either style with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel, Sterling Silver, 25c each, \$2.50 dot. Silver Plated, 10c each, \$1.00 dot. Send for free Catalog. Special designs also made for any School or Society, at attractive prices. Send idea for estimate. **BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 530, ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

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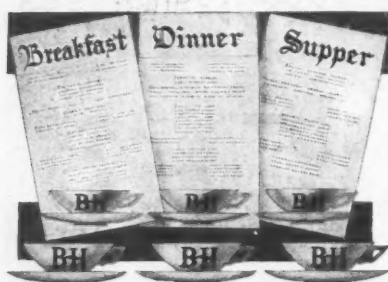
20% DOWN 10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. **10% discount for cash.** Send now for catalog No. 4.

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When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan





**You can drink Barrington Hall Coffee three times a day, with no ill effects.**

Because it is *Baker-ized*.

*Baker-izing* improves coffee in three distinct ways. First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any other coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

## Barrington Hall The Baker-ized Coffee

The coffee then passes through steel-cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform

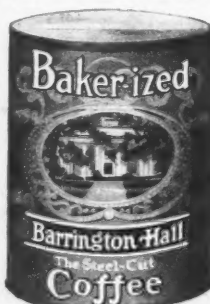
pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can

see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this

dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee. For sale by grocers at 35 to 40c per pound, according to locality. In sealed tins only.



**Baker  
Importing Co.**  
New York  
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**BAKER  
IMPORTING  
CO.**

106 Hudson Street  
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Please send as advertised, a free sample can, enough to make 6 cups Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Coffee without a regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name.....  
Address.....

**TRIAL CAN FREE**

## A Crust of Bread and a Glass of Ale

have been found by an English Gov't Commission to contain the maximum amount of nourishment and to make the perfect meal.

This proves the food value of

# Evans Ale

and shows what an important factor it is in making the well balanced diet, turning food nutrients into good blood, bone and tissue. It makes easy the way of assimilation and every nerve, muscle and bone responds to its vitalizing force.

There's pleasure in drinking it too.

*In Splits if desired*  
Restaurants, Cafes, Clubs, and Dealers

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**Send for a Trial Package**

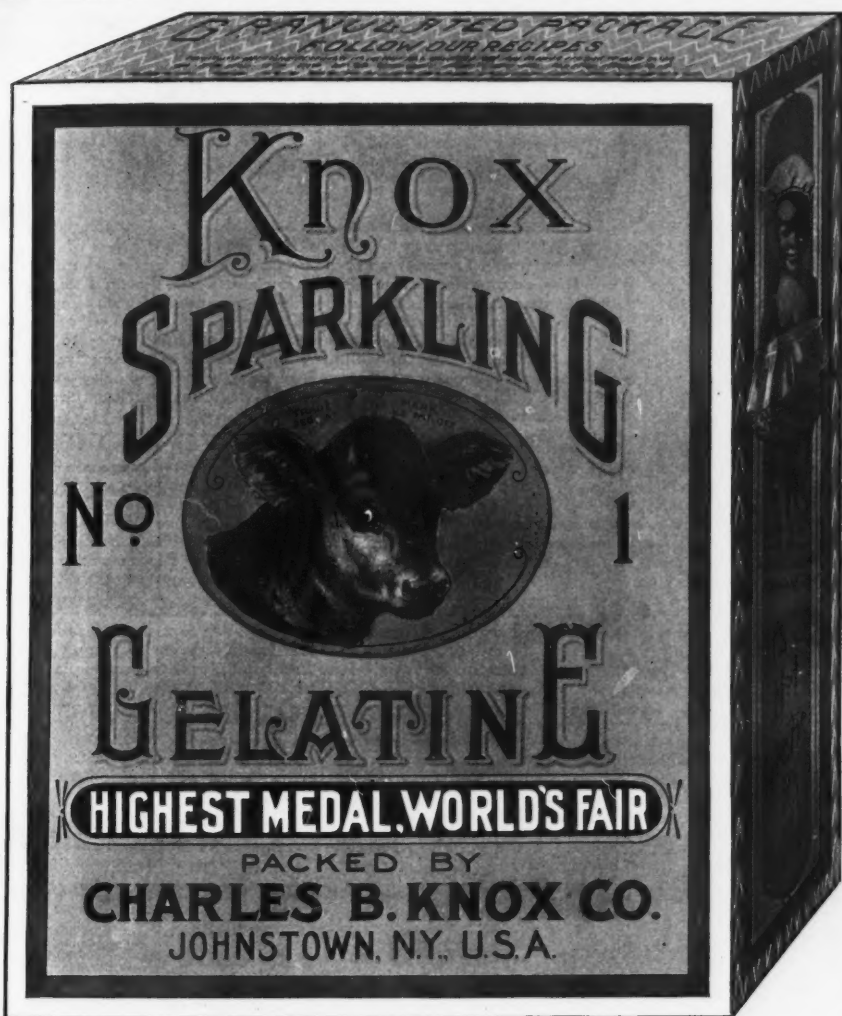


"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Tint Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut Tint Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair,

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## Percolator-Made Coffee for Breakfast

with the  
**Manning-Bowman**  
 Circulating  
**Coffee**  
**Percolator**  
 (Patented)

Most people appreciate a cup of good coffee at breakfast more than any other time. With this percolator you can make delicious hot coffee from cold water in a few minutes on your kitchen range.

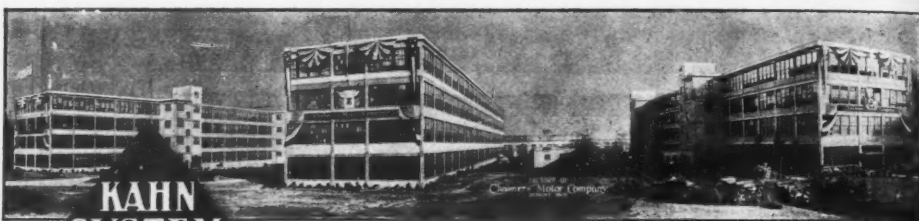
Made in over a hundred styles and sizes. Sold by leading dealers. Write for free Book of Recipes and Catalog "L-15".  
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Makers of Manning-Bowman Quality Chafing Dishes and Accessories, Alcohol Gas Stoves, and the "Eclipse" Bread Mixer.

Sectional View



No. 8923  
 Percolator



**KAHN  
SYSTEM**

Reinforced  
Concrete

This extensive fireproof plant of the Chalmers Motor Co., Detroit—the large automobile factories for the Packard, Ford, Pierce, Thomas, Hudson, Lozier, Rapid, Garford, Alden-Sampson, Gram-Logan, Grabowsky, Detroit-Electric, Stoddard-Dayton, Cadillac—United States Government Buildings and 4,500 other important structures testify to the extensive use and advantages of Kahn System construction. Kahn System buildings are fireproof and permanent—save insurance, repairs and delay—can not burn down or wear out. Kahn System Products, Shop Facilities and Engineering Assistance mean success in building.

## FIREPROOF BUILDING OF REINFORCED CONCRETE

For Beams, Girders and Arches, Kahn Trussed Bars (with rigidly connected diagonal shear members) insure absolute safety and strength, with greatest economy. For Slabs and Walls, Rib Metal means thorough accuracy and rigidity. For columns, Built-up Hooping increases carrying capacity and saves labor. For resisting direct stresses, use Cup Bars; and for carrying shafting, Trus-Con Inserts. For Fireproof Windows, United Steel Sash gives maximum strength, daylight and weatherproofness. All Kahn System Products are most efficient and save money.

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Use Hy-Rib for reinforcement and save labor and expense. Hy-Rib is a steel sheathing stiffened by deep ribs of steel. To install, merely set up the Hy-Rib sheets and apply the cement mortar—no centering or studs are required. Rib Lath and Rib Studs make plaster work and stucco better and more enduring.

## FINISHES AND WATERPROOFING FOR CONCRETE

Trus-Con Floor Enamel stops dusting of concrete floors, is damp-proof and stain-proof—produces a tile-like surface that will not peel or crack off. Trus-Con Wall Finishes stop stains and dampness in concrete walls and replace their uneven color with artistic flat tints. Trus-Con Waterproofing Paste dissolved in the water used in mixing concrete thoroughly waterproofs the entire mass.

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BUTTE, Mont., Nelson & Pederson  
CHICAGO, Ill., A. K. Adler & V. L. Page, Bedford Building  
COLUMBUS, Ohio, William Piez, 616 Col. Savings & Trust Bldg.  
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DENVER, Colo., G. W. Phillips, Majestic Building  
DETROIT, Mich., Home Office, Trussed Concrete Building  
HOUSTON, Tex., Browne Builders Supply Co., Inc., 810 Willows St.  
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., C. B. Mayer, 321 Board of Trade Bldg.  
KANSAS CITY, Mo., Louis Baum, 615 Bryant Building  
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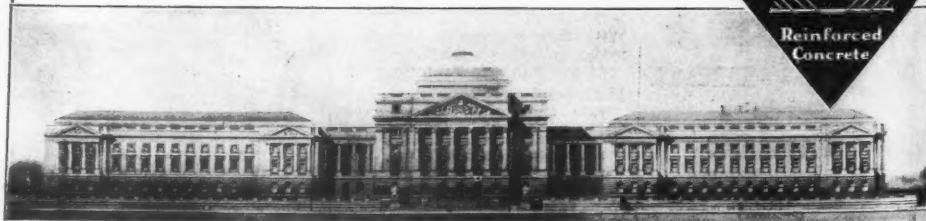
NEW ORLEANS, La., Chambers-Morris Co., 215 Godechaux Bldg.  
NEW YORK CITY, Herman Fougner, 25 Madison Square North  
PITTSBURG, Penn., Irvin & Withrow, 507 House Building  
PORTLAND, Oregon, J. A. Currey, 1009 Board of Trade Building  
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ROSWELL, New Mexico, Reed & Wilson  
ST. LOUIS, Mo., A. J. Widmer, 843 Century Building  
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**KAHN  
SYSTEM**

Reinforced  
Concrete



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The "Ajax" for Towns and Cities and Volunteer Fire Depts.

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For Towns, Mills,  
Factories, Public  
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Stores, Etc.

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Adequate and efficient fire protection for your business, home or town, at moderate cost. The **Ajax Chemical Fire Engine** throws a powerful chemical stream 80 feet, with a fire-fighting efficiency equal to thousands of pails of water; smothers flame instantly by acting like a blanket; saves water damage; simple and tremendously effective; it can be handled by anyone; chemicals can be secured at any drug store for about a dollar a charge; has an efficiency just like the city fire-department chemical engines which extinguish a majority of all the fires in our large cities to-day—yet costs only a fraction of their price.

Protect your business or home with the **Ajax** shown in the lower corner, and exert your influence toward having your town purchase the **Ajax** shown in the upper corner.

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We want to send you an **Ajax** on 30 days' free trial, entirely at our expense, and without obligation on your part. We want you to try it on a test-fire you can build for the purpose, or make any other tests desired. If it does not more than substantiate all our claims, return it at our expense. No deposit or red tape—a trial of the machine itself is our best advertisement. Fill in attached coupon, or write us a note, and we will send you pamphlet which explains everything about the machine, quotes prices, and gives particulars as to free trial.

## Ajax Fire Engine Works

95 A. Liberty Street  
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The "Ajax" for Factories and Private Use of all kinds. Fire-fighting efficiency equal to 9000 pails of water

### The Ajax

has met with a phenomenal success in a short time. After thorough tests, it has been purchased by the Standard Oil Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, American Sugar Refining Co., U. S. Government, Mexican Government, Brazilian Government, and a large number of the best known private concerns and many towns, here and abroad.

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Send the undersigned your pamphlet giving full facts regarding your **AJAX** Chemical Fire Engine, and quote price and free trial offer.

Name.....

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Please state here whether interested in a machine for your own private use or for your town;

# Mr. Never-Close-the-Door Mr. Always-Slam-the-Door Goodbye!

## Blount or Yale Door Checks

close doors quickly and gently, firmly and silently.

Protect your health from drafts, your nerves from odors and noises.

No more doors carelessly left open by Mr. Never-Close-the-door.

No more doors idly banged by Mr. Always-Slam-the-door, or by old-fashioned spring hinges.

No more double swing doors with their flip, flap, flopping.

We make door closing devices that control all these things in the best way. Thirty thousand hardware dealers can supply them.

**Blount Door Checks:** Close ordinary doors gently, quickly, firmly, you only hear the click of the latch.

**Blount Holder-Checks:** Like ordinary Blount Checks, but hold the door open when you wish.

**Yale Double-Acting Door Checks:** For double swing doors.

**Yale Checking Floor Hinges:** A Combination Check, Spring and Hinge applied under the floor.

Ask your hardware dealer for the Blount or Yale Door Checks for your doors. The prices vary for different types and sizes, from \$3.00 upward. Send your name for an interesting illustrated story called "The Peace Makers." Free of course.

## The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

Makers of Yale Products 9 Murray Street, New York

Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Works: - Stamford, Conn.  
Door Checks and Chain Hoists

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# YALE

If All Housekeepers Knew the  
Advantages of the

# Crawford Ranges

few others would be sold.

In the saving of time, trouble and labor and in *superior cooking* ability, no other range can compare with them.

The **Single Damper** (patented) is the only perfect fire and oven control; one motion—slide the knob to “kindle,” “bake” or “check,” and *the range does the rest.*



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The **Oven** with its cup-joint flues is heated *all over alike*; no “cold corners,” no “scorching spots.”

The **Patented Grates** save trouble and money.

**Auxiliary Gas Ranges** at the end or above the range, if desired.

*Write for Illustrated Booklet. If Crawford's are not sold in your town we will tell you how to get one.*

**Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co.**  
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## AIR RIFLE



"Now for that lesson in shooting," said Uncle Ben one day. "Get your Daisy Repeater, and come over in the back yard.

"We'll shoot down toward the orchard, so we won't hit anybody. The Daisy won't injure anyone—that's one reason why I let you boys play with it—but it might sting rather unpleasantly.

"Now put that target up on the tree, Bob. Come back here fifty feet. Now ready, take aim. Steady the barrel with the left, and take a careful aim along the sights. When you get a bead on the center of the target, pull the trigger quickly.

"There, you came near the bull's eye. Pretty good for your first trial. Now shoot again. There, that's better. Now, again. Hooray—that's fine, you got the bull's eye that time.

"Boys, remember that the Daisy is just as good as the highest priced rifle made for you to learn to shoot with. It's accurate to a hair. The finest hunting rifle couldn't do more."

### Look Over the Daisy Line at the Nearest Store

The leading hardware and sporting goods dealers handle the Daisy line of air rifles. Go to your nearest store, and ask to see these Daisy models. The dealer will be glad to show them to you, whether you are ready to buy or not.

**Daisy Special.** 1,000 Shot Repeater, the finest air rifle made, finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot retaining device; one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found in no other make of air rifle ..... **\$2.50**

**Other Daisy models, 50c to \$2.00**

**Little Daisy Pop Gun**  
for children, - - - - - **25c**

Don't let anyone sell you an inferior air rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line, we will send any model prepaid on receipt of price.

Send for our free book, "The Diary of a Daisy Boy," containing complete rules of drills, hints on marksmanship and directions how to join the new national boys' drill corps, "The Daisy Cadets."

### Daisy Manufacturing Co.

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*The largest air rifle factory in the world, making each year more air rifles than all other factories combined.*

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# Illustrated Songs Burlesqued in the Home

with the

# Mirroscope

IMPROVED 1911 MODEL



Selections from "Where the Daisies Bloom" showing how you can work up illustrated songs with snap-shots of your friends, and show them, greatly enlarged on a sheet or screen, by means of the Mirroscope.



Copyright, words and music, 1900, U. S. and Canada, by Jerome H. Remick & Co., New York and Detroit.



A GALE of laughter will greet the singing of this song or any others, in your home, before your family and friends, if you illustrate it in burlesque with the Mirroscope.

If you use snap-shots of two people known to all the company, the conjunction of picture and song can't fail to be funny—whether the poses are appropriate or not.

Previous preparation with a kodak can produce an uproariously funny set of illustrations by posing two persons in burlesque or melodramatic attitudes, or perhaps by catching them unawares. You can combine separate snap-shots of two people who never expected to be seen in such close proximity. You can show the versatility of the young man by giving him a different companion in each picture.

Or you can use comic picture post-cards—as they are, or with heads cut from family photographs and pasted on. Thus a little ingenuity will provide unique entertainment for many winter evenings.

Sold by Photo-Supply and Hardware Stores and by Photo Departments of Dry Goods, Department and Toy Stores.

For your protection, every instrument is plainly stamped with the word "Mirroscope." If this is lacking, accept no substitute, as we can readily fill your order direct from factory, express prepaid.



How the Mirroscope Enlarges a Small Picture.

### Three Mirroscope Styles—Six Sizes in Each Style

**Three Styles:** Gas and Electric for town or city; Acetylene for farm, country home, camp or sea-shore.

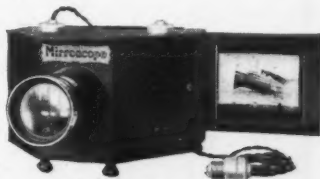
**Four Standard Sizes:** \$7.50, \$10, \$15, \$20 (80% of our sales are in the \$15 and \$20 sizes).

**Two Toy Sizes:** \$3 and \$5. While not as large or elaborate as the standard sizes these instruments are reliable, well-constructed and a great source of enjoyment to the youngsters.

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Many forms of Mirroscope entertainment described in detail by Mirroscope enthusiasts. Many others suggested. Several never before published. Complete catalog and price-list.



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Shown here as equipped for electricity, but is also made for gas and acetylene. Has double lens system, shows pictures clear to the edge, doesn't get hot, focuses perfectly; covered with leatherette. Price \$15. Other models from \$3 to \$20.

### The Buckeye Stereopticon Company

Manufacturers of Microscopes and High-grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement purposes.

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***What finish to use—how to prepare the surface—how to apply—and any other painting information you may desire.***

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¶ Suppose you want to varnish a book-case, enamel a bed-room set, paint a carriage—or finish any other surface that requires paint, enamel, stain or varnish; all you need to do is to look in the index and then turn to the right page. There before you in concise form you will find complete instructions. You can't go wrong.

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¶ The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book is sent free to those requesting a copy. Address

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Look for this  
Trade Mark



Every Acme Quality  
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**T**HERE are many vacuum cleaning machines on the market. They are all alike in principle except the Regina. That's different. Don't confuse it with ordinary vacuum machines having only single suction power.

Regina Cleaners have two suction compartments. One fills itself while the other empties itself. This gives constant, unremitting suction. There is no loss of power, no waiting period between puffs of the bellows. The suction draft is a continuous, unbroken stream.



## REGINA PNEUMATIC CLEANERS

are sold by dealers under a positive guarantee. They are made in our own factory by the same highly skilled workmen who make Regina music boxes. They come in different models operated either by hand or electric power. All models embody the DOUBLE PUMP construction. Mechanically perfect; the easiest operated and most satisfactory of all cleaning machines.

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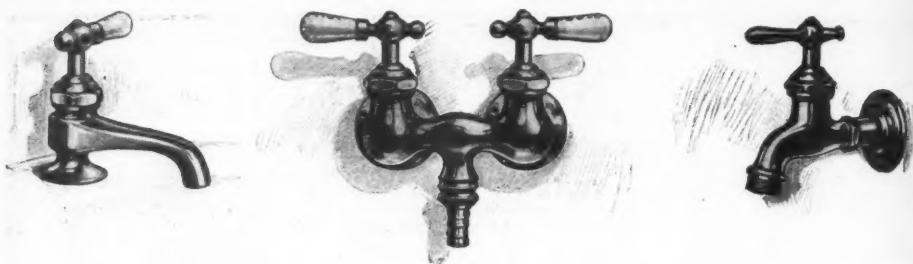
at your local dealers. Note its unusual ease of operation and the wonderful advantage of the double suction power. If not for sale in your locality write us and we will see that you are supplied. Do not be induced to purchase an inferior machine. The Regina is a perfect operating machine guaranteed by the makers of the world renowned Regina Music Boxes, which have given pleasure and satisfaction in millions of homes during the past twenty-five years.

### THE REGINA COMPANY

Cor. Union Sq. and 17th St.,  
N. Y. City.

855 McClurg Bldg.,  
Chicago





**A convenient quarter-turn of the handle gives you full flow or shuts the water off**

Absolutely noiseless action does away with all those disagreeable rattling, thumping and pounding noises. Permanent durability eliminates leaking entirely.

## QUICK-PRESSION FAUCETS

TRADE MARK  
PATENTED

### How Other Faucets Have Proven Faulty in Construction

The greatest difficulty in faucet construction has been to devise a type that would combine quick and convenient opening and closing with durability and noiseless action.

This was never accomplished until the problem was solved in Quick-pression Faucets.

In other types of faucets you either have to sacrifice convenience for the sake of durability; or else endure the nerve-racking thumping and hammering noises you have so often heard all through the house.

These faults are due to construction and cannot be avoided in most faucets.

### How These Faults Are Overcome in Quick-pression Faucets

In Quick-pression Work, as it is known to plumbers, science and experience have combined the quick and convenient action of one type with the strong and durable construction of the other.

The result is a faucet that is absolutely noiseless, highest grade in quality of material and finished workmanship, and that opens and closes with a quarter-turn of the handle.

You can know just how this was done by sending for our free booklet, "Faucet Facts." It describes faucet-construction and the way Quick-pression overcomes faults that were thought incurable.

**GO TO YOUR PLUMBER** and ask him to show you the noiseless **Quick-pression** Faucets. It won't take him over a minute to demonstrate. It will pay you to put them in every wash-basin, bath-tub, sink or wash-tub, whether you put up a new building or rip out the noisy, leaky faucets in an old one. If your plumber doesn't handle **Quick-pression** write to us, giving his name. We'll make it our business to see you are supplied.

#### Says the Little Plumber:



**JUST** take a look at this diagram at the right—shows how the handle comes up all standing at the quarter turn. It's a case of where enough is just right. You get all the water there is and save noise, leaks and trouble. It's me for Quick-pression Work every time.



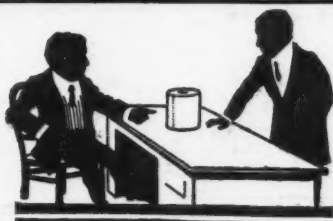
*Mich. Ribbeck*

**The CENTRAL BRASS MFG. CO. OF CLEVELAND**

Manufacturers of high-grade brass-goods for plumbers and water-works

6123 CEDAR AVE., S. E., CLEVELAND





The Very Best Toilet Paper Is the one that is made and packed so it cannot collect dust or germs; it must be soothing, healing, and non-irritating.

# Sani-Tissue

is made from long vegetable fibres, treated with Canada Balsam, and possesses a cloth-like texture.

It presents a smooth surface which cannot collect dust or gritty particles, and the balsam and other emollients with which it is treated, renders it soothing and healing. Each roll is parchment-wrapped and packed in a pasteboard carton. The carton sold by your dealer contains

## 3 Parchment-Wrapped Rolls for 25 cents



This Porcelain Holder  
**FREE**

for 8 of these Balsam  
**Trade-marks**

and 50 cents for Packing and Shipping Charges

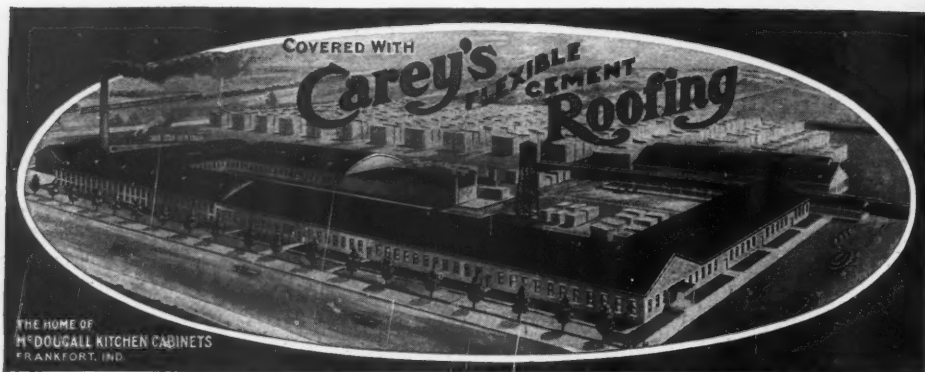


THIS HOLDER is made of the finest quality white porcelain to match the tiling and aseptic fittings of modern bath-rooms. Simple in construction—just twist the end and insert the roll. Absolutely sanitary and, if you could buy it, would cost you \$1.00 anywhere.

Tear the trade-mark (Balsam Sani-Tissue) from each side of a carton of Sani-Tissue (containing three rolls); send us eight (8) of these trade-marks, together with 50 cents in cash to cover the cost of packing and shipping, and we will send you one of these Porcelain Holders *absolutely free of cost* by express, all charges prepaid to points east of the Mississippi River.

The 8 "Balsam Sani-Tissue" Trade-marks and 50c. must be sent direct to us.

**Scott Paper Company, 652 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia**  
Makers of Scott Tissue Towels



SINCE Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing was introduced twenty-five years ago, hundreds of composition roofings have come and gone. Carey's Roofing alone has successfully passed the time-test. It now is universally recognized as the "Standard Roofing".

For permanent buildings, leading architects and engineers everywhere recommend and use Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing because of its absolutely uniform quality, thickness and weight, and proved superiority in all other respects. As it is of one standard ALWAYS, one fixed result is insured, viz:—satisfactory service.



Equally adapted to flat or steep surfaces, wood-sheathing, cement or tile, large or small buildings. For proof of its unequalled durability, permanent flexibility, absolutely water-tight joints, fire-resisting quality and relatively low cost, ask nearest branch to send a representative, or write the factory direct for free sample, descriptive booklet and address of nearest dealer.

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Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes for painters, decorators, architects, owners of homes and other buildings, are sold by dealers wherever good varnish is used. Insist on the Berry Label.

Our representative will call on manufacturers and other large varnish users who are interested in better finishing and reduction of finishing costs. Write us about your varnish problems.

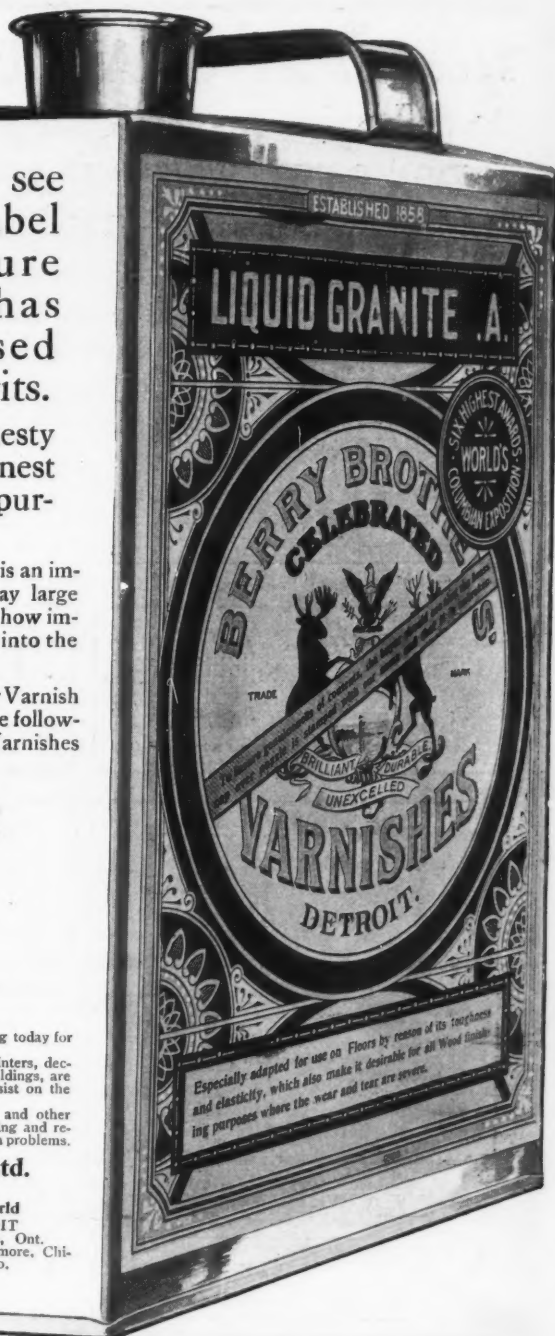
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**“Well, say!**

“Believe me, here’s *some* pipe smoking.

“Take it dead straight, you fellows with stung tongues—and listen, you who are pipe-shy :

“Prince Albert *can’t bite your tongue*. That isn’t the old ditty strung up to a new melody. But it’s facts—facts!

## PRINCE ALBERT

is ‘second sight’ in the tobacco line—absolutely *the goods!* It just gingers you into enjoying a pipe all over again.

“And say, men, it’s real tobacco! There’s class to it—bang up from the first draw down to the sweetest heel you ever pulled on next morning.

“It’s the best flavored smoke, the coolest smoke, holds its fire closer and burns longer than any tobacco you ever did get next to, *believe me!*”



Listen. Prince Albert is made by a special process controlled exclusively by us. There can be no substitute or “near-like-it,” *because no other tobacco can be made like P. A.*

**Sold almost everywhere these days. But if you can’t connect send 8 cents for our introductory tin.**

(This offer applies only in the United States)

**R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.**

(A)



## Choose Your Favorites

Then Speak for Them Quick!

If you and the public could only see these 1911 "Pompeian Beauties" in their full sizes and true and beautiful colors, we could not begin to supply the demand! No advertising on the front; only the artist's name plate.

Actual Art Store value \$1.50 to \$2.50 apiece. But each copy that you get is practically a gift. We charge only 15c apiece to protect ourselves from clamoring millions of "curiosity seekers."

Each "Pompeian Beauty" is by a popular artist and represents a type of woman whom Pompeian Massage Cream helps to make more beautiful by imparting a natural, fresh, youthful complexion.

(We have only a half million copies.) Who knows whether a half million or a million friends of Pompeian are eagerly waiting for this, our Annual Offer of 1911 "Pompeian Beauties"? Choose your favorites. Then speak quick!

"Pompeian Beauty" (A) by Turner. Size 17 in. by 12 in. Turner's "Pompeian Beauty" smiles straight at you. She is irresistible with her feminine softness of contour and bloom of healthy happiness. Art value \$1.50 to \$2.50. Price 15 cents.

(D)



"Pompeian Beauty" (B) by Warde Traver. Size 19 in. by 12 in. This exquisite profile of Traver's typical American girl makes hardened bachelors exclaim, "If I could only meet a queen like that!" While women enthuse, "If I could only have a complexion like hers!" Art value \$1.50 to \$2.50. Price 15 cents.

"Pompeian Beauty" (C) by Everett Johnson. Size 32 in. by 8 in. The original of this Art Panel would cost you nearly \$1,000. Artists declare it a daring yet wholly artistic color treatment. The wonderful green shade of "Pompeian Beauty's" dress almost startles you at first. Yet each day the picture seems more worth the having. Mr. Johnson is an American artist living in Paris. Art value \$1.50 to \$2.50. Price 15 cents.

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## POMPEIAN

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All dealers, 50c., 75c. and \$1.



**Our Guarantee.** If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual Art Store value of from \$1.50 to \$2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

NOTE. The handsome frames are only printed on pictures A and B.

(B)



### Small Cost of Good Looks—For Man or Woman

What man or woman would not pay 1c. a day to look his or her best? At a cost of less than 1c a day several million men and women are "looking their best" through the aid of Pompeian Massage Cream. Moreover, it is so easy to apply, so refreshing in its effects, so cleansing and so beneficial to the skin, that one soon looks forward to each Pompeian Massage as a true pleasure rather than a duty. A clear, clean, fresh-looking skin is a good asset in business or society. Pompeian gives those results. Pompeian is rubbed on the face, well into the pores and then rubbed out. Nothing is left on the skin. It brings out hidden pore-dirt that causes black-heads and other blemishes. Pompeian, through its hygienic massage action, stimulates the muscles of the face, thus imparting a healthy, natural glow.

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

Trial jar sent for 6c., coin or stamps. Use Coupon. You may order trial jar or pictures, or both.

#### FINAL INSTRUCTIONS

Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together; don't expect reply by "return mail" (we have 20,000 orders on some days). But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us, for mails will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends.

(C)



Read this coupon carefully before filling out your order.  
THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 36 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Under the letters (or a letter) in the spaces below I have placed figures (or a figure) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the 4 "Pompeian Beauties." I am enclosing 15c. (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

P. S. I shall place a mark (x) in the space at the end of line if I enclose 6c. extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian. ☐

Write very carefully, fully and plainly.

Name .....  
Street Address.....  
City..... State.....

Pictures	A	B	C	D
Quantity				



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**1847 ROGERS BROS.**  **X S TRIPLE**

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# Business Insurance

## *An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard*

### "NUMBERS ELIMINATE CHANCE"



THE business corporation was a device of the Romans. The original idea came from Julius Caesar, and was suggested by the uncertainty of human life. It was an insurance against the dissolution of a project in case of death. The intent was to provide for the continuance and perpetuity of enterprises which probably no man could carry out during his lifetime. The first application of the corporation was for building water-systems and laying out roadways. The corporation provided against stoppage of the work in case of the death of any man connected with it. But the corporate life of a great business is not secure against shock, unless the lives of its managers are insured for the benefit of the corporation. Hence we find the big men—the men of initiative and enterprise—allowing their lives to be insured at the expense of the corporation which they serve, for the corporation's benefit. To guard 'gainst the blow of the business blizzard when an able leader dies, The Equitable Life Assurance Society now issues a Corporate Policy. The proceeds are made payable to the Corporation, which is both Applicant and Beneficiary. Thus is the Commercial Craft ballasted and made snug and secure when comes the storm. The Equitable Life Assurance Society will exist when every eye that reads this page is closed forever; when every heart that now throbs is still; when every brain through whose winding bastions thought roams free, has turned to dust. The Equitable will live on, a body without death, a mind without decline. Only safe, superior and competent men can secure life-insurance nowadays. Life-insurance adds poise, power and purpose to able men. If you are helping to carry the burdens of the world and making this earth a better place because you are here, perhaps you had better write for further information.

## THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

### OF THE UNITED STATES

*"Strongest in the World"*

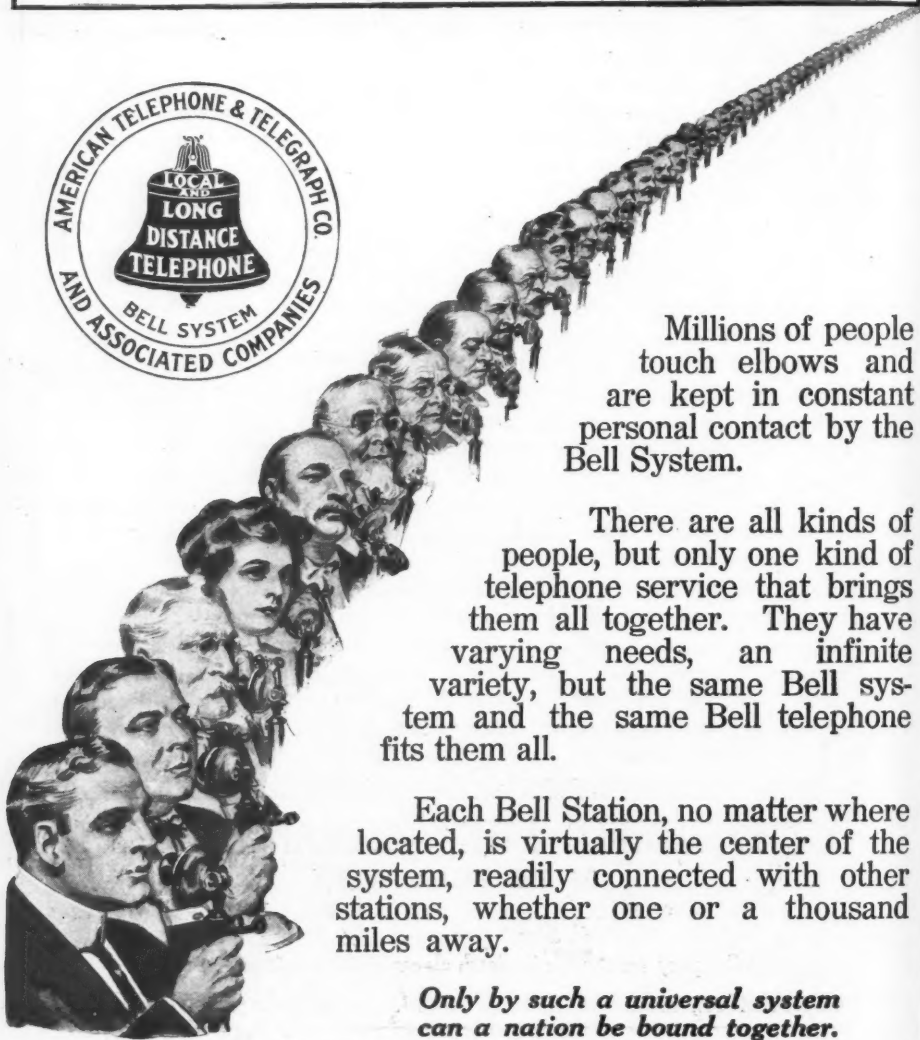
The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, PRESIDENT

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

**AGENCIES EVERYWHERE!** None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there—Great opportunities to-day in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

# A United Nation



Millions of people touch elbows and are kept in constant personal contact by the Bell System.

There are all kinds of people, but only one kind of telephone service that brings them all together. They have varying needs, an infinite variety, but the same Bell system and the same Bell telephone fits them all.

Each Bell Station, no matter where located, is virtually the center of the system, readily connected with other stations, whether one or a thousand miles away.

*Only by such a universal system can a nation be bound together.*

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**



# NABISCO

## Sugar Wafers

The success of any dessert is doubly assured if served with dainty NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS. A flavor to accord with any beverage, fruit or ice.

***In ten cent tins.***

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—another unique dessert confection. Nabisco goodness enclosed in a shell of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

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## NEVER LEAK

# ROOFING

### Guaranteed Until 1920

Below is a building covered recently with Congo Roofing.

The owner of *this* roofing, however, is not only satisfied with his purchase, but has the satisfaction of *knowing* that it is *guaranteed* for 10 years.

Every roof of 2 ply and 3 ply Congo is guaranteed in this way.

In every roll of Congo is a *genuine legally binding Surety Bond* issued by the National Surety Company of New York.

This Bond is enforceable without resort to law. It provides that we shall furnish new roofing in case Congo fails to last 10 years.

This year we will guarantee thousands of roofs all over the country to last till 1920 on this basis.

Of course we are not going to lose—we are offering a sure thing. We know Congo will last *more* than 10 years.

If it would not do so, it would be absurd for us to jeopardize our business by making so many binding guarantees, and the National Surety Co. would not stand behind us.

One thing the guarantee forces upon us; it makes us extremely careful in manufacturing.

We make doubly sure that every roll is perfect.

We use the best materials that money can buy.

We take elaborate pains in wrapping to prevent damage in transit.

Another little detail is the nailing. Some manufacturers supply broad-headed nails, but these frequently cut the roofing.

Other manufacturers supply tin discs which rust quickly and cause leaks.

To avoid any trouble from this source, we provide free of charge, *galvanized* iron caps which are rust-proof, and will last as long as the roofing.

In every way we protect ourselves against the possibility of a complaint.

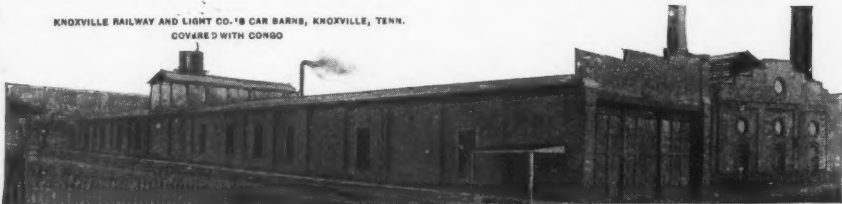
Send for a copy of our Guarantee Bond, and a Sample of Congo Roofing. The copy of the guarantee will show you what a real legal roofing guarantee looks like. The sample and the little booklet which we enclose with it will tell you more about Congo Roofing.

**UNITED ROOFING & MFG. CO.**  
610 WEST END TRUST BLDG., PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Chicago San Francisco



Fac-simile of 10 Year Bond

KNOXVILLE RAILWAY AND LIGHT CO.'S CAR BARN, KNOXVILLE, TENN.  
COVERED WITH CONGO



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serve as  
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and Gold La  
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The Gillette is a god-send to a sailor. It is as popular with the officers as with the men.

Wherever you find neatness, dispatch, discipline—men with work to do, business to attend to—you will find the Gillette Safety Razor.

Standard Set, with twelve double-edge blades, \$5.00.  
Blades 50c. and \$1.00 per packet.

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## INSTEAD OF COURT PLASTER

Cuts and scratches will have no dangerous effects if you paint the wound with *New-Skin*. Wash it clean, apply *New-Skin* thoroughly and let it dry. That's all. By keeping the wound clean in this way you avoid infection and blood poisoning.

There is nothing better for a hurt where the skin is broken than *New-Skin*. It forms an air-tight, antiseptic, water-proof covering, which is healing and keeps the cut from being exposed and irritated. It will not wash off.

*New-Skin* is also good for chapped hands and lips, burns, scratches, hang-nails and chilblains. If you try it once you will always have a bottle in a handy place.

Always insist on getting *New-Skin*.

Sample size, 10c. Family size, 25c. Two ounce bottles (for surgeons and hospitals), 50c.

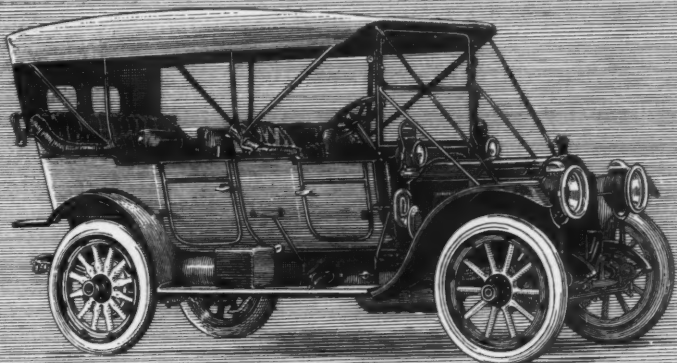
At the druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. Stamps taken.

NEW-SKIN COMPANY, Dept. F,  
98 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



"Paint it  
with *New-Skin*  
and forget it."

*Ask the man who owns one*



  
*Packard*  
MOTOR CARS



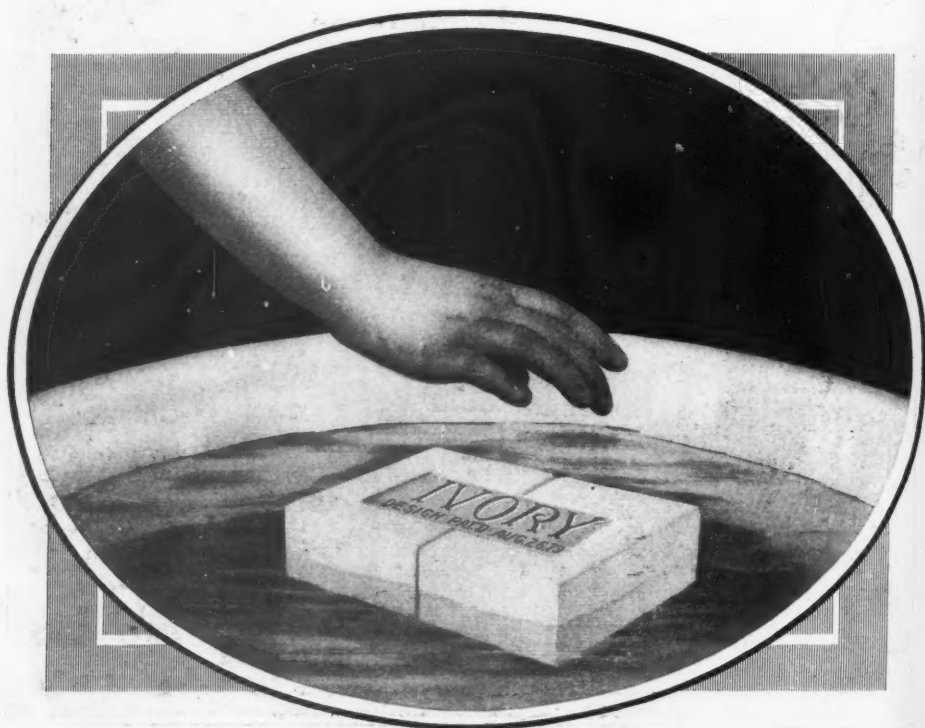
PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Drop a cake of Ivory Soap in bathtub or washbowl and up, *up* it comes to the surface of the water.

That is one of Ivory's advantages over other bath and toilet soaps—it *floats*.

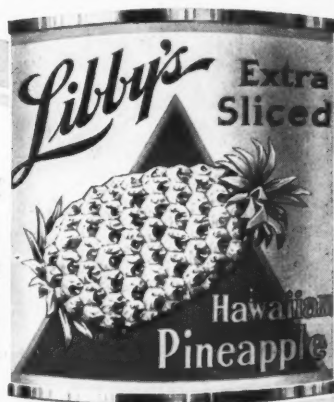
Other advantages are: Ivory Soap is pure—purer by far than many soaps that sell at five times its price; it contains no "free" (uncombined) alkali; it lathers freely; it rinses easily.

## Ivory Soap . . . It Floats



# *Libby's* HAWAIIAN (SLICED) PINEAPPLE

**T**ENDER fruit  
of fine flavor,  
ripened under the  
tropical sun—picked  
and packed on the plan-  
tations of the Hawaiian  
Island of Ohau.



Libby's Pineapple is sweet,  
and of perfect flavor.

*Insist on getting Libby's*

**Libby, McNeill & Libby**  
**Chicago**





# PALL MALL

## FAMOUS CIGARETTES

A Shilling in London  
A Quarter Here



